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THE ILLUMINATED MAGAZINE



FATHERLAND: A TALE OF TWO EPOCHS.

BY J. W. CARLETON (CRAVEN), AUTHOR OF "HYDE MARSTON," &c., &c., &c.



CHAPTER III.

THE LAND AND THE LOOM.

Oh, mortal man! that liveth here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate:
That, like an emmet, thou must ever moid,
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date,
And *certain* there is reason for it great;
For though sometimes it make thee weep and wail,
And curse thy stars, and early drudge, and late,
Withouten that would come a heavier bale—
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

VOL. IV.

It was committee-night, and the great room of "The Crown" was occupied by a more numerous and miscellaneous society than ordinary on such an occasion. A stranger whom chance had introduced would have found little difficulty in conjecturing that the matter which brought the company together was neither of a social nor a peaceful character. Individually, the members had as little to recommend them

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as it is possible to conceive; collectively, they formed as truculent-looking a band as ever aspired to Botany Bay. The president was in good keeping with the general grouping; while his whole man, or *tout ensemble* according to the polite phrase, conveyed to the eye a concentration of such exceeding scoundrelism, so great a breadth of rascality, that you felt assured he was entitled to the strong relief he enjoyed as chairman. This was the village attorney, who had recently relinquished an Old Bailey practice of several years' standing—or rather ups and downs—in consequence of some impertinent interference on the part of one of the judges, touching a fee with which he had forgotten to retain counsel to defend a gentleman labouring under an imputation of picking pockets. Around the table, at the head of which sat the lawyer, was attracted, as aforesaid, a far from prepossessing circle. On the right hand of the chair sat Hoskins the higgler, a philosopher who held it was the duty of philanthropy, should it see friend or foe on the ground, to help them up—by the watch-chain. This free moralist was supported by a party, with heads and shoulders apparently constructed for the destruction of the cudgels that should come in contact with them. These were trampers: gipsies, vagrant tinkers, and mixed vagabonds of all denominations. The locality itself was principally represented by a knot of loose-looking young fellows in velvet jackets and leathern gaiters, who made the drinking vessels dance on the table at any allusion to the slavery of the game laws, and the inherent right of every man to the wild birds and animals of chase. There were, however, a few yeomen that seemed to belong to a substantial class, but who took no part in the proceedings beyond smoking their pipes, and taking their pull in turn at the tankard; and, at the further end of the table, lounged an old soldier with a wooden leg and a Waterloo medal; beside whom was a youth who evidently sought to avoid observation. Such was the company which, at midnight, held hot debate upon the political economy of the day at the sign of "The Crown," in King's Oversley.

"There is to be grand doings up at the Hall to-morrow, I hear," said Hoskins the higgler, laying down the can he had drained of its strong beer; "harvest home is a fine thing for them as gets the wheat and the barley, and gives nothing but chaff to those that sowed, and reaped, and gathered. But they'll find out that their lease has expired: they'll be taught that somebody else beside them and their flocks and herds is to be fed off their fat pastures: that men have an equal right to meat and drink with any other sort of live stock: that lords and gentlemen have no longer the privilege of starving their labourers and pampering

their pigs: there be them as will learn 'em that lesson, aint there, Lawyer Mason?"

"Ay! and it shall be given to more than the griping land-engrosser," replied the person appealed to, rising from his chair; "the money-mongering monopolist shall have it inculcated after a fashion he won't forget. The fulness of time for you to help yourselves has come: the lord of the manor has taken the last rood of earth left to the poor man's foot: the lord of the mill, the bread and water on which he so long struggled and strove with famine. Are ye content to sell them the labour of your hearts and hands for less than they pay their beasts of burden? Shall their kine fare well, and their kind famish? shall their oxen be carefully housed, and their kith be left without a place wherein to lay their heads? What has come upon us? Look abroad, and in once merry England—in England, still fertile and free beyond all other lands—in England, the garner of the world's wealth, the home of enterprise, the cradle of science, the mine of industry—see the agents of her greatness and her glory left to perish for lack of food! Has it come to pass that the curse entailed on mankind to win their bread by the sweat of the brow, is now a blessing denied to their prayers and tears? And is there no resource for the younger brotherhood of the mighty British family? Verily they have the inheritance of the poor laws: they are born to the birthright of the workhouse, that Bastille, most foul and unnatural, whose fare is worse than that appointed for the felon, and whose slavery is more inhuman than that of the bought bondsman, is his sole hope and refuge:

"Whose only claim is this:—
With labour stiff and stark,
By lawful turn his bread to earn,
Between the light and dark;
His daily bread and nightly bed,
His bacon and drop of beer,
But all from the hand that holds the land,
And none from the overseer!"

This address was received with shouts and cheers which lasted till the audience had exhausted its enthusiasm. When the outcry ceased, the old soldier knocked the ashes out of his pipe, took a pull at his mug, and began:

"Well, well, comrades, if it's true as you say, things is a precious sight worse than ever I expected to see. When Waterloo was won, and this here leg lost, I was right glad to get back to old England in hopes I should die in a cotton nightcap, and with curtains to my bed. But be-like there's no such luck for any of us. My word for it, John Bull won't live without beef and beer, leave alone bread; for the matter of that, I know'd as civil-spoken a young fellow as there was among our light bobs, take and blow himself out of a eighteen-pounder carronade all along of their stopping his ration

of rum. I'm bound to say our neighbours here, however, aint so badly off as that there gentleman describes the folks, as be obligated to go about begging for leave to work and starve; no, not by a great deal. I don't think there's man, woman, or child, in this village—no, nor on the whole of the Oversley estate—as hasn't got a bellyful of wholesome victuals every day in the week, and a good suit of clothes to wear at church of a Sunday. Mayhap, indeed, the chaps down in the manufact'ring towns and the like beant doing quite so well; but for sartain some on 'em don't deserve particular good luck. The last quarters ever I was in was Glasgow; and I've heard and seen there of Saturday nights what has made my hair bristle like the teeth of a rake, and that after a pretty good spell at campaigning. More be token, there was Jim Cassidy of ours, that was with the regiment when it went into Lancashire about the riots; and he sent me a letter that was fit to frighten any Christian out of his growth. He said that at the rate the cotton-spinners was agging on—a-fighting, and drinking, and tearing, and swearing—the end of the world couldn't be far off; and that as soon as it came, it was certain to begin at Stockport or Manchester. Poor creatures, it is not their faults, God help them! for there's scarce a living sinner on 'em knows any better than the beasts as eats grass. It's a sorry saying, so it is, but not the less true for all that—there's thousands upon thousands of our countrymen as ignorant of decency and shame as Hottentot niggers. Where's the cure for that? Show me the man can tell? I've heard say that Africky—where at present the monkeys is by far the genteelst part of the population—in former times was renowned for refinement and luxury. Is our lifting up and letting down, the work of Providence or our own hands? To what end are these changes ordained? Till we understand this, let us be thankful for the blessings we have—for our wholesome though frugal meal—our humble, but peaceful homes; and neither have a hard heart or a hard hand for weavers and spinners, if so be they haven't learnt as yet to live as respectable as our shepherds' dogs."

"I make bold, Mr. Chairman," cried one of Hoskins the higgler's party, with a latchingment over his right eye and the rest of his face in deep mourning—"I make bold to differ in total with what that gentleman without the leg has been saying about the respectability of the manufacturing classes. There aint a better behaved, soberer, or diligenter body of men not in England. And look at what they have to bear—there's the machinery as leaves them nothing to do, and the masters that pays them half price for their labour, and the corn laws that charges them double price

for their loaf—that's hard lines or I don't know what purser's slops is. Ignorant, be they? Give the first Lord of the Admiralty sixteen hours a day at the jennies, from the time he's the size of a marlin-spike, and let me see if he'll know a B—from a Bo'son's whistle. They drink, do they? Show me the man, from the ship's chaplain up'ards, as rises every morning with the cholera in his inside, as wouldn't splice the main-brace if he could. Belay that, mess-mate! There's no making soft bread out of anchor-flukes. Tell us by what right the mill lord eats and drinks of the best, and hoards up money that he can't find anything to do with, at the cost of the souls and bodies of his slaves, and let us know which has the least shame; let us hear who wants decency most, the naked, shivering wretch that crawls to the gin shop for a dram to keep the little remnant of life in him, or the fine madam, whose flounces and furbelows cost more than would clothe in comfort hundreds of her fellow creatures?"

"Down with the money-mongers," shouted the president, leaping from his seat and glaring with his keen eye on the movements of excitement that manifested themselves on every side, "down with the vampires of gold who find millions to advance any scheme or contrivance which shall assist them to pile riches upon riches, but not a guinea for the cries of want and misery. Let them fall in the pride of their hearts, those men of Belial. They shall be cut off; they must be destroyed, these locusts of the harvest of the poor man's toil, or woe, and ruin, and despair to the land! Hear me, my friends, and mark well what I say. It is your duty to yourselves, your duty to your brothers in need and suffering, your duty to your Maker, to pull down these despoilers from their high places, to take from them the wages of their guilt, and give of their superfluity to those that faint for food, and perish for raiment and shelter. Down with them I say—down—down—down!"

The speaker roared out these denunciations like one possessed. His looks were wild; his cheeks as white as chalk, and his eyeballs glared horribly. The majority of those who listened, appeared as much affected as himself. Some ground their teeth; some smote the table with their clenched fists: some hissed fierce whispers into their neighbours' ears; all seemed wound up to a pitch of desperate violence, except the small band of yeomen who continued to smoke their pipes, and interchange looks of doubt and anxiety with each other. The chairman had made an end of speaking, but still continued to stand, and the flame seemed on the point of breaking out into a blaze, when an old farmer, whose sleek snowy locks swept his shoulders, and whose countenance was the emblem of a bright winter day, "frosty but kindly," arose, and thus bespoke him:—

"Mister Mason, you'll excuse me, but, to my thinking, you go about curing hard times like a doctor that should cut off a leg to heal a broken shin. But talk, now-a-days, is a universal remedy, I suppose, like Solomon's Balm of Gilead, or Dr. Morrison's pills. To hear how they go on at the agricultural meetings one would fancy gentlefolks thought fine words as fruitful as guano. They mean well, I'm sure, and, no doubt, farming has been standing still while the march of improvement was advancing rapidly in all our other national resources. Nevertheless, they neglect the means of immediate relief, a matter of instant and pressing importance, while they speculate upon systems and plans for making the cultivation of the land rich and prosperous at some distant day. Instead of laying all the blame upon the loom, they should inquire whether the land is not also in fault. The root of distress in this country, is, beyond dispute, the taxation; which, in regard of almost all the articles of consumption, falls as heavy on the man who spends sixpence a day as the man who lays out his hundred pounds; upon him who labours and earns nothing, as upon those who live in idleness with full pockets. This is radically ruinous and unjust, and for both reasons it will be remedied, for there is too much common sense and common honesty among us to permit a long career to so monstrous an evil. In the meantime, however, till wise heads and kind hearts shall have discovered the error in our present social principle, and thereby devised some radical cure for it, the wealthy are bound to give of their excess to those who have not enough. Mankind were born annuitants of the soil; it is against the eternal law of nature that with corn in existence they should go without bread. All who can, no doubt, ought to assist in the great work of humanity; let the landowners give us more of example and less of precept. Let the landlords lower their rents; we shall soon see the loom lords raise their wages. The frightful inequality of property is the feature of our position that should give the philanthropist most concern; the enormous capital of wealth as well as the terrible accumulation of destitution. A civil war between those who have nothing to gain and those who have nothing to lose, is a struggle with long odds on one side, to say nothing about the nature and consequences of such a quarrel. We have seen what came of such strife among a neighbouring people within our own experience; God forbid that we should furnish another example. I'm a plain man, Mister Mason, but I've lived three score years and ten in this parish, and always found the suppliers of labour and the consumers of labour understood their own business better than any one could explain it for them. Things might be better than they are, but they

won't be mended by making them worse. The poor laws are bad, and the game laws are bad, but they're better than no laws at all. Perhaps it is little to the credit of the great landed proprietors who receive from the produce of the soil a thousand times more than they can use, that their estates should be cultivated by a starving population; and, still less, that, instead of setting the example of improving the condition of their dependants they content themselves with arguing that the great manufacturers treat their slaves worse. But the weaver who wants work will not obtain it by destroying the means of giving him employment; neither is the labourer who wants bread any the more likely to get it by burning the corn from which it is made."

If the stout old yeoman had not been furnished with a pair of iron lungs, he would never have been heard half so far in his oration. As it was, he had to roar out the latter portion of it, like a herald making proclamation, and was still shouting with desperate energy, when his allusion to fire-raising was received with a groan by the majority of the assembly, that resembled the chorus of an earthquake. A furious storm of words raged—its import lost in the tempest, but yet too well interpreted by the outrageous gesticulations that accompanied it. Everybody essayed to speak, but evidently not one to second the views of the white-headed orator so summarily silenced.

The gipsies, tinkers, and trampers seemed to regard the reference to incendiarism as a personal affair, for they jumped on the benches, kicked over the table, dashed out the lights, and brought the night's deliberations to a close with a volley of villanous menaces. Even the vehemence of the president was checked by the rage of his adherents, for while there was yet light enough left to distinguish him, he was seen remonstrating in dumb show with his furious faction. These men had, however, roused themselves by drink, and the stimulant of bad passions acting on savage natures, into a condition beyond the influences of caution or control. Mason, therefore, lost no time in ridding himself of their society, and, accompanied by the higgler Hoskins, walked away quickly in the direction of his own house. The little knot of yeomen also took their ways homewards, without staying to hear or see more of the disturbance; and then, mingled with the native battalion in fustian jackets and leathern gaiters, the trampers reeled down the peaceful village street.

As the last of them disappeared, there issued from beneath the old Elm tree, on which the device of the way-side inn offered itself to the traveller's notice, two persons who had been watching the proceedings with apparently the same result. These were the wooden-legged

Waterloo veteran and the youth who had stood near him during the preceding scene within doors. The soldier was the first to speak.

"Master Morris," he said, "yonder goes a squadron of scamps that would be the better for a dance with the drummer's daughter. I mean no offence—not acquaintances of your father, I hope?"

"My good friend," answered the youth, "the worst offence I'm likely to take this night I have had from one that should have been the last to offer it. I have not been at home for some few days, and have never before seen any of those persons; they are strangers; do you know where they come from, or their business here?"

"I'll make bold to say, wherever they live the neighbours aint grieving for the loss of their company," answered the old soldier; "and as for their business in these parts, it's my notion that it isn't good for much. What did that chap with his eye in trouble mean by palavering about spinning-jinnies and looms, and such like? He's no more a weaver than I'm an archbishop. I mistrust the whole squad of 'em, that's what I do—lock, stock and barrel."

"No honest errand brought them here," rejoined the young man; "fair-dealing don't work with such tools. If you should learn anything connected with their doings, or the probable purpose of their being here, let me know it, Gabriel, for I feel strangely ill at ease about it. Good night."

The golden light of a full harvest moon gleamed upon the solitary lane that led from the village to the residence of Mason, the lawyer. It was, indeed, rather a ravine than a road-way, for the banks on either side rose considerably higher than the heads of those who walked along it. These banks, too, were thickly grown over with luxuriant rows of copse-wood, so that, except when the noon-day sun was out, or the moon shining in her zenith, those who sought the house of the man of law were fain to do so "under the shade of melancholy boughs."

Morris Mason, therefore, as he turned his steps homeward, hailed the merry moonlight as a welcome companion, and looked with no complacency upon the clouds which threatened to part him from such good company before he reached his destination. Indeed, by such time as half the way was accomplished, the darkness began to fall thick and fast, throwing into a stronger relief the vista in front, towards which the shadows were rapidly sweeping. On that last remaining spot of light his eye was fixed, and at the instant when the obscurity had overtaken it, he observed the figure of a man gliding rapidly in the direction he was pursuing.

On any occasion such a circumstance would have appeared full of suspicion, because the pass only communicated between his father's cottage and the village of Oversley, but, occurring when it did, it gave rise in him to strange doubts and imaginations. He pressed forward as quickly as the stark darkness allowed, and was soon at the wicket which opened into the cottage garden; but had the person he sought been within arms' length, he would have been safe from detection. Young Mason listened, and presently heard the strong breathing of some one near. He challenged, but no answer was returned; again he listened, and again a respiration close at hand sounded clear and distinct. It proceeded, apparently, from some one concealed in the garden or lurking about the house. He passed noiselessly through the gate, and crept towards the cottage. Voices now, as of persons in excited conversation, caused him once more to pause and listen. They had another auditor, for he could plainly hear a foot moving stealthily close to where he stood. What might this mystery portend?

The young man had gained a spot beneath one of the windows, that enabled him to see into the apartment to which it belonged. At a table supplied with drinking materials sat his father, and Hoskins the higgler. Both were evidently moved by the matter at issue, and spoke rapidly, and in accents of passion.

"Why did I send Morris up to London on a cock-and-a-bull story," cried the lawyer, "but to get him out of the way when I thought they were coming down? How can I tell you what the real object they have in view is, when I know no more of it myself than the man in the moon? I served my time to old Foster, of Furnival's Inn, who, according to what I can put together from my own sources (for you might as well attempt to get anything out of Chancery as out of him) has been in the habit of doing the young Jew's *post obits* and annuities, and the like, ever since they were in the market. Well, his client requested to be furnished with an introduction to a professional gentleman of character in this part of the country—one in whom confidence might be reposed—and, old Foster named me."

"In course," remarked Hoskins, with a hiccup—(for his career of liquor had run rather longer and stronger than was its wont)—"in course. He said you was a regular gentleman—attorney—and no mistake."

"Very soon after that I received instructions for getting up meetings at the Crown, to consider the distresses of the labouring population," continued Mason; "and very well they paid. It was no affair of mine what they were to lead to; they brought in plenty of money; and that was all I cared for. What he's going to make of it now is beyond my guess. I only know

that there is five hundred pounds hanging to the job, and that you shall have the half to help to carry it through."

"Only a flare-up?" asked the higgler.

"No more," replied the lawyer.

"Not a —," whispered Hoskins. "Honour?"

"Honour," responded the lawyer.

At this moment a laugh, which seemed breathed into his ear, made Morris Mason cry aloud; and then the shrubs among which he was standing crashed as some one fled from the place; and the sound of his footsteps was lost as he leaped the enclosure and alighted on the turf on the opposite side.

Young Mason laid his hand quickly on the latch of the door, and was in the act of entering, when his father and the higgler reached it for a different purpose. The former carried a light, which, falling full on his son, revealed the cause that had excited his fears.

"Is that you?" said the lawyer.

"Well for you it's nobody else," cried the higgler surlily; "and well for me, too, for the luck I had to follow a fool who goes hunting for thieves with a candle in his hand."

"There are those might have been outside who would have saved you the trouble of extinguishing it," he continued, passing the youth, and drawing the attorney abroad with him. "There was more than one of them here, too, I'll be on my cold death. If the younker has been poaching he'll sleep sounder to-night than ever he did! The light—under the window there. That's a broader footmark than your son's dainty boots make, eh? And what's that? A stick, eh? There aint many such in these parts, I'm thinking. Isn't it an old acquaintance?" and as the fellow clutched and glared on it his hand shook, and his face grew deadly pale. . . . "Sailor Jack's walking cane, by —," he whispered to his companion. "Ho! ho! there's treason at work, is there? My young gentleman has set up on his own account, has he? and taken Sailor Jack for a foreman, eh? Well, it's not a bad beginning. Master Mason look to your son, or he'll succeed to your business before you retire in his favour. To-morrow, when all the village is up at the harvest home, we'll be with you; the job's as easy done one day as another; no time like time present; so we'll do it off hand, Master Mason. Good night!" "So, Sailor Jack's looking out for squalls, is he?" muttered Hoskins, as he plodded moodily to his bed; "there's them as can keep their weather-eye open as well as yourself, old boy?"

Morris Mason was up before the sun on the following morning, and, after some hours spent in loitering about the paths leading from the village towards Oversley Court, he accompanied Rose Kennedy and the old parish clerk to

the entrance gates, as we have already seen. There, having taken his leave of them, he retraced his steps, making the best of his way to the abode of Gabriel Grant, the pensioner.

It was one of those huts which we have all seen grow up on inconsidered spots from inconsidered trifles. Gabriel Grant, the soldier, tired less of war's alarms than the scanty commissariat of a campaign, carried on in a country called by courtesy friendly; and in a spirit that put to shame the fables of knight-errantry, experienced no great regret when the crowning achievement of Waterloo permitted him, with honour, to turn his sword into a ploughshare, as the poets say, but, as he himself expressed it, "His baggonet into a toasting-fork." As soon as he could, by means of his remaining leg and its timber auxiliary, he reached his native village, to find that all his kith and kin had sought their long homes, and left him without one of any dimensions.

In this dilemma the veteran looked about him for a bivouac. There was a corner of the village common dotted with hawthorns and wild rose-trees; where the heath swept down to a little glade of the greenest turf, whose verdure was nourished by a rivulet of the brightest water. To that nook had he full oft retreated in the days of boyhood, abandoning the corn-field, over which he was placed sentinel, to be sacked and pillaged by the remorseless rooks; while he laid him down in the pleasant shade to dream of the glories and wonders he had heard fall from the lips of the recruiting sergeant. Thirty years, whereof ten were spent in hospital—a shilling a day for meat, drink, and clothing—amputations, gun-shot wounds, agues, intermittent fevers, and all the natural *et cetera* the hero is heir to—had, pretty well dispelled those early illusions; but the spot of his reveries was still the same. May came, and clothed it with bloom, and freshness, and fragrance—the same that it wore when the withered old trunk of mortality was as full of life and hopefulness as itself.

Well, every morning after his return would the wooden-legged Waterloo man stump out of his "quarters" to his old haunt on the common. Presently the neighbours remarked him at work there, and by-and-by there was a plat of the sod removed; and before long walls of turf were standing as high as their heads. Upon these a roof of purple heath soon appeared; and by the time autumn had arrived, old Grant had enclosed the green glade with the stream winding through it; and the villagers declared he would soon have the prettiest garden in the parish. And so he had; and, if any store might be set by looks, the lightest heart, too. He generally caught the larks abed in the spring; for every morning, as long as the violets lasted, he would take a bunch down to

Rose Kennedy; and it was his boast they were always gathered before daybreak had opened them, and let out their sweetness. As, however, you were tolerably sure to find him soon after sunrise, taking his "morning," a cup of ale and a pipe—on the bench, in front of "The Crown"—perhaps the credit of his early rising was not to be ascribed altogether to the violets. Thus did the hearty old warrior make for himself a local habitation; few knew how—none asked by what leave or whose license.

Gabriel Grant was at work in his garden, when Morris Mason entered it.

"Good morrow, friend," he said, "I am glad to see that last night's late hours have done you no harm."

"I wish I could say you didn't seem to have come by mischief yourself, somehow," answered the veteran, "but as far as looks go, you mightn't had been in your bed for the last twelvemonth. May I make bold to inquire if you have had any breakfast this morning?"

"No," replied the young man, "neither do I want any."

"Your pardon, young Sir," rejoined Grant, "there never was man or beast yet that did not ought to break their fast before noon every day in the seven; come in doors with me and eat a mouthful first, and then let us hear what's the matter—for matter there is—that's certain. Morris followed the old man into the hut.

It consisted of a single room only, of which the furniture was as scanty as might well be—amounting to no more than a most rude oak table, a couple of chairs of the same fashion and material, and a sort of bench in a recess formed by a projection of the hearth, on which lay a large cloak of rich furs.

"That's my bedchamber," said the old soldier, pointing to the corner in which the bench stood, "and this is my mess-room: 'let's see what there is to eat and drink in it,' and he took from a cupboard a pitcher of milk, a brown loaf, and a small jar of honey. "I can't say much for the victuals," he observed, as he placed them before his guest, "only perhaps you won't find the honey so bad—it was Rose Kennedy brought it to me—bless her pretty eyes."

Very probably Morris had no occasion to find fault with the meal; at all events he ate, and while his host continued chatting, as old age will, he looked about him, for the decorations of the apartment were not of an everyday character. The walls, which owed nothing to the aid of wainscot or tapestry, were hung thickly with warlike instruments, such as ancient muskets, bayonets, belts, cartouche boxes, and so forth. These were interspersed with such curiosities as the proprietor had picked up during his campaigns in foreign parts: wooden Bramins, elephants' tusks,

strips of Lahore carpets; specimens of Punjab manufactures, a rusty Toledo, a Picador's lance, a Torero's cloak, and similar reminiscences of the Peninsula.

"You are admiring my curiosities," he observed, seeing young Mason more occupied with the museum than the meal, "they're ajnt worth much, but as old friends. That cloak, which has served me for many a long year as bed and blanket, is the only article of value I possess in the world: the sable they tell me is of a species not to be got now. I brought it from Mysore, where I left my liver, and half the life that was in me, so I had none so much the best of the bargain after all. But I see you've finished your breakfast—indeed, for the matter of that you never began—so let us hear the news. Something about those chaps we saw at "The Crown" last night, I'll be bound for it, and no good neither."

"Gabriel," said the youth to the old man, who sate himself upon the stunted little three legged table from which he had just removed the provender—"Gabriel there's wrong afloat, and worse fortune that I should say so, my father is busy with it. What the mischief meant, or the extent to which it is to be carried, maybe I know not, but this I am sure, a plot is in existence, which menaces the property of those who do not deserve injury of their neighbours. I have come to you because you are one whose faith deserves trust, and whose experience of the world suits him for the matter to be dealt with. Whatever be my opinion of my father's conduct in this, as in other affairs, I am his son, and cannot bring him to shame. I dare not tell him that which has come to my knowledge: neither will I leave in ignorance of it those whom it so deeply concerns. His safety, however, might be compromised, did intimation of the design come from me; therefore I seek your assistance to convey so much as shall put them on their guard. Tonight, during the merry-making in the park, go up to Oversley and get speech of Mr. Charles Neville. Tell him there is need of strict watch, for that mischief hangs over his house and danger threatens those who are dear to him. Say, he who sends the warning is ignorant of all save the fact, that injury is intended. Bid him beware—promptly, effectively. I will learn how your errand sped, in a day or two—in the meanwhile there are those in wait about the village on whom I shall keep eye: haply I may thus avert the evil that is at work—or discover the purpose of those who have set it in motion."

Harvest-home sped merrily: the hewers of wood and drawers of water were as gleesome as their companions, the summer birds; while within the walls on which, when they paused from their mirth or good cheer, they would gaze as containing all that hope might wish or

heart enjoy, there was gloom and dread and bitterness. Such is life. Marsena, having recovered from the excitement in which he betrayed such singular emotion, spoke for a short space on subjects of general reference, and then returned to his room, where he passed the remainder of the day. Charles Neville also presently disappeared, leaving the old baronet to his own resources. It would have required a larger supply of philosophy than Sir Percy could boast, to have extracted pleasure or profit from a *tête-à-tête* with self at such a moment and under similar circumstances, so he lost no time in seeking his hat and cane, and sallying forth among the village lads and lasses, for instinct teaches us the natural mesmerism to place ourselves *en rapport* with merriment.

It was the observation of a logician, who studied well in the school of experience, that the issues of life are governed by laws, the very reverse of those of perspective. Difficulties which afar off appear vast,—anxieties that at a distance look gigantic, when they are close at hand, lose much of their size and significance. Upon this principle it must have been that Sir Percy Neville returned from a last seat under his own fig-tree to a last meal in his own hall, with as good spirits and as good an appetite as if he had taken a fresh lease of health and prosperity for nine hundred and ninety-nine years. The absence of all palpable evidence of change no doubt greatly aided this indifference in one whose temperament was naturally torpid. Like many of his countrymen and class, however, he was born to Horace's *nil admirari*—few occasions affected him: none moved. He found both the Jew and his son at the dinner-table—the board was furnished as usual; there was the accustomed service of equipage and attendance, and the descendant of the cavalier of 1660 was too philosophic or phlegmatic to fret about the evil of to-morrow. It were a curious search to inquire into the origin of that indifference to the uncertainty of life and its economy, which is our leading characteristic. Is it an instinct from which springs the eternal well of hope, or the peace of spirit derived from the eternity of the natural world?

"The night has fallen: the glittering stars come forth,
Looking down on us with their still, soft light;
The same to-day as yesterday they were
As if all to-day were such as yesterday."

In spite of the host's *sang froid*, as regarded his personal position, the polished courtesy of his son, and the quiet urbanity of the banker, it was a great relief to the frigidity of the feast that occasional sounds of hilarity were heard from the groups scattered over the park, engaged in various rural games and exercises.

"I was prevented joining those light-hearted people to-day," said Marsena, as a chorus of glad voices rang from beneath the terrace;

"and I regret it greatly,—there are few scenes so wholesome for the man whose course of life lies wide of nature. But the attack which I suffered from this morning prostrated my strength for a time, and I feared a return of it from any unexpected excitement;" and while he spoke, his keen eye glanced at young Neville.

"I spent some hours with them," rejoined the baronet, "and a better disposed tenantry I don't think exists from one end of England to the other. I have not seen so much of them, perhaps, as I ought; but they were none the less hearty in their reception of me—or evidently less well-intentioned. I don't think I saw one among all I encountered in my morning's walk, that I could object to as a tenant—except, indeed, a fellow with a patch over his eye, whom I remarked skulking about by himself, and whose name I forgot to inquire. Charles, send to the steward—but, by Jove! that will be for Mr. Marsena to do: still, it should be looked to;—he's a delegate from some parliament of poachers, I dare say, with a cargo of newly-invented infernal machines in his pocket, to blow up all the preserves in the parish: I hope he'll have a canter on the treadmill."

"I fear my daughter will not be quite so strict—perhaps I should say, so orthodox—a game preserver as you are, Sir Percy," remarked the Jew, again darting a look at Charles Neville; "for myself, I am not a friend to the Game Laws, although not one likely to disregard any of the rights of property."

A dull conversation,—broken, disjointed, and uncordial,—was thus kept alive, while the dessert remained untouched, and a few glasses of claret were disposed of. Marsena then arose, and with an apology for absenting himself during the remainder of the evening, took his leave. The *tête-à-tête* between father and son was speedily dissolved; and the latter, throwing a cloak around him, went forth for a ramble in the rich moonlight. As he passed out upon the terrace, the banker's secretary accosted him with an intimation, that, when it suited his convenience, Mr. Marsena would be glad of a brief interview.

"Say I will be with him in an hour," replied young Neville.

As soon as the moon was up, Gabriel Grant took the path across the common to King's Oversley: "there will be a horn of malt to drink at the Crown," soliloquized the old soldier, "and a timber-toe can't get up much above a slow march. I shall be at the Court none too early after all." Mention has been made of a valley which intervened between the village and the outer park of Oversley. He had reached this spot, and seated himself on a stone by the way-side to light his pipe, when he became aware of some persons being on the other side of the hedge.



"All on 'em," said one who replied to some question; "a hour ago, and pretty well drunk by this time—if they got hold of the strong beer."

"I begin to wish I had never meddled with this affair," said another;—the voice was that of Mason, the attorney;—"I thought all that was intended was to frighten the Israelite; but I have my doubts something more serious is meant."

"To perdition with you and your doubts," rejoined the first speaker—and he rose and walked rapidly away. At this moment four men passed, and a whistle was given by one of them—it was answered, and they continued in the direction of the park gates. "Pass and countersign; here's a regular mutiny: I wish I could borrow another leg," old Grant communed with himself as he made the best speed he could after them. It was near midnight before he had reached the home-park—from which all traces of the harvest-home had disappeared—for the holiday folks had long taken their departure. All was silent and solitary—lawn and woodland sleeping in the still loveliness of a lucid moonlight. The inhabitants of the castle too appeared to have gone to rest—for there was no light visible except at a window in one of the turrets.

"I hope I'm not too late," said the old man, opening a wicket into the slopes which led to the terrace.

"Only a few minutes, by you eternal fool," whispered a hoarse voice into his ear as a grip of iron dashed him to the ground; "move, and your grave shall be the spot you lie on:" and the speaker deliberately seated himself across his breast.

Gabriel believed his last hour was come . . . "finish me like a Christian," he gulped, "but don't squash me like a toad."

"I'll strangle you like a cur's whelp if you stir or speak," returned his assailant. While he spoke the sky on which his eyes were turned became as it were a vista of fire—a sea of flame. The veteran felt his heart faint.

"Will they burn the men?" he choked out, for his throat was grip'd to strangulation.

"Not till the bread they withhold from their brothers is consumed," was the answer, as the hold was relaxed. He now discovered that the conflagration proceeded apparently from the farm—which stood at a distance from the house,—and his hopes revived. It had but a short life, however, for presently he heard yells and horrid noises—and then a body of men with blazing faggots in their hands, beat in the entrance doors—and the castle was presently in a blaze from foundation to roof! Gabriel Grant grew mad; he roared aloud; he shrieked with dreadful imprecations—and in the frenzy of his despair fastened his teeth in the hand that strove to stop his cries, till he bit it through and through.

The fellow who held him leaped to his legs in agony—clapped a pistol to his ear—and as he drew the trigger was borne headlong down the slopes by one who bounded upon him from above. As the old soldier raised himself from the ground he heard the keen ring of a pistol—a groan, and then a rushing sound as of one flying for life or death. Slowly, but with a will that left the weakness of the flesh behind, he made his way towards the raging fiery flood. On reaching the terrace he found the whole building a mass of flame, with the exception of the wing in which he had remarked the light when first he entered the park. It was obvious, if any service at all was to be rendered—it was there—there only could help be offered—or any survive to need it. A small door which led to the terrace had been forced open from without. He entered, and had commenced the ascent of a winding stair, when a man on fire flew down it, and struck him backward. The burning wretch dashed furiously out into the air, and the flames that encircled him blazed with redoubled fierceness. With a yell

of despair he threw himself from the parapet of the terrace into the cool green foliage which waved beneath it. Something that he carried fell as he sprang over—and at the same instant there arose a roar of light too dreadful for ear to hear—too intense for eye to look on. With one mighty crash the roof of the vast fabric, till then perfect and entire, fell into the gulf of living flame: it was as though a volcano had burst asunder. Then followed direful noises—hissings and cracklings—and then a silence that was still more terrible.

Motionless—almost lifeless—Gabriel Grant stood alone—the witness of all this ruin. Still and stark he stood as one neither conscious of what had been, or careful of what might happen. Without knowing wherefore he stooped to lift that which the burning man had let fall. It was a roll of rich silks, within which lay a sleeping child. Instinctively he replaced the covering, and with his burden took his way homeward. Was not the child thus borne by the cripple a moral well suited to a catastrophe in which the strong was taken and the weak left!

(To be continued).

HYMN TO THE NEW YEAR!

Another course the horses of the sun
Along the viewless zodiac have run,
And all but to commence
Their varied journey o'er again :—
Their hope of resting may be vain,
For many a cycle hence !

Their task began with young creation's dawn,—
The chariot of their ruler they have drawn
Up to this passing hour—
And through the long eternity,
Just like a river to its sea,
Shall be their onward power—

III.
A power that scorns the whirlwind's noisy wrath,
And e'en o'ertakes the light ning in its path,
Slow creeper though it be—
Time is a tortoise that will find
His way and leave far—far behind
All other rivalry !

IV.
O'er aged cities hath he swept his wings—
Entombed in dust the purple pride of kings,
And chronicled a few.

But on he goes, all careless still—
Much less inclined to cure than kill,
Or give desert its due !

Yes ! time's a canker, a most slow disease,
Whose cravings not an antidote can please ;—
There is no cantery
To sear and heal the wounds he makes—
He has no thought for other's sakes—
A selfish thing is he !

VI.
Another year ! how many hearts unborn,
And hopes unblossomed yet or on the thorn
Of sharp anxiety,
Will in thy course spring up or fade—
How many a cheek shall be decayed,
And ling'ring—ling'ring die

VII.
But let us trust that, coming year ! thou'lt bring
The promise of ripe Summer on thy wing,
And, like the almond trees,
Give us good token of thy fruit
By blossoms, that ere leaves can shoot,
Will scent the wandering breeze !
J. AUGUSTINE WADE.



OUR CHRISTMAS DREAM.

OUR DREAM.

WE have dreamt a dream—a jolly dream—a Christmas dream! Never was there such a dream. Bottom's dream that had no bottom was nothing to it. Not that it had anything to do with a Midsummer Night's Dream. It was a Midwinter Afternoon's Dream, and it was, like the cold weather, seasonable—very seasonable.

To explain and describe this dream would be bootless. The pencil is more apt for such a task than the pen. And the pencil has achieved the feat. The cunning hand of the artist hath seized the phantasmagoria of the vision. With a spell which genius draws from black lead, he hath arrested the flying, flitting, glancing creatures which surrounded our venerable head as with a halo. Our dream is there in black and white—all the little men and women are in limbo—all the world may see them dancing on the paper as erst they danced in thin air—we can answer for the very portraits. The dream is there, then—Marry study it. We shall not describe it—but we shall tell how it came about—how it stole upon our raptured senses, how it fluttered over our marble chimney-piece.

And thus it was:—

The time was dinner-time—after dinner in fact. The place was our parlour—the very snuggest of snug parlours. Everything about was snug. The curtains were snugly drawn—the table was wheeled snugly to the fire—the burning Black-diamonds crackled and blazed with a marvellously snug voice—the whole parlour was rich with the essence of snugger.

We said that we had dined. A comfortable winter's dinner had gone the way of all dinners—a comfortable winter's appetite having officiated as unseen high priest at its sacrifice. The odours of good things were yet rich in the balmy air. The smoke of the Irish stew yet curled aloft—a spicy vapour. Talk of smoke wreathing over a hollow beech tree, with a woodpecker tapping it; or rearing its rolling columns streaming from the censer upward to groined Gothic roofs, and turning ghost-like round clustered pillars; or rising up in a black column of dissolved essence of genies melted into air by the spells of Solomon, as it did from the copper vessel in the Arabian Nights, when the poor fisherman looked on with greater astonishment than if he had caught a whale; talk of all these—talk of any picturesque sort or degree of smoke you like, from the smoke of a magician's charm to the smoke of a Pickwick cuba—there is no smoke like the smoke of a good dinner!

So did we deem as we inhaled it, bursting in a gush of fragrance from the uncovered dish. And still its breath lingered around, rich and luscious, feeding the almost satiated nostril with a balmy content.

But it had a friendly enemy to combat with. Wine—rich, red, and rosy. The cork had leapt out of the bottle with a “melodious twang” as the old ghost seer described the sound with which an “apparition at Cirencester” vanished, and a captivating, titillating, odorous richness proceeded from its glass prison, at first hardly perceived, then spreading palpably abroad the treasure of its influence.

The room was sombre—nearly dark. No candles or unhallowed gas glared unflinchingly upon us. A holy shade was everywhere. So ought a winter after-dinner-time to pass. The fire gives light enough, and a hearty healthy ruddy light, redolent of broad Rembrandt-like gleams and deep dim shadows.

'Tis a light and a time favourable for musing—quiet, pleasant musing—not brain-racking. Thinking, for example, what sauce goes best with goose; or what would be a pretty dress for Jane's complexion; or dimly passing in mental review the jokes in the last farce; and imagining—you are sure to do that—that you could make better ones, if you had been the author. 'Tis a time for making yourself intensely comfortable—for hugging yourself mentally—for muttering lowly, “Oh, that this twilight calm would last!” After dinner, before the candles come, is the time for all this. Ask Leigh Hunt, or read his “Sonnet to the House-Cricket;” that is a most eloquent answer.

Well, we were acting then—that is, upon the occasion of the dream—as we are preaching now. We were leaning back—oh! how luxuriously!—in that old, easy, yielding, springing arm-chair. Our feet were upon the fender—the tiny flames danced in jets from between the grate bars, as if to look at their supple forms reflected in our polished slippers; our eyes were half shut; the glass darkened with its brown treasure in our hand; a few buttons of our waistcoat—no use in saying how many—luxuriously set free; and so we sat in delicious reverie—our half-sleeping gaze mechanically fixed upon the burning embers.

We hate people who don't enjoy themselves after dinner. We hate people who don't enjoy themselves at dinner: affected prigs who pretend they don't care whether the fare be split

peas or venison pasty; the drink—sour swipes or Lafitte of the vintage of twenty-five. These men and women are spoiled in the making. As rational beings they are failures—pitiable, contemptible failures—the neck of a woman of the sort is like a scrag of mutton: the hairs of a man like the bristles of a dry blacking brush. The contour of their forms is angular and scratchy. They are always bilious, and perpetually putting on bad faces as if they had their noses at a bottle of black draught. To sum up all—they never get fat, and they invented trousers tight in the waistband.

But we are of a different mould; we felt it; we never felt it so deeply, so passionately, as on the evening of the dream. There we sat; we gazed pensively on the fire; the little flaming jets burst out, and the smoke curled. It was soothing, a moral opiate. We thought of Christmas coming, of pantomimes, of carols, of compliments of the season, of boxing night, of rows in the gallery, of flagons of beer, of beer bills, of Lord Brougham. We don't know how we came to lug him in, but we don't pretend to coherency after dinner. Well, we thought of this, and still gazed wistfully on the fire. Two little jets of flame were playing in front of the bars, and a nasty-looking piece of Wall-end, of slaty appearance, was near them. The jets played, the slate crackled, and we mused. Gradually the jets became jets no longer, but were palpably and evidently Adèle Dumilâtre's legs—without a body—dancing the *pas d'ombre*, and the ugly piece of slate took to itself the exact form and shape of Lord Brougham's nose without a face. The legs danced, and the nose twitched: never was anything so remarkable. We were highly pleased with the exhibition. The nose appeared to approve of the legs, and sniffed its satisfaction. We agreed with the nose, and were faintly murmuring "bravo!" when suddenly the members of the dancing girl on the one hand, and the feature of the speaking man on the other, were pushed aside, and a face—an actual red laughing face, with a merry squint and a sparkling eye, and a conical cap on the top of all—was protruded from the grate, and the eyes winked audaciously at us from between the bars—first the one, and then the other.

We were astounded; but we were doomed to be still more so. The face suddenly disappeared amid the glowing coals; then shot out again—but this time jumping clear away from the grate—followed by the body too, and the next moment there was a small hobgoblin sitting on our toe; his conical red cap cocked jauntily, his arms coolly crossed, his legs dangling, and his audacious eye winking.

Never was such a hobgoblin: we thought we were in the Adelphi, looking at Wieland through the big end of a telescope, but he

looked even funnier than Wieland. We know a number of goblins by sight, but this was a new one—quite a stranger.

We gazed on him; he did on us!

"Merry Christmas!" said the goblin.

"The same to you," said we. "How did you leave them all below?"

"Tolerably jolly," replied the diminutive demon; "I'm jolly myself. Do you want a Christmas-box?"

"Don't we wish we may get it?" murmured we with a sigh.

"Yes, you shall," screamed the imp, "here goes; I'll let you see my show-box—free gratis, and for nothing. It's in the fire, there," he continued, giving a jerk to his head; and almost with the same motion, to our utter horror, jerking himself between the bars back into the blaze.

"Just a-going to begin," he screamed, from a red-hot cavity among the coals.

And the deuce take it if he didn't begin to whirl all the burning fuel out of the grate.

"Hillo, hillo," shouted we, in a furious state of alarm, "you'll burn the house down, and it's not insured."

But not a button did he care, even although he burnt the street down.

In a moment the grate was empty, but the coals did not fall on the floor. Ah, he was too knowing for that. Did you ever see a street conjurer keeping up a flying circle of balls? Of course you have. Well, our goblin friend did the same with the blazing coals. Our eyes were dazzled with the sparkling whirl. It circled round us, a halo of flashing fire-balls—the old room, the pictures, the books, jolly folios, were illuminated with the strange flickering dancing glare. We gazed, spell-bound. All at once the goblin screamed out—

"Presto, change."

The grate faded from our sight; its diabolical tenant disappeared; the flying coals flew, but no longer as coals. They became little men and women, symbols and shapes, types of Christmas. They were all dancing, rollicking, coming—going—appearing—vanishing, at once. Snapdragons, and mistletoe-boughs, invitations to Christmas dinners, and grisly crowds of Christmas bills, country dances, and prize beef, champagne bottles, and fat cooks, jolly old codgers, and buxom young girls, tempting tit-bits, and—but hold—we said we would not describe our dream. It is done for us. Behold it! As you see it, it flickered round us, as you see us we placidly smiled, the smile of the contented. Jumped and danced the airy little men and women; bounced the phantom champagne corks, till the sight fled and the vision sped, when a voice, a female-housekeeping sort of voice, rung through our sleeping cars—

"Please don't you want tea?"



BROAD-LEA FARM.

BY JAMES SMITH.

Age does not wither beauty more effectually than winter withers all the pleasantness of our old rural haunts. Paths that in the flush and lusty prime of summer, were bowery cloisters, pillared and roofed with rustling boughs, vocal with bird-notes or the murmuring hum of insect-life, and filled with a green twilight that sunset used to kindle into gold, are bleak and bare, silent and desolate, open to the sky above, and carpeted with sodden leaves beneath. Rippling runnels have lost their silvery voices, and utter hoarse responses to the wailing wind. Silver shcening ponds that were such faithful mirrors of the changeful heavens, are now mere miry reservoirs, turbid and dank—black blots upon the blank and dreary landscape. Trees that were lately garmented with lavish

leafiness, wear now the spectral aspect of grim and grisly skeletons ; and through their rude and leafless branches we obtain a glimpse of cottage roofs and fair white walls, that have been hidden from our eyes since April's leaves were young and green.

Yet, even now, a cold uncertain gleam of wintry sunshine steals through the rifted clouds,—drops here and there a diamond sparkle on the surface of the water—glances on the bare Briarean trees, with all their manifold varieties of bark and branch, lichen and moss—glistens on twinkling casements and on snowy walls, and tempts us to expunge, *totidem verbis*, our precipitate disparagement of winter. Nay, under the influence of this cheerful glimpse of sunshine, working a marvellous metamorphosis

upon the outward forms of nature, we are almost disposed to conceive that there are features in our local scenery which lose not one iota of their picturesqueness,—whose picturesqueness is, indeed, enhanced by contrast with the ordinary concomitants of the season; and to point, in illustration, to the ruddy walls and glittering window-panes of Broad Lea Farm, shining out from between the warm and compact belt of evergreens, by which it is in part surrounded; while those ample “wind-pipes of hospitality,” as some old writer has quaintly designated them—those

Quaint, fantastic chimneys, with their store
Of twisted, carved, and lozenge-shaped device,

pour forth their dancing wreaths of whirling smoke as energetically as though they were the pipe-bowls of a pair of veteran and inveterate smokers.

The Broad Lea homestead is, perhaps, the finest specimen of the old manorial farm-house and its appurtenances that we possess in our immediate neighbourhood: the habitation massive, solid, and substantial, with wide bay windows and a porch projecting from the centre, continued upwards to the roof, where a stepped gable, with a crocketed pinnacle at either angle, and a rudely sculptured image on the summit, appropriately crown this most picturesque and characteristic feature of the edifice.

Within are chambers of a goodly altitude and area, with panelled walls, ceilings embossed with fanciful designs, and huge fire-places, set in as huge a framework of elaborate carving, not always strictly true to nature; long rambling passages, and winding staircases, with banisters and hand-rails that consumed more timber in their fabrication than would suffice to build a modern dwelling-house—a kitchen of the true monastic standard—stone entrance-hall, and vaulted cellars of unlimited capacity.

Before it, lies out-spread a green fore-court of smoothly-shaven sward, darkened by the shadow of a young and vigorous cedar, fenced in by richly-berried holly bushes, and opening on a winding lane, laved on its outward margin by the waters of a limpid spring. A hazel hedge severs this shallow runnel from a broad sweep of pasture-land, alive with sheep and oxen, and sloping with gentle declination to the river's edge, from which another tract of pasture land again ascends, dotted with trees, and traversed by a sinuous lane, skirted with here and there a barn, a wayside cottage, or a prominent knoll of hardy firs, projected boldly from the lighter green of the receding uplands.

Behind the house, appears a little suburb of barns, sheds, outhouses, and all the miscellaneous pens and piggeries, stacks and straw-yards, which make up the not incongruous picture of a well-appointed homestead; to say nothing of a populous dove-cot, and a

pond as populous with feathered bipeds of another class; while right and left and far behind expands an undulating interchange of arable and pasture, woodland and lea: spires peeping up at intervals, and isolated farms begirt with yellow stacks; and, bounding all, a range of misty hills, blending by imperceptible gradation of hue and shade with the horizon's vapoury rim.

The master of the Broad Lea Farm is no mean sample of his order—the old substantial yeomanry of England; an upright, indefatigable, fair-sailing, and plain-spoken farmer; well principled and strong-willed, with a certain sturdy stubbornness of opinion, and a tendency to hasty prejudice, peculiar to an imperfectly educated mind. Almost a Farnese Hercules in bulk and stature, with a bluff and ruddy countenance, expansive forehead, keen grey eyes, a voice that might be heard above the roaring of a tolerable tempest, and with a gait and carriage that befit the portly owner of we know not how many broad acres—Philip Langley, as he walks abroad with half-a-dozen greyhounds at his heels, or ambles through our winding lanes upon his favourite grey cob, appears to realise in *totò* one's ideal notions of an “English yeoman bold.”

Philip's fair ally in the empire of his household—and in all respects the opposite of himself—is one of the pleasantest matrons of our acquaintance; slight, and small in stature, with much of her early beauty lingering in her features; a soft persuasive voice, a quiet unobtrusive meekness of manner, a wide and comprehensive range of sympathies, and a hand as open to “melting charity” as her heart. Then, too, she hath consummate skill in cookery—maketh delectable pastry—is deep in the mysteries of the dairy—manufactures delicious mead—and is without a rival in the preparation of jellies and preserves.

There is, besides, a reduced copy of our friend the Farnese Hercules, in the person of Philip Langley the younger, a tall and handsome fellow, some four or five-and-twenty years of age, of a nature more plastic than his father's, and inheriting—in common with his sister Katharine, a bright-eyed, merry-hearted girl of seventeen summers—much of his mother's sweetness of disposition, and equability of temper.

Two years ago this youthful bachelor—the very last whom rumour would have pitched upon as likely to hazard such a step—on whom, indeed, the most imaginative of gossips had never fastened the imputation of an attachment, irrevocably committed his heart and happiness to the keeping of pretty Mary Hazeldine, the eldest daughter of the keeper on the H— estate, by an adroitly planned and secret wedding. If there was little worldly policy in the

match, so far as *he* was individually concerned, it proved, at least, that Philip's judgment of female beauty was perfectly unexceptionable. Mary Hazeldine, with her large glittering black eyes and oriental countenance (there was a gipsy cross in her humble pedigree), her small and delicately chiselled features, and the thoroughly Grecian outline of her head, was, certainly, a pre-eminently lovely girl, whose chief, perhaps whose only, fault was—poverty.

At an event so startling, the whole village was, of course, aghast with wonderment. Curious and amusing was it to observe how, straightway, every gossip, young and old, simultaneously recalled to mind with what incessancy young Philip Langley had been seen to wile away whole summer days angling in the little trout stream which flows hard by the keeper's cottage; or squirrel-hunting in the adjoining copse; or strolling down the bordering lane with gun and dog, yet shooting nothing, and returning always with a tasteful nosegay in his button-hole, the floral components of which bore a most suspicious similitude to the flowers which flourished so luxuriantly in the keeper's garden; but "to suppose that he would ever fling himself away upon an upstart minx like that!" and then the speaker's indignation and contempt grew very much too strong for utterance, and a superlatively disdainful toss of the head pantomimically and expressively concluded the sentence. To Katharine Langley, the acquisition of a sister was a source of intense delight, while, upon the placid matron, her mother, devolved the task of mollifying the anger of her husband, who stormed, and, like the army in Flanders, "swore terribly." The farmer's pride was wounded, his own private views and projects had been completely foiled, and hence, this stolen wedding was productive of a wide and serious breach between the father and the son. All the efforts of the latter towards effecting a reconciliation, backed by the mediation of his mother and his sister, were utterly abortive, and, after a fortnight's residence in the keeper's cottage, the newly married couple removed to a farm in an adjoining county, on which a relative had procured for Philip the situation of a bailiff; and our farmer, "still nursing his wrath to keep it warm," heard little more of his offending son.

On Christmas morning last, as the portly owner of the Broad Lea Farm sat basking by the warm fire-side, an enormous log crackling and settling in the grate, and a venerable pointer couched upon the rug—as he there sat pondering upon the sermon he had just heard, or perhaps ruminating upon a more secular subject, to wit, the price of wheat last market-day, his reveries were broken in upon by the entrance of his daughter Katharine, who solicited his

attention to "the little angel of a fellow" she carried in her arms.

"More little angels, Kate? Why you brought me four or five last week to look at, and each of those, according to your showing at the time, was, wings excepted, a miniature angel. Whose bantling may this be?"

"'Bantling,' Papa! It is a little cherub! I am sure I never saw a handsomer boy, and so large, too, of his age! and such a sweet temper! And to call this little beauty a bantling! Fie! fie!"

Luckily Kate's indignation found a harmless vent in lavishing a perfect hurricane of kisses upon the infant thus maligned; and then, relenting somewhat, she laid her childish charge within her father's arms, confident that the loveliness of her helpless favourite was certain, in the end, to win upon the farmer's heart.

The child smiled, stretched forth its dimpled arms, and manifested the same degree of delight in gazing on the ruddy countenance of its stalwart nurse, as it would have evinced in the immediate contemplation of a ruddy fire.

"But you have not told me whose it is Kate."

"I will do so, by-and-by. They say it is so wonderfully like you, Papa!"

"You are a chatter-box, Kate, and are always wandering from the point. Once for all, whose is it?"

Kate glided to her father's side, laid her soft hand upon his brawny shoulder, and, fixing her eyes on his, with a look of irresistible witchery—a look that might have "won an angel down"—whispered:—

"You won't be angry with me, if I tell you? You'll promise me you won't?"

"Oh, certainly; and in return, Kate, you must promise *me* to leave off talking riddles, and eschew romance and mystery."

"Well, then, Papa," said Kate, with the grave and measured accents of one whose mind is charged with some important secret, the profundity of which the speaker is desirous of impressing on the auditor, "It is *your* grandson, and *my* very dear nephew, Philip Langley."

"'My grandson'—Philip Langley,'"

"Yes, Papa, quite true: Philip and Mary are in the village; the baby and I are their ambassadors; and," she continued, in tones of mingled jest and seriousness, flinging herself upon her knees, "we humbly sue for their forgiveness and crave"—

"A lasting treaty of peace," chimed in the farmer's gentle partner, as she entered the apartment, and opportunely joined her plea to Kate's.

Philip was staggered. He had been taken at a vantage—out-generalled—beaten by strategy—wounded in a vulnerable point: the child had stormed his heart, and Kate and Kate's

mother dexterously combined to batter down the citadel of his supposed impregnable resolution. What could he do? Capitulate with a good grace? Make Christmas-day a day of festival, indeed, and welcome home again discarded kin? Some such suggestions conscience whispered to his heart, and Philip's better angel "whipt the offending Adam out of him," and forced him to consent.

Kate (who petitioned for the post of messenger as a special favour and peculiar privilege) hurried immediately to the keeper's cottage for her brother and his bride, and the delighted trio reached the farm in almost breathless haste.

May we not pass over the meeting, and all its tearful, happy, varied, and embarrassing concomitants? You may be sure there was, at first, a perfect briny deluge—a copious overflow of pearly tears, shining like beads of dew upon the peachy cheeks of Kate, and glistening like diamonds in the lustrous eyes of pretty Mary Langley; even the elder Philip caught the infection, and brushed away two big round drops with as much vehemence as though they had been ugly blood stains on his cheeks. Rainbow-smiles presently succeeded to the showers, and then there was an infinitude of

happy gossipry; so much to be inquired—so much to be explained—so much had happened—so many little projects were presented for discussion—such an opening of the flood-gates of pent-up, suppressed affection; Kate's arm, the while, wound lovingly round Mary's waist, and Kate's untiring tongue pouring into Mary's ear a world of confidential chit-chat, with all the graceful sympathy and total unreserve of girlhood—our farmer fondling his grandchild, while he held a never-ending colloquy with Phil; and Mrs. Langley, good soul! vibrating between the kitchen and the parlour in such a delightful flutter of excitement, that one almost feared she never would regain her old habitual equanimity.

Thus hours flew by like moments, and when the great hall-clock rung out the dinner hour, and the savoury steam of the roast turkey came floating in from the adjoining room, they one and all protested that the flight of time was really magical; and then, with Mary on his arm, our farmer led the way to table, and never did the old oak dining-room at Broad Lea Farm gather within its walls a merrier, happier, or more united group than that which made its echoes ring with their exuberant glee last Christmas-day.

THE LOVERS' LEAP.*

A ROMANCE.

OH! have you not heard of that dark woody glen,†

Where the oak-leaves are richest and rarest,

Where Connal the chief and the foremost of men,

Loved Eily, of maidens the fairest?

She plighted her faith, but then quickly withdrew

For a rival, who slandered her lover;

She left him in wrath, but how little she knew

That her peace at their parting was over!

II.

He met her in vale, and he met her in grove;

At midnight he walked by her dwelling;

* The County Wicklow, in Ireland, can boast of its Leucadian leap as well as Ionia. A precipice of some two to three hundred feet high, in the glen of the Dargle, has relieved the pains of more than one modern Sappho.

† The Dargle. Various derivations have been assigned for this word: it is most probably a compound of two Gaelic words, signifying oak and glen.

But he said not a word of the truth of his love,

For his cheek the sad story was telling.

He found her one night by the rock in the glen,

Where she first swore to love him for ever;

He gazed till she murmured, "Dear Connal!" and then

He leaped from the rock to the river!

III.

The summer passed on, and the chief was forgot;

But one night, when the oak-leaves were dying,

There came a sad form to that desolate spot

'Neath which the brave Connal was lying!

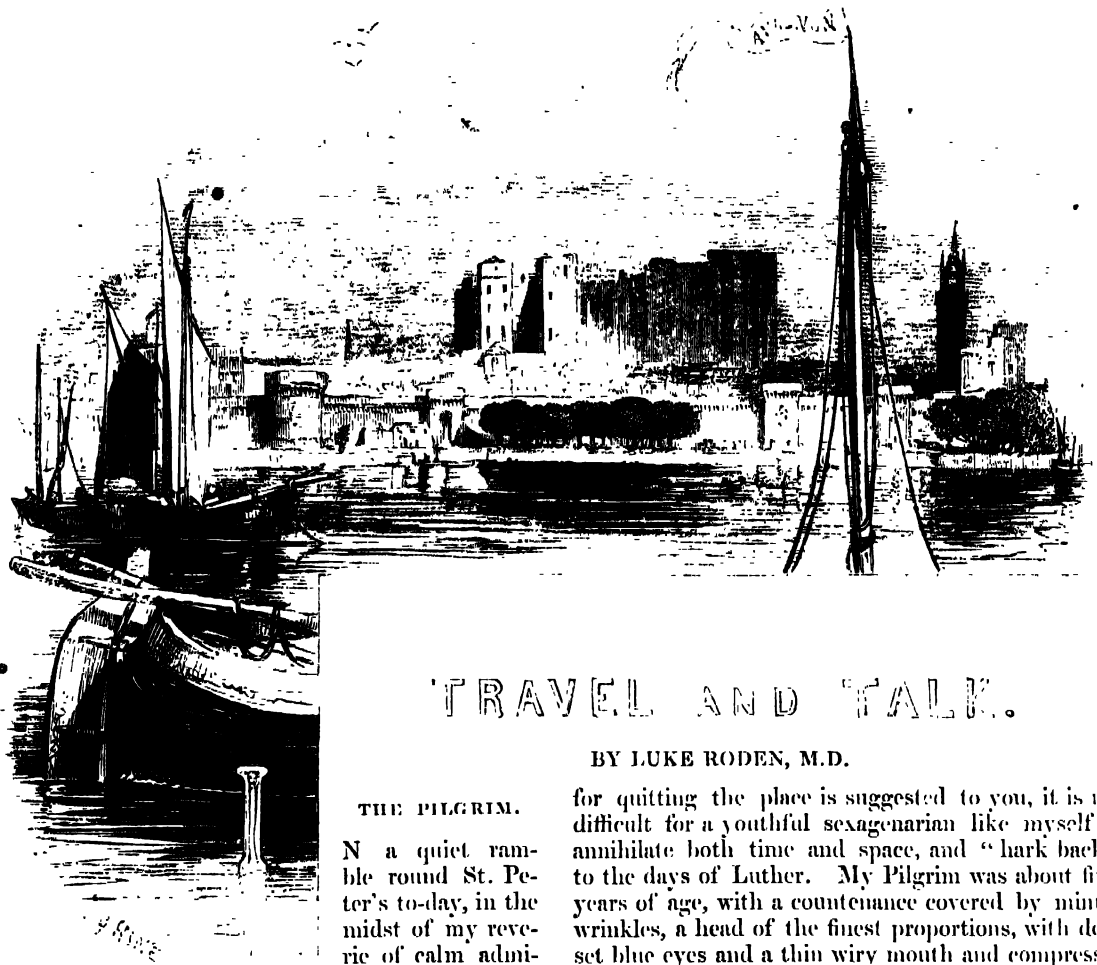
She gaz'd on the deep foamy stream 'mid the rocks

As she leaned the wild precipice over,

She looked a farewell to the glen of the oaks,

And Eily was soon with her lover!

W.



TRAVEL AND TALK.

BY LUKE RODEN, M.D.

THE PILGRIM.

IN a quiet ramble round St. Peter's to-day, in the midst of my reverie of calm admiration, I had be-

come so abstracted from all the mundane concerns of the moment as almost to persuade myself I was a denizen of the Cinque Centi, and I had nearly re-created the existence of *Leo X.* The illusion was still further increased by the appearance of a most picturesque Pilgrim with his broad-brimmed hat with taper crown, his long staff, his short cloak, ornamented with scallop shells, and his gourd to contain water, slung over his shoulder, with the scrip for his provisions, the exact costume of the Palmer, so familiar to us in the histories of the Crusades, and so vividly brought before us in the descriptions of Walter Scott. I noticed his air of wonder and reverence, and his abstraction from all but the feelings of awe and devotion, and gradually became so interested in the man, that, without being observed by him, I contrived to keep near him, determining to profit by the first decent opportunity of entering into conversation. I shall never forget the expression of his countenance when he knelt at the balustrade which guards the descent to the tomb of St. Peter, round which one hundred and twelve lamps are burning night and day. It was evidently the first time he had been in this vast cathedral, and his devotion was almost hysterical. Indeed, unless when some prosaic companion reminds you that it is time to dress for dinner, or that you will be too late to call on the bootmaker, or some other still more ignoble reason

for quitting the place is suggested to you, it is not difficult for a youthful sexagenarian like myself to annihilate both time and space, and "hark back" to the days of Luther. My Pilgrim was about fifty years of age, with a countenance covered by minute wrinkles, a head of the finest proportions, with deep set blue eyes and a thin wiry mouth and compressed lips that spoke the stern command of emotion.

Apparently St. Peter was his patron saint, for he remained a long time at his prayers at the tomb, and crossed himself incessantly; and then once more returned to the bronze statue in the centre aisle and kissed the toe with the greatest veneration. This curious figure is said to be nine hundred years old, and, for the period of its creation, is by no means a contemptible work of art. Every Catholic who enters the cathedral goes directly to this statue, kisses the toe, and then presses his forehead against it, and I observed that all the children who could not reach it were lifted up by their parents for that purpose. The toe is almost entirely worn away by the numerous devotees. No opportunity of engaging in conversation with him occurred, but, on the following day, I saw him walking round the gallery of the Vatican, and ventured to ask him a few questions; unfortunately his *patois* was so unlike genuine Italian that I had considerable difficulty in understanding him. All I could gather was that he had walked from the furthest extremity of the Abruzzi, that he had led a wicked life, that his wife was dead, and that, in remorse for his conduct to her, he had vowed a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and was in Rome for the purpose of obtaining the proper sanction. I fear, from a few ugly words that escaped him, that had I been able to comprehend the whole narrative, a good deal of the romance and the interest would have vanished.

Strong emotion of any kind, occupying the whole soul of man, even if it be an emotion we disapprove, has still in it something of the sublime, and there is a sort of dignity in this self-inflicted voluntary penance. It is, at any rate, better than a resort to the alehouse to drown remorse by intoxication. Lord Panmure once narrated to me the tragical end of one of his tenants, who, having had his whole flock of sheep washed into the sea by a violent storm, and finding himself thus utterly ruined, went directly and *ex proposito* to the public-house and drank whiskey night and day till he died. It required about seventy hours of continuous drunkenness to accomplish the object, which was as deliberate a suicide as if he had divided his carotids. It was certainly not remorse which thus instigated him to self destruction, but had remorse been his portion he would probably have resorted to the same expedient for subduing it.

With how deep a knowledge of the human heart has the whole Catholic system been framed. With all its defects, and they are many, there was a time when the Church was the only safeguard of the poor against the tyranny of the rich and the powerful; the only defence against the feudal rights of bold bad men; the only check on the wicked volitions of sovereigns; nay, the only obstacle to the efforts of the crowned banditti to trample out the last spark of liberty and civilization.

In its turn the Church became the oppressor and the obstacle to civilisation, and, no longer counterpoised by temporal power, degenerated into the shameless and disgusting corruption which necessitated and produced the Reformation. Thus runs the cycle—less brief than the cycle of the sun, but not less certain and inevitable.

Another change, as mighty as that produced by Luther, is taking place in our own days, and it is to me a proof that all modifications of society result from original moral laws laid down by the author of nature (as certain in their effects as the physical laws imposed on matter), that these vast changes are apparently brought about by men so personally insignificant and even contemptible. The intellect of our modern innovators, and especially of some of the leaders among them, is of so very humble an order that one wonders how such men could ever have attracted even the most evanescent notice to their silly vagaries. I have attempted to peruse some of the sermons on the new controversy which divides the church, and having in vain tried to extract a meaning from the words in the order in which the author had placed them, endeavoured to read them backwards in hope of being more successful, but found that, although quite as intelligible that way as the other, they were essentially devoid of all meaning whatever. These unsightly pimples on the skin, these dirty bubbles on the surface, are only indications of the fermentation pervading the whole mass.

CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO.

The round Castle of St. Angelo at the end of the bridge has a very imposing appearance; the square platform on which it stands is so mutilated and changed by buildings and garden walls that one scarcely recognises its original form. When Adrian, in the very height of the power, splendour, and extent of the Roman Empire, founded this mausoleum (for such you are aware was its original destination), it

was cased with marble, surrounded by innumerable columns and statues of exquisite merit, and had a dome surmounted by an enormous cone of brass, something like a pine apple. At such a period who that looked at the apparently immutable grandeur of that mighty empire, could have anticipated that it would be despoiled of its ornaments and turned into a fortress? Nay, that the very statues would be used in defence of it, and thrown down on the heads of the besiegers. How beautiful were these statues may be judged by one of them recovered from the rubbish of the ditch—the celebrated Barberini Faun, at Munich.

But who indeed can look forward four hundred years; a long immortality in the mutations of empires! We seem destined to see changes as great several times in a century if the present ungovernable appetite for "Reformations" shall continue.

Took a walk in the garden at the foot of the Castle, full of oranges in profuse bearing; the trees five-and-twenty or thirty feet in height; lemons were also in great abundance; they seem less hardy and are nailed against the walls. I have not yet seen one a standard. Not having a regular permit from the Government, we were not allowed to visit the interior of the Castle today, so must defer it till our return from Naples.

THE VATICAN.

What an enormous mass of building is the Vatican; it measures more than twelve hundred feet by a thousand feet; the rooms are innumerable; it is impossible to give even a passing glance at them; they are reckoned by hundreds—I might almost say by thousands. I must confine myself to a very few of the objects of interest it contains.

While my companions rambled about St. Peter's, for the fifth time, in a sort of quiet fascination, which seemed to occupy every sense, I strolled up the steps of its almost interminable staircase, which leads to the Vatican. It was one of the public days, when the galleries of Pictures and Statues are thrown open to the people, but a small number of whom, however, seemed inclined to take advantage of the permission.

The first thing which struck me with surprise was, that there should exist so great a number of genuine authentic statues and busts of ancient personages, executed during their life—domestic portraits, in fact, not only of the great men of antiquity and of their wives and children, but of the unknown vulgar. Portions of tombs and other monuments to the dead, with their inscriptions, testify again and again to the identity of the motives and feelings of the human race, in all ages and countries. There are epitaphs as tender as the connubial or parental feeling of modern times could inspire, and although the insincerity of such testimonials has passed into proverb, it is evident that they are often dictated by the most affectionate devotion; one cannot read these inscriptions without a very vivid feeling of admission to the inmost sentiments of the men of other days. The large hiatus between Roman and modern history, seems filled up, and our own Kings follow in natural succession the Emperors of Rome.

Noticed my old friends the Apollo and Laocoön which, with the Venus (now at Florence), I had assisted to pack at Paris, in the midst of indignant scowls of *sans culotte* patriotism, in the year 1815, when about to return to their home. The Laocoön,

I looked at with increased admiration ; it is one of the few statues to which the cast (however carefully executed) does not render justice. I remember an expression of Canova, that the *idea* of the sculptor was best appreciated from the plaster model, because the semi-transparency of the edges of the marble took away something from the severe correctness of the outline, although some contend that this soft outline is itself a source of beauty ; I am inclined to agree with Canova on this point : the only exception is the Laocoon. No cast approaches the intense expression in the countenance of that figure, nor even of the two subordinates ; but the Apollo, the Venus, the Antinous, the Dying Gladiator, and many others, may be appreciated acutely and correctly, by those who have never seen the originals.

Having named Canova, I venture to remark that the excessive prettiness of all his productions seems to me an indication of anything but poetical genius. There is a mannerism in all his works which resembles that of Westall, and I do but echo the opinion of many of the best sculptors in the world, in prophesying that a single century will efface his name from the list of great artists. You can scarcely see one of his figures where there is not a very pretty and formal curl on one side of the forehead, and another exactly corresponding on the other—then lower down another curl with its twin-fellow on the other side, and so on throughout. Nature certainly intended him originally for a hairdresser, but altered her mind and added a bit of the clay of which she makes sculptors. His Perseus in the Vatican, is I believe considered his *chef d'œuvre* ; it is certainly beautiful, too beautiful—so beautiful that it is utterly without character, and the head of Medea which he holds in his hand is also as beautiful, as placid, as tranquil, and as vapid as himself. The only word that thoroughly designates the character of all his works is *pretty*—Perseus is *pretty* ! Perhaps his figure of Hebe comes out best, because his style is here appropriate.

In going to day, from the Piazza del Popolo to St. Peter's, I noticed a long row of boys on the banks of the Tiber, near the bridge of St. Angelo, sitting on a high wall, and occupying themselves in angling ; I say *angling*—not *fishing*, for the prey was the rubbish floating down the muddy river—sticks, rags, bits of board, hay, straw, and a thousand other things were the reward of their patience and industry ; from time to time, as a prize of greater magnitude or value was lifted aloft, a loud shout from the others testified their delight, and showed their unselfish dispositions ; to be sure the party might have been gregarious, and seeking their prey in partnership ; but when a thing admits of assigning two motives let us take the best.

The amusement will give some conception of the beauty of the “yellow Tiber,” as it was called twenty centuries ago—a more disgusting and filthy ditch cannot be found. It appears that these boys, like the chiffoniers of Paris, form a regular class of the population ; and it is strongly suspected that while some are fishing below, others are occupied higher up the river in throwing in the prey ; a very safe kind of robbery from its difficulty of detection, and the impossibility of identifying the thief and the receiver of the stolen goods.

In passing along to ascertain what was the kind of fishing going forward, I came to the spot from whence

the Panoramic View of Rome was taken, which formed so strong an attraction last year in the Surrey Zoological Gardens, and was delighted with the magical fidelity of the picture, which has given to tens of thousands as vivid an idea of the Eternal City as could be obtained by a visit in *propria persona*—so much of it at least as can be comprehended in a single view.

Every Englishman whose memory can go back thirty years must be conscious of a vast improvement in the habits, manners, intelligence, information, taste, and morals, of the lower and lower-middle classes of his fellow-subjects. In London especially the advance has been most extraordinary. The very topics which interest them now, are such as even twenty years ago, would have been shouted down with contempt to make way for subjects of coarse brutality and filthy merriment. Some part of this change may be attributed to the prevalence of humanizing exhibitions like these. The invention of lithography, of engraving on steel, of steam printing, and a hundred other things, have also made the productions of the highest minds in literature and the fine arts accessible to the very poorest ; and the improvement thus produced in the general taste has heightened the starting point from whence the possessors of great talents and genius take their spring. The daubs, for example, which formerly ornamented the walls of cottages, of farm-houses, and inns, in the country, have given place to elegant engravings, at the price of a few halfpence, such as formerly could be found only in the cabinets of the wealthy. Among other things, I have been peculiarly struck with the influence of such prints as the landscapes of Allom and others. They give to the humblest inhabitants of the country a *new sense*, a new source of quiet and innocent gratification, always at their command ; a group of trees, which in former days passed utterly unnoticed, or was thought of only as so much capital fuel if they were but allowed to cut it down, will now be observed as a picture, and afford positive pleasure. I have heard remarks from such people, when assembled at their wakes and fairs, which show that an appreciation of these costless pleasures is becoming universal wherever the peasantry are out of the reach of the accursed demoralisation of a manufacturing town, on which be anathema.

In walking round the gallery of the Vatican to-day, I found myself much embarrassed for want of a catalogue, and observing a young gentleman apparently making but little use of that which he held in his hand, I went up, and said, “You are, I presume, an Englishman, Sir ?”

“Yes,” said he.

“Then will you permit me to refer to your catalogue a moment ?”

“With pleasure,” he replied. “I said Englishman,” added he, “but I am an American—it's all the same.”

I told him it gave me pleasure to hear the expression, nor could I conceive how any but the rabble could feel otherwise.

I mention this incident, though so trifling, as one among the hundreds of corroborating proofs that with educated Americans, fed with the same literature, and protected by almost the same laws, the metropolitan country must ever excite the sympathies of the honourable and the good. It is obvious that



CEREMONY IN THE SISTINE CHAPEL, ROME. See page 79.

they feel the triumphs and the glories of Englishmen as the triumphs and glories of *their race*. Newspaper patriots must appeal to less civilised sentiments; and amongst these the pugnacious propensities of the mere animal are the most universal and the most emphatic; they are part of the feelings of the savage which are latest shaken off by advancing refinement. England throws so vast a shadow over the nations of the earth, that one does not wonder at the growth of jealousy, whenever at least the interests of the two nations happen to clash; but to suppose that America, with the same origin, the same language, the same laws, the same religion, and the same literature, does not feel pride at the honour of England, is a libel on human nature itself. With a Government less dependent on the favour of the populace, and where property and education had their due preponderance, the union of the two countries would be firm and lasting. As to the quarrels and mutual injuries at the time of the separation, they are about as rational motives of enmity in the present day, as disputes between the descendants of Normans and Saxons would be in England. What man of common sense cares one straw on which side his ancestors fought in those days, or the days of James II., and William III.?

But I cannot go on with my rambling descriptions of Rome, and of the feelings excited by its many new and interesting objects, for many of the remarks I then committed to paper have reference to events which occurred during my voyage and journey. Another glance at the beautiful Sala Regia which forms the head-piece of my paper, and I must suspend my observations till the reader is acquainted

with the earlier part of my progress. I cannot but hope that they may be equally interesting. I must therefore go back to Paris, and re-commence the account of my peregrinations; after which, we will return to Rome, and thus regularly invade the country. I hope to escape the accusation that my tale is like "The House that Jack Built," where at every step in advance, we repeat all that has preceded. When we leave Rome, and travel to the South, the reader will follow me with greater zest: he has had "a taste of my quality" already, in the description of Naples in a previous number of the Magazine.

FRANCE.

Although my promise to write to you from Italy is not yet in course of fulfilment, you will not be sorry that I anticipate the matter by a few words on the country we pass through. Even in so hackneyed a route as this a different mode of viewing what strikes the eye of the mind as well as that of the body may present a familiar picture in a new light, and give rise to reflections corrective or confirmatory of previous impressions.

I could not pass through Paris without a visit to the Bois de Boulogne, now cutting up for the new fortifications; being desirous of comparing its present appearance with that which it presented in the year 1815, when I saw it filled with red-coats. On that occasion ninety-five thousand men, under the command of THE GREAT DUKE, occupied the ground. The wood, which was a sort of coppice of twenty years' growth, had been more than once set on fire, either accidentally or intentionally (the latter was suspected); and orders had been given to cut it

all down. The army, however, had taken the liberty of evading the command where the trees grew conveniently, and had tied them together into shelter for the tents; or, cutting them half through, wattled them into regular barracks. Some of the huts were built of broom, or of turf, and of basket-work formed by the living bushes, and thatched with twigs, furze, or straw. Others were formed of long poles leaned against a tree, and covered with tarpaulin. The white tents, with the verdant foliage meeting over them, and the long ranges of plaited huts, gave the whole more the appearance of a migratory horde of uncivilised wanderers than the encampment of a regular army. The soldiers were rambling about in all directions; some playing at quoits, some at goff, some at foot-ball, wrestling, or racing. *Here* were blacksmiths shoeing horses; *there* saddlers at work in the open air; *here* squatted a congregation of tailors, sheltered by the boughs tied together over their heads. In another place they were cleaning their accoutrements. Then a row of noisy washer-women; further on a group of raw recruits, perfecting themselves in the alphabet of war, under the eye of a sturdy sergeant; or a troop of newly-enlisted horses training to the same deadly art; a circle of troops round one who had the good fortune to obtain an English newspaper; others dancing, fluting, gambling, swearing. Vast numbers of French men and women rambling about the camp with ribbons and laces, pastry, toys for soldiers' children, sausages, pies, fruit, shirts, shoes, trinkets, and ten thousand other things; screaming out their various wares in every note of the gamut, and in many others not to be found there. Still further on were bands of music, ballad-singers, hurdy-gurdy grinders, parties of troops firing at marks; while a row of fires of apparently a mile in extent against the barrier wall was occupied in providing an unlimited variety of food for this motley multitude.

The noise—the continued movement—the variety of objects—the recollection of THE CAUSE which had collected such vast numbers of men from all parts of Europe in a place hitherto the peaceful promenade of the Parisians—the striking example it presented of the instability of human grandeur—the sight of men who had just displayed a degree of courage and constancy which our history (fertile as it is in glorious events) can scarcely parallel,—these, and a thousand other ideas, produced an impression on my mind so deep and lasting, that, even at this distant date, and after an interval of almost thirty years, I cannot think of it without a thrill. Now, what a contrast! It needs not, however, thirty years to obliterate the traces of man's devastations. Nature has been vigorously at work for that purpose, and the surface is once more covered with trees of considerable size.

It is curious to notice the site of great battles, and in how very few years all marks of a combat become invisible. On a second visit to Waterloo, only two years after the battle, the scene of slaughter was restored to its pristine, and more than pristine, fertility and verdure. Man alone was anxious to preserve remembrance of the catastrophe by the gigantic mound and the tombs to the heroic dead. Nature had done her part to efface the stain.

Long, long may it be ere we witness a similar exertion of her power! The present gigantic fortifications of Paris have a bloodless object.

THE JOURNEY.

We left Paris in the *coupé* of the diligence—the best of all modes of travelling, if your dignity be not offended by the lack of your own carriage. Cushions, swings for the arms, and ample room for the legs, give every facility for sleeping which these detestable roads admit of; still, sleep can rarely be persuaded to visit you in these situations, though certainly till you have nearly crossed France it is the best possible employment of your time. To look at this most prosaic, tame, and uninteresting country, cut into little strips like a tailor's book of patterns, one cannot but admire the force of patriotism which can bestow on it the endearing title of *La Belle France*. The windows of the coach, however, took compassion on my ill temper, and hastened to exclude disagreeable objects by covering themselves with a coat of mud, which, had we been passing through Paradise, would have made it equally invisible; so that the termination of daylight was no interruption to the prospect. Our horses, which on setting off were three white, one bay, and two black, in less than half an hour were so uniformly plastered with puddle, that I would have defied the best jockey at Newmarket to ascertain the original colour of any one of them.

I had books but no light, so set myself to the wise and interesting task of watching the curious figures formed on the front glasses by the shifting surface of mud thrown up by the horses' heels. Our single outside lamp shone through the parts most lightly coated, and as the rain occasionally aided in the process, there were formed a variety of landscapes and waterfalls, which might have afforded useful hints to a painter.

Two dreary nights and days were passed in this prison before we arrived at Chalons sur Saone. The only thing worth noticing in the transit through this most emphatically ugly country, was at Montreuil, where the traces of Buonaparte's great battle with the Russians were conspicuous. I noticed many cannon balls still sticking in the walls of the houses.

We staid at Chalons two days and visited the hospital, solely managed by the *Sœurs de la Charité*. It is in the form of a Greek cross, and the centre, where the four long wards unite, is occupied by a high altar, so that the service of the mass can be seen and heard through the whole extent of the four enormously lofty apartments. I was conducted round the building by one of the sisters, and as these ladies are not allowed to receive money personally, I thought it incumbent on me to drop a franc into the *trône pour les pauvres*. At the moment of letting it slip from my fingers (but too late to stop its descent) I observed that it was a Napoleon, and, of course, requested that the *bar* might be opened and the money returned; I was informed, however, that, as the lady president was at dinner this was impossible, and that I must come again in the evening.

On presenting myself a few hours afterwards, a very fine old gentlewoman, of the *ancien régime*, in the stiff and stately habiliments of the reign of Louis the Fifteenth, rose with great dignity, and, taking a most ponderous bunch of keys, proceeded to the chapel with me; but as she was attempting to open the wrong box, I pointed out her mistake. Oh, monsieur, said she, as to *that* box (where I had dropped the Napoleon), *that* box has not had a sous put into

it these seven years ; the lock is broken and the key is lost ; it is too late to send for a locksmith, nor should I dare to do it without permission of the governors, but they will assemble the day after to-morrow, and then your money shall be returned to you. Of this I could not avail myself ; she was *fachée, désolée, au désespoir, &c., &c.* I relieved her anxiety by requesting that she would bestow the Napoleon in charity, and exacted no other condition than that it should be given to widows. She assured me that even that small sum would make a great many light hearts—so I hope it will be set down to me as a good deed.

At Chalons, staid two days, because the rise of the river, by filling up the arches of the bridges, prevented the passage of the steam-boats down the Saone. It is an ugly and uncomfortable town, although a place of great traffic. It was a delight at last to change the dull monotony and confinement to one position in a diligence, for the freedom of motion on the deck of a steam-boat, and although the river had scarcely subsided sufficiently to make it safe, we determined to venture the first voyage of renewed intercourse.

We had some narrow escapes, our chimney, though lowered to the horizontal position, scraping the top of the arch in the old structures, but the new suspension bridges allowed us more space, and we arrived in safety at Lyons.

All through the voyage the inundations on both banks were so extensive, that we only knew the course of the river by the tops of the trees above the surface of the water. The inundations of the year before last had done enormous mischief, and the present forms a climax. Hundreds of thousands of acres of corn and grass land are rendered useless for years, from the quantity of mud deposited upon them, and a large portion covered with so deep a layer of gravel that it can never be reclaimed. Long rows of houses building to replace those destroyed by the last inundations, are undermined by the present floods and sinking into the water, another proof (if proof were needed) how much stronger is the influence of Hope than that of Fear—a blessed provision. If this were not our nature, what man would go to sea again after shipwreck ; or after a continued run of misfortune stake his last guinea at the gaming-table.

These poor creatures have been building their houses in the exact spot where they were placed when the former inundation levelled them, hoping that *it would not happen again*, though a similar devastation to a less extent takes place almost every year, and at short, but uncertain intervals the whole is again destroyed.

Now, in England, all these evils would have been remedied long ago. Even here, a plan to prevent the possibility of future inundations has been pressed on the Government, time after time, since the days of Voltaire, but never put in execution. A tenth part of the sum wasted in the unholy warfare of Algeria would have remedied the evil, and enriched the country to as many times, in the produce of this otherwise fertile district.

But so it always is in France ; the calm with which this and similar catastrophes are contemplated by those who are not immediate sufferers, is quite heroic !

By the greatest good luck we had a fine day for

passing down the Saone to Lyons ; the river is pease-soup, from the composition of the banks between which it runs, and from the stratum of cultivated and cultivable soil from the inundated fields which it is carrying down to the sea, depositing a part as it goes along in the beds of this river and of the Rhone, which it joins at Lyons ; and thus, by diminishing the space for the water, rendering future inundations inevitable. After such incessant rain, ever since we left England, this, the third sunshine we had experienced, was peculiarly acceptable. French sky was become a novelty. In Paris the houses are so high as effectually to prevent you from seeing the sun in winter.

But for a smokiness, which has a little the odour of Liverpool, and which arises from the same cause (the fuel being coal), I should say that Lyons was the most beautiful town I had seen. It is a combination of Edinburgh and Bath, but on a grander scale. Two enormous rivers, the Saone (pronounced Sône) and the Rhone, pass down each side of the town, and meet about a mile below it. Each, at this time, in consequence of the rains, is larger than the Thames at high water at Waterloo-bridge ; but the Rhone is so much deeper, that after their junction, it seems barely increased in size. Twelve splendid bridges span the two rivers in this town alone ; the high rocks which almost surround the town are covered with houses to their summits, and as they are built in large masses, look like palaces in the clouds—clouds, indeed, always envelop them, for if Nature does not form them, the gas manufactories and steam-engines supply the deficiency. Higher still, the rocks become more vertical in their fronts, and form a continuous range of eminences, each surmounted by a most imposing fortification of Gibraltar batteries, while the roads which lead to the summit are enfiladed by numerous detached forts, to arrest the progress of assailants. All these fortresses are bristling with cannon, which, with a garrison, rarely allowed to sink below twenty thousand men, are sufficient to reduce the town to ashes in a very short time. These precautions are quite necessary to keep in check the turbulent population of two hundred thousand disorderly people, whose dreadful outbreak in 1834, which caused such an awful destruction of life and property, was renewed with less success in 1838. The Government has taken effectual means to prevent a third.

After two days' rest, I ventured to ascend the steep to look at these gigantic fortresses, and was guided in my tortuous course by a very intelligent artisan, of advanced age, and broken constitution, who was climbing with difficulty to visit the great cemetery on the summit. I accompanied him to the spot, which is certainly more beautifully situated than the celebrated Père la Chaise ; in summer this place must be delightful—you look down on the town with its two grand rivers, and numerous bridges, and its masses of houses and fortifications—turrets and spires. The cemetery is one vast garden of roses, jessamine, honeysuckles, and flowers, which even at this season are beautiful ; my poor companion, who was only a journeyman shoemaker, laid out at the gate the sum of eightpence, a large sum out of his scanty earnings, to purchase some of the dried flowers called *immortelles*, to ornament the grave of his only child—the child of his old age, who had died three years ago ;

he tied, with trembling hands, the little crown of flowers to the wooden cross at the head of the grave, carefully picking away the dead leaves, while the tears continued to drop on the ground, as he ran over the list of amiable and affectionate qualities of his lost son, with a pathos that dimmed my own eyes.

"Ah, Sir," said he, "it is a sad thing that I cannot afford to buy this little bit of ground, and keep it sacred; at the end of the seven years that I have paid for, they will dig a spade into my poor child's body and shovel him away to make room for others. The rich escape this, but *they* have so many things to console them, and, after all, perhaps, they don't know their blessings."

My companion pointed out to me the modest tomb of poor Mouton Duvernet, who was shot here like Ney, for aiding Buonaparte in 1815; what made the case so deplorable, was that the General's pardon arrived a few hours after his execution; Louis XVIII. had always intended to grant it, but the Duc de Cazes had anticipated him, by dispatching orders by the telegraph; the Duke has never been quite forgiven for this act even by his own party.

CONFLUENCE OF THE RHONE AND THE SAONE.

I do not know when I have been more struck by natural objects, than in going down to the confluence of these two rivers, which although now almost within their natural boundaries, are still of imposing magnitude; the right bank of the right hand river (the Saone) is bordered by a ridge of high hills, almost mountains, dotted over with white houses and trees, and covered with vineyards, whose formality must in summer be concealed by the foliage; the left bank of the other river spreads out in gentle undulations, till at the distance of almost a hundred miles, the view is bounded by the snow-covered Alps, with Mont Blanc still further off, towering over the nearer chain of mountains, and shining brilliantly in the purple rays of the setting sun. On turning myself round the view was almost equally imposing—the city of Lyons, a huge dark mass, with its houses, churches, and fortifications, piled up into the clouds.

This district, by-the-by, seems rapidly passing back to the good old days of miracles and indulgences; the Frères Ignorantins are building themselves a gigantic convent on the heights.

AVIGNON.

But now having completed my recollections of the journey which I have been anxious to commit to paper lest they should fade away from my memory; now let me attempt a description of the place I am in, which is well worthy of a better pen than mine.

Avignon is situated at the junction of the Rhone, and has the reputation of a place of vast antiquity; it was, as you know, sold by Naples to Pope Clement VI., and was a residence of the succeeding Popes, or their deputies, till the year 1793, when it was seized by the French. It is curious how such an *imperium in imperiis* could have existed so long. Lady Mary W. Montague took up her abode here, and describes the curious state of a town and small territory shut in within another, with which it was not allowed to have the slightest commercial connection. It is as if Chatham were held by a foreign power, and compelled to depend on the resources to be procured by the river Medway. She contends

that the whole town is subsequent to the Romans, and calls it Gothic; better authority is on the other side. She says that when she visited the town there were two hundred noble families in it; among others the Dukes of Crillon and Guadagna (who, by-the-by, has a palace at Florence, where I am recommended to go, if it were only to see two of his pictures by Salvator Rosa). "All the gentlemen," says she, "keep their lands in their own hands, and sell their corn, wine, and oil; their estates are untaxed, the Popes drawing no revenue from Avignon. The Vice-Legate, who resides here, has a Court of Priests; and there are fourteen large convents. The town is so well situated for trade, and the silk so fine and plentiful, that if they were not curbed, they would certainly ruin Lyons; but, as they can sell none of their manufactures out of the walls, and the ladies here, *as everywhere*, preferring foreign manufactures, the tradespeople are very poor, and the shops ill-furnished."

Well, "*Nous avons changé tout cela*," as the doctor says. These people are now French: Lyons is not ruined, but flourishing; and this town is going to destruction. Neither the old *dog-in-the-manger* policy, nor its abolition, has had much to do with this; but time, the great innovator, brought on the French Revolution, and the consequences have been spoliation, destruction of capital, ruin, and permanent distress. A century will be required to remedy the mischief of that fatal event.

Avignon has a curious history, and exhibits, perhaps, one of the strongest examples which can be adduced of the abuse of the Papal power. After numerous vicissitudes, it passed into the hands of the Counts of Toulouse, descendants of Charlemagne by the female side. One of these, Raimond VI., was successfully invaded by the Pope; and in order to obtain the restitution of his power, he was obliged to submit to appear before the Legate Milon without shoes or stockings, naked to the waist, and a cord round his neck, led by one man, and flogged on the bare back by another, and this while the Legate was tranquilly at dinner, but it availed him nothing. The Pope (probably disappointed that he should have submitted to the indignity) still persisted in devastating his territory, excommunicated him as heretical in his opinions, destroyed his towns, and reduced him to the greatest distress. Raimond died before the war was ended, His son, who was not suspected of heresy, was, however, the *son* of a heretic: it was all the same: his *father* had muddied the water—like the wolf and the lamb—so the Pope continued the war, and forced him at last to sign a treaty at Paris; by which, on condition of being permitted to retain his estates, he agreed to pay 10,000 marks to the legate, 2000 to the Abbey of Cîteaux, 500 to the Abbey of Clervaux, 1000 to the Abbey of Grand Selve, and 300 to that of Belle Perche—all for *the good of his soul*, as was specified in the treaty—besides the cession of part of his territory. It became afterwards united to France by various deaths and marriages; again possessed by Counts of Toulouse; given again by France, without a shadow of right, to Pope Gregory X.; seized by Louis XIV.; restored, seized again, restored again, and finally incorporated with France during the first gush of the Revolution; the miscreants who profaned the sacred name of Liberty, committed atrocities so awful, that

after another generation or two shall have passed away, the best historian will not succeed in obtaining credit when he narrates things which seem contrary to human nature and absolutely impossible.

The town is a wonderful mass of ancient buildings, some Roman, and some long before the Romans. It is surrounded by a picturesque circumvallation, turretted and battlemented in a style, which to me, who am ignorant of architecture, appears Moorish. There is at the top of a steep hill in the town the old palace of the Popes—a noble cathedral, a magnificent tomb of Pope John XXII., and various other objects of great interest. A high rock which rises in the centre of the town, on which formerly stood a fortress which was presented by the town to Lady Montague, and which she turned into a Belvidere, is levelled at the top, and put into an architectural form and used for a public promenade. From this eminence you really do see *La Belle France*. The view is delightful; there are few spots in Europe presenting within the same space so many objects of physical and moral interest. The hills are covered with vines and olives; almost a hundred miles of the noble rivers Rhone and Durance are visible. There are chateaux, castles (the words are not synonymous, for the former might be translated manor-houses), extensive meadows (so rare in France), picturesque islands, gigantic mountains, Roman antiquities numberless, and on the most inaccessible parts of the hills vast enclosures, fortified and castellated, the refuge of the different parties during the horrid religious civil wars which desolated the country ages ago, each the scene of some heroic event, or interesting legend. In the distance, is seen the recess which holds the celebrated cave and fountain of Vaucluse, immortalised by Petrarch. I was not aware that any spot in France contained so many interesting objects in one *coup d'œil*.

In coming down the river, yesterday, from Lyons, in the comfortable and well-managed steam-boat, which the junction of the two rivers allows to be now of considerable size, and what may be called sea-boats, my ears were struck by the words of command, "Stop here," "Ease here." On asking the captain how he happened to have English engineers and stokers on board, he said, "we French don't like to trust ourselves to Frenchmen on these occasions; our countrymen make too much noise, and don't mind their business, which is a serious thing in a steam-boat; these men do their work quietly, they have gone on ten years without a single accident, and the engines, which are English also, are as good as at first."

The right bank of the Rhone, all the way from Lyons to this place, is a long range of rocks almost perpendicular, and cultivated with vines to their summits; they are so steep that the earth can only lie by building a wall every three feet, and thus making every mountain a flight of steps; a curious monument of industry and perseverance. The famous Cote Rotie wine is produced here. We passed a great many splendid suspension bridges, all new I was told within seven years, and of great magnitude. The river is here very broad and studded with islands, which have been taken advantage of, in some places, to divide the suspension bridge into two. The rocks of calcareous stone, on the right bank, are almost separated into portions by deep ravines; each has its white ribbon of a waterfall, which, in wet weather,

becomes a torrent. Even at this season the view was very beautiful, and in summer must be delightful. Were France generally like this I would concede to it the title of "*la belle*."

The people, from all I could see and learn from the great numbers who came off board, are intensely poor and miserable, each man having just capital enough to make half a pair of scissors, no one can spare the other half, even as a loan, and there is no sufficient inducement to make the rivet; the public vehicles, which we saw from the deck, were most contemptible; it was as if every man were the maker of the coach he drove. To-morrow we shall descend to Beaucaire, on the other side of the river, and from thence take the railroad to Nismes, come back to Beaucaire, and again cross to the left bank still lower down at Arles, which, I am told, is the richest spot out of Italy, in Roman and still more ancient remains. Seventy miles further and we arrive at Marseilles.

Marseilles, Dec. 23, 1841.

I believe it is the characteristic of savage countries that the women do the work, and the men pass their time in dissolute idleness, alternating with war and the chase. If this be a true definition, then for the last six weeks I have been traversing a country *emphatically savage*. My blood boils with indignation at what we daily witness. The poor women are absolutely old and withered—worn out and cast aside before they are thirty. Women dig the ground, serve the masons with mortar and stones like bricklayers' labourers with us. Women sweep the streets, mend the roads, carry the manure to the fields on their backs, clean the horses, and carry the sacks of corn. The men drive a cart, and smoke, and play at dominoes, shoot birds and talk of killing Arabs and Englishmen.

To day I saw a man walking round the town with a tin measure and funnel, and his little wife staggering by his side under a heavy barrel of (I suppose) wine, which he was retailing in the streets. Is this thing *policee*? pooh—"polissonne."

"Out upon thee, hypocrite—'tis the moat and the beam," you will say; and I do confess to have often expressed still louder condemnation of the cruel treatment of the workwomen employed by milliners and others in our own country. Mr. Fox, I remember, when comparing the cruelties of Buonaparte with our own doings in India, used to close every stop of his sarcastic enumeration with, "But this, I allow, is all on the other side of the Cape of Good Hope." So I take refuge in the old adage, "*De non apparentibus et de non existentibus eadem est ratio.*" *These things are all out of sight and go for nothing*. Young anatomists, when performing experiments on the living animal, always mercifully begin by *cutting the recurrent nerve*, which deprives the poor creature of voice, and then, of course, as he makes no noise he feels no pain!—mute as a fish; and who minds tearing a fish's jaw to pieces with a hook, and smothering him in air? It is a great consolation that the manteau-makers' girls *don't cry out*. If they did, indeed, I fear we should be compelled to come to their assistance. How comfortable it is to discover a reason for keeping a quiet conscience. No doubt many of our enthusiastic philanthropists—all whose energies are occupied as opponents of negro-slavery—will thank me for this suggestion.

My companions (some of whom were Americans, who, by-the-by, visit the Continent in great numbers) on seeing the wretched, withered, and squalid appearance of the attenuated women, exclaimed, that it was *a country of resuscitated mummies*. Strange to say, some of these women, like the Indian squaw, seem to take a sort of pride in the exemption of the husband from degrading labour. Another proof that they are still uncivilised.

The old lady at the hospital at Chalons gave me a piteous account of the state of the lower classes in that neighbourhood. She spoke of the oppression of the women with tears, and of the total absence of religious feeling and morality among the men; but dwelt with emphatic eloquence on the intensely atrocious wickedness of the boys. She seemed to think that the youths from twelve to twenty were real incarnations of the devil. Her details were interesting, like all the black pages in the book of Nature, but they are too long and too numerous to be committed to paper.

A Bishop of the French Church, and another ecclesiastic who was accompanying him for ordination to Rome, afforded me much delightful conversation on board the steam-boat. They agreed in the general depravity, but gave statistical and unanswerable proofs that it was steadily and rapidly diminishing, and that if the mania for war could be kept in check a little longer, there were great hopes of a substantial restoration of morality and respect for religion. One proof of this, indeed, was afforded at the moment. The men, who in another apartment of the boat, had been talking with the usual laxity upon such subjects, now listened respectfully and attentively to a long theological controversy between the Bishop (or rather his companion, for the Bishop was not the leading orator) and myself, which I could neither avoid nor evade, and which ended as such controversies always end, in each party retaining his own opinions. A few years ago, these men would have insulted both the speakers.

One thing struck me forcibly—the entire conviction of all parties—including the *wallahs* who listened to us, that a very short time would elapse before Queen Victoria would join the Houses of Lords and Commons (including the whole bench of Bishops) in

a solemn recantation of the errors and heresies of Protestant delusion, and return to the bosom of the only true Church, and the protection of God's Vicegerent at Rome. There was such an abnegation of pride in the announcement, such a deep sense of gratitude to God, and such a genuine kindness in the feeling which rejoiced at the anticipated change, that had I not at once abandoned the hopeless task of rectifying their convictions, I could scarcely have prevailed on myself to destroy an illusion which evidently excited in a high degree their pious and philanthropic benevolence, and contributed largely to their happiness.

Let me here venture a remark, that to return contemptuously railing at dogmas, for the generous sentiments thus expressed, may suit a hired controversialist, but is neither the conduct of a gentleman nor a Christian.

On arrival at Beaucaire the other day, I was much surprised to find that a town celebrated all over Europe for its great fair, which equals that of Leipsic, should be such a squalid and insignificant place, though more than a hundred thousand persons are on that occasion lodged in tents, beyond what the beggarly town can accommodate. We hastened to leave the uninviting spot, and set off by railway to Nismes, (about twenty-five miles). There are great hopes that the French will ultimately become as punctual in their public conveyances as the English, for the train started *barely half an hour* after the time fixed—wonderful advance!

The railway led through olive orchards; it is a most disagreeable and sombre-looking tree, the shape of a pollard-willow, with the top branches hollowed so as to expose all the fruit to the sun; the leaves are small and sparse—white on the under side, and on the upper a dull leaden-blue green, altogether ugly enough, and being planted in straight rows did not add to their beauty; however, the country is assiduously cultivated, though with a soil apparently so sterile that were it a few degrees further to the north it would produce nothing. The people of this district would be excusable in worshipping the sun, for they owe everything to it; a great expanse of olive grounds was under water from the overflow of the Rhone.

(To be continued).

MUSINGS OF A WANDERER.—No. VIII.

I HATE sweet music ever when I'm sad,
When I have mournful memories on my soul
(Like ling'ring spots of Eden scatter'd through
The desert wastes of this degenerate world),
It seems an echo of the happy past
And mocks me in my present misery!
The wandering exile from Helvetia's land
Becomes affected thus, when on his ear

The strains of native valleys fall and bring
The recollections of his early home,
Where once their melody was joy and peace,
But now seems funeral knell or doleful dirge
For some departed hours of happiness!
Unto the sorrow'd heart a joyous air,
First heard when life was like an op'ning rose,
Brings melancholy musings and regrets!

W.

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

BY A WIZARD OF THE WEST.

FAREWELL, yes farewell! with the tear in my eye,
I take my last leave, of my friend *Forty-four*!
It rendeth my heart, for to bid thee "good bye,"
Alas! I shall never shake hands with thee more;
I shall think of thee—hear of thee—read of thee—
true,
But see you, ah! never, old fellow—adieu!

And thus, every year I grow older I lose
A friend who for *twelve months* was always beside
me,
Who smiled on myself, and who fostered my muse,
And with health, fun, and frolic, had daily supplied
me,
Yet I sigh—so I should—when I sadly remember,
That he never *survived the last day of December*!

And then, in despite of myself, I must seek,
An acquaintance with him who may be his suc-
cessor,
Whose first introduction is chilly, and bleak,
Ay, e'en to the Queen, in her palace—God bless her!
Yet in duty, I'm bound to admit here, in rhyme,
The *coldness* wears off in a *very short time*!

Dear old *Forty Four*! eh, what "larks" we have had,
What scenes we have witnessed, in hut and in
castle,
Now sober and serious—now joyous and glad,
From the peer to the peasant—the lord to the
vassal.
We knew all their secrets, enjoyed all the fun;
Was there ever a pleasanter season?—not one.

Wern't crowned heads as plenty as Jews in "Rag-
fair"?
We had Emperors, Monarchs, and Grand Dukes in
dozens;
There was *Stuffinall* here, Baron *Suppittoff* there,
And Windsor, beleaguered in fact by *our cousins*!
Having found out the "difference essential" no doubt,
'Twixt the English roast-beef, and the German "sour-
krout."

Didn't Freddy of Prussia, come visit our Queen?
And boarded and lodged in her Majesty's palace,
Where he *saw* all the *sights* that were worth being
seen,
And bought lollypops for young Albert and Alice;
Same time there were two or three splendid reviews,
And a glorious "turn out" of the Life Guards and
Blues.

Didn't Saxony's King just "drop in" for a while,
To warm his jolly old nose down at Windsor?
Poor fellow he sported a "shocking bad tile,"
And while he was there, tippled nothing but gin,
Sir,

The Prince, who they say is an excellent "feller,"
Has a capital stock of "Old Tom" in the cellar.

But oh what a "sell" upon going away,
He called all her "Majesty's servants" around him,
To some he gave snuff-boxes, brilliant and gay,
To some diamond rings—But may furies confound
him,
Only think—if it's true, he's for ever disgraced;
The jewels he gave them were nothing but *paste*!

And didn't the despot of Russia come o'er?
But the Queen wouldn't have *him* at all as a
lodger;
For Nic 'mongst the fair, when in England before,
Was always considered so "artful a dodger,"
'Twas feared he to whom *gallivanting* a trade is,
Might be flirting away with the "Bedchamber
Ladies!"

The "King of the French" was the next paid a visit
To Britain's fair isle, with the Duc de Nemours
(His trip was well etched, both by Landells and
Phiz; it
Does credit, indeed, to those artists of ours).
The Queen didn't come, as his Majesty thought her
Too old to be knocking about on the water.

But it was not the visits of Monarchs alone
That made the last year so remarkably pleasant;
It helped to keep up the excitement, I own,
Yet, we'll have just as many, perhaps, in the
present.
No, no; there were many more things I could
mention,
Which on the *qui vive* kept up public attention.

There were some things can ne'er be forgotten, I
swear—
Except by those folk who don't choose to re-
member—
For instance, her Majesty's visit to BLAIR,
'Bout the middle, I think, or the end of Sep-
tember;
'Twas there that she clambered o'er mountain and
heather,
Nor cared a *bawbee* for the state of the weather.

'Twas there that she donn'd the gay Tartan and
snood;
Danced a two-handed reel with the "Laird of"
Glenlyon;
Strolled with Sandy M'Carra* through glen and
through wood;
Bought a *shelty* to ride (when the day wasn't
dry) on,

* One of Lord Glenlyon's *gillies*, who had the honour of
guiding her Majesty through the Highland fastnesses.

Despite the remarks of a long-visaged crew
Of Cantwells, led on by Sir Andrew Agnew.

'Twas there, with a braw pair of buskins upon her,
Ten miles of a day she thought nothing of
walking ;
She'd give the "go by" to her Maidens of Honour,
And keep up with Albert when he'd be deer-
stalking.
'Twas there that, at night, just when going to bed,
She'd "tak' a wee drap" of hot *brose*, it is said.

And hadn't we sights, too, surpassingly strange,
In the City, as well as the country? Was ever
The splendid display at the Royal Exchange
Surpassed by an Eastern spectacle? Never!
To the age of Old Parr, if to live I be let,
That gorgeous affair I shall never forget.

But what shall we say of the new Lord Mayor's Day,
'Bout the Aldermen, Lumbermen, City Police,
With the Councilmen, Staffmen, all looking so gay,
While the people were bissing like so many geese
At poor Lord Mayor Gibbs, who was pale in the face.
Has he cleared up his most un-account-able case?

Talk of Antony sailing with Egypt's *fair* Queen,
In galleys of gold, down the Nile or the Cydnus,
Where the pride and the wealth of the Orient was
seen,
And all was luxurious, superb, and libid'nous ;
But 'twas nothing, tho' all very fine in its way,
Compared with the "row" on the Thames of that
day.

Still creeps on the year, dreary Autumn now comes ;
November arrives—Hark! the heralds proclaim,
"Victoria approaches, sound trumpets, beat drums!"
The welkin re-echoes the much beloved name ;
There's magic, there's loyalty, witchery in it,
For each head is uncovered in less than a minute.

But where is she going? Believe me you'll find
'Tis to mix with her subjects without ostentation,
Leaving pageantry, pomp, and court splendour
behind ;
That's the way to secure the warm hearts of a
nation :
And surely if ever a monarch has been
Adored by them all, 'tis our own darling Queen!

Yes, Chatsworth, and Burleigh, and Woburn, all
Have thrown open their doors to their well-beloved
guest ;
And the fête, and the banquet, in castle and hall,
Have attended her "progress" from eastward to
west,
And many, Oh! many long years may she live
To enjoy all the pleasures this world can give!

And thus 'twill be seen, since the allies were here,
A time I should think now some thirty years past,
We ne'er had so many crowned heads in one year,
And "right royal sport" as we had in the last.
What wonder that I then should sorrow and sigh,
When I think on those days now for ever gone by!

The Spirit of 1845 appears.

But lo! a new friend now appears,
Offspring of six thousand years,
Cold and frozen is his brow.
Ice-lock'd are his tresses now ;
But ere long a sunny thaw
Shall unbend that frosty paw ;
Soon the earth, now iron bound,
Soft and pliant shall be found ;
And the seed of vegetation
Fructify throughout the nation ;
Wholesome bread, and juicy meat,
Shall the poor then have to eat,
Hushed shall be the infant's cry,
Dried shall be the widow's eye ;
But tell me thou who thus inspires
My joyous heart with such desires ;
After all our woes—Alas !
Shall, oh! shall this come to pass?

1845, loquitur.

Mortal! every word you've spoken
Of the future is a token,
Whilst I reign and am alive,
That is during FORTY-FIVE,
Peace and plenty shall exist,
Ruthless landlords must desist ;
Tenant now no longer pressed,
Honestly will work his best,
With an interest in his farm,
Happy wife and children warm,
Harvest-home and safely made,
Gladly will his rent be paid ;
Men at last now getting sense,
Rally in their own defence.
Party-spirit nearly dead,
Faction now must hide its head,
For the people you will find,
Won't remain for ever blind,
And, as I have said before,
Ere my year of power's o'er,
Britain shall the Country be,
Of PLENTY, PEACE, and LIBERTY! *

MORTAL.

Thrice happy day! when thus I hear
Blest tidings of the coming year.

SPIRIT.

Mortal! now listen, I am well aware,
What all your usages and customs are,
'Tis NEW YEAR'S DAY, a day on which I know,
GIFTS on your friends you're anxious to bestow ;
Say what you wish to give to *him* or *her*,
And speak out boldly ; be there no demur ;
I'll grant them all—ay all—I will indeed,
I'm all attention—prithee friend, proceed.

* Oh that this may prove to be a voracious prophet, and not one of those "juggling fiends, who keep the word of promise to the ear, but break it in the sense."

MORTAL.

A thousand thanks, kind generous FORTY FIVE,
 Thou surely art the friendliest soul alive ;
 And though you look so freezy as you do,
 I'll ask a NEW YEAR'S GIFT for one or two,
 So first, as I have ever loyal been,
 I'll ask a present for our royal Queen ;
 Pray let her have before the year be ended,
 A little boy or girl—but when you send it,
 Give to JOHN BULL *his* " Gift," a well filled purse,
 To pay the expenses of the " young un's " nurse,
 He says of late, his cash is very low,
 And 'tween ourselves—no wonder it is so.
 There's that confounded income tax you know,
 And * * * * * oh !
 He looks in those grey whiskers such " a guy,"
 I'd give to Louis Phillipe some " tricosian " dye,
 To Joinville's Prince the sword of Gen'ral Thumb,
 With which he'd strike the foes of Gallia dumb ;
 To Nic of Russia, some commiseration,
 For the brave persecuted Polish nation.
 And as I have at heart my country's weal,
 I'd give consistency to Robert Peel,
 To his *own* * friends to act with less asperity,
 To friends and foes with little more *sincerity*.
 Give to Lord Brough'm—you're able I suppose—
 Some potent charm to *mesmerise* his nose,
 Should you th' ingredients not exactly know,
 Get them compounded by Miss Martineau !
 To Wellington, that paragon of men,
 Give a renewal of his life again.
 Death—even death, would fear to strike the blow,
 That lays Britannia's, Europe's, saviour low.
 As soon as England's Lords and Commons let it—
 Give Irish Dan (I wish that he may get it !)
 All that he *seems* to wish for, that's *repale*,
 With some good situations for the " tail ; "

* YOUNG ENGLAND, to wit

Give poor Tom Steele—for he's a jolly cock,
 A keg of whiskey, and a new blue frock.—
 Give to " Ould " Ireland *every* thing, and *more*,
 And give Lord Heyts'bury *patience*, I implore.
 Give to Tom Duncombe the " *tribute*" he's *to get* ;
 Ye men of Finsbury have you *shelved* your " pet ?"
 Give Graham a patent for *unsealing* letters,
 And to LORD GEORGE an " Act" protecting *betters*.
 Give Father Mathew—good and pious man !
 Oh ! give him all the assistance that you can.
 Teach Gibbs of Walbrook how to *keep* the pence,
 And give Lord Ellenborough a *leetle* sense.
 Give—

1845.

Mortal, I cannot grant such gifts as these ;
 In fact you've asked impossibilities.
 What ! all those miracles in one *short year* !
 For recollect that's all my tenure here.
 I'll surely keep old Wellington alive
 Until at least the end of *Forty-five* !
 As to the Queen, before *my* year's expired,
 The " little lady" 'll have what you desired.
 But 'bout replenishing poor John Bull's *tin*,
 I can't in common decency " give in."
 If people will have families, 'tis fair
 That they themselves should pay at least their share.
 I shouldn't mind it much, for once or twice,
 And would " come down" gently in a trice ;
 But to be " blessing us" at railroad speed,
 I can't stand that ; I really can't, indeed.
 Now I must hence. Be here the *Seventh*, my hearty,
 And we'll make up a little Twelfth Night party.
 (*Vanishes.*)

MORTAL.

Well, he speaks *warmly* tho' he looks so *cold*—
 May the New Year be happy as the Old !
 May Commerce flourish—Agriculture thrive,
 And PEACE the watchword be of FORTY-FIVE!!!

THE FICKLE LUTE.

How comes it that beneath your touch
 My lute sings happy strains ;
 But let me try it ne'er so much,
 I've nothing for my pains
 But elegies of woe ?
 Your fingers bid it speak of joy,
 Mine wake its chords to grief ;
 You can its sadness all destroy,
 I cannot bring relief,
 Or any charm bestow !

It *will* wail on when I essay
 Its merry tones to sing,
 I well remember that one day,
 Just upon Music's wing,
 I thought I had its mirth ;

But it flew off and left behind *
 That melancholy trace,
 Which memory prints upon the mind,
 And hope cannot efface,
 Through all the breathing earth !

Oh ! teach me, lady, to unbind
 The magic chains that keep
 My lute in bondage so unkind,
 Making its master weep
 In sadness o'er its chords ;
 There is one charm can make it gay,
 Can turn it from its woe,
 Can make its night most glorious day,
 And that you can bestow
 By one of love's least words—

Y E S.

ROYAL FUNERALS—PAST AND PRESENT.



A ROYAL Funeral used to be a grand and solemn pageant. Its mournful splendour spoke to the imagination. The rich profuseness of its trappings of woe was emblematic, not so much of the rank and dignity of the deceased—for all worldly things are nothing, alike to the prince and the peasant, when laid in the cold arms of death—as of the vastness of the funeral train, of the millions who mourned—not perhaps the man or woman who had died, for of them they could know nothing, but the loss of one of the pillars of the regal throne, of one of that majestic line of kings and princes, the endurance of which is so bound up in the affections of a loyal people. The English, as a race, have always been remarkable for their respect for the dead. It is one of their many household virtues. Those domestic affections which reign without restraint during life, show themselves with equal power after death. The

son who should neglect to bury his father would be disgraced in the estimation of all, the lowest as well as the highest. No rank exempts man or woman from this duty. When, a short time since, the representative of one of the most illustrious ducal houses in the country was said to have refused to defray the charges for his father's funeral, he sank at once below contempt. A life of folly and extravagance, of political tergiversation, of oppression towards the poor, might be overlooked, but disrespect towards the memory of a deceased relative stamps a man, in this country at least, with infamy. The English feel an honest pride in regard to their funerals. They spare no expense: they disdain mean savings: they shrink from anything like a gnage of their respect. If there be a little ostentation mixed up with their profuseness, it is at least a fault on the right side. They wish to do honour

to the dead: they do not calculate degrees of relationship, and open their purse strings wide for an uncle, to close them when a second cousin dies. A funeral is with them a solemn pledge to the deceased. It is a compact with his spirit. It is unworldly in its nature. It is the last offering of an affection which yearns to be generous even in death.

As with private, so with Royal Funerals. The funerals of George the Fourth and of the Duke of York were scenes never to be forgotten. All that the decent gorgeousness of mourning panoply could lend of awful solemnity to the last rites that were performed over the deceased monarch, was cast around the ceremony, to typify the grief of the nation at the departure of the Chief Magistrate of the empire. The funeral of his illustrious brother was on the same scale of magnificence. As mere spectacles they dwell in the memory, but they were more. The solemn, slow, procession: the troops, their glittering corslets looming out of the darkness under the red glare of torchlight; their weapons and banners wrapt in the black insignia of woe: the hour of midnight, which invests even daily trifles with interest, lending a deeper awfulness to the grand and imposing ceremonial in St. George's chapel; and, above all, the presence of so many illustrious men; of the dignitaries of the empire who had been the companions of the deceased monarch in life, and had shared with him the cares of government; of the Knights of the Garter; of the Princes of the Blood Royal: these were features which prevented those great celebrations from being hastily classed with mere exhibitions of human grandeur,—which rendered them symbols of the grave, earnest, dutiful character of the British race.

Such were some of the Royal Funerals within the memory of us all. They were worthy manifestations of the public grief of a great nation.

But, in the present day, if we are to judge from a specimen still fresh in the memory, a change has come over the practice of royalty in this respect. The same spirit of petty economy which rumour says has found its way into royal palaces and curtailed the privileges of royal retainers, appears to have begrudged a Royal Princess the funeral honours so lavishly awarded to others of her high race and lineage. It is to be hoped that the circumstances attending the funeral of the Princess Sophia of Gloucester are not to be regarded as the precedent for future royal obsequies.

The situation of Royal Personages is by no means to be envied. Amidst all the splendours with which poor humanity can be surrounded, they too often want all that can render life happy. They die, and even if they are followed to the grave with external solemnities and the symbols of grief, they too often depart from the world without that spontaneous affection and sincere regret which are the only true honours that can be paid to the dead. While alive, princes are the objects of selfish adoration: when dead, they are too often exposed to equally selfish neglect. Happily, they are insensible evermore to worldly joys or sorrows, or the picture, could they view it, would strike them with a cold horror that would make even the grave a paradise.

The Princess Sophia of Gloucester, during her short sojourn on the earth after her spirit had de-

parted, might have received more of those formal honours which besem royal relations and loyal people. It was a circumstance remarked at the time, that although the Princess died at an early hour in the day, no intelligence of her decease *could* have reached Windsor Castle, or the royal festivities would not have been, as they certainly were, continued as usual on the same day. The Court Newsmen, in recording the proceedings of the royal party, states that the arrangements for the dinner continued the same, and that her Majesty's band attended and played as usual. Of course this would not have been the case, had the news of the death of so near a relative of the Queen been duly conveyed to the Palace. For, though the sudden cessation of all amusement, even of the most innocent and ordinary kind, on the occasion of death in a family, may be a practice puritanical in its origin and spirit, yet it is the custom of the country, and the Court should, in its etiquettes, typify as much as possible such customs.

But it is to the ceremonial attending the funeral, that our remarks are more especially applied.

A funeral procession is an act of great solemnity. In its character it is a deep, deliberate expression of grief. In all ages men have associated with it the idea of a slow, sustained, continuous movement. Grief is in its nature stationary. The mind is absorbed in sympathetic suffering, and the body loves repose. It is with difficulty that those who are overwhelmed with this species of woe can be brought to move at all. They cling to the mortal remains; or, if not to the body, at least to the memory of the dead. If they are at length induced to move, there is a sober, subdued, decent action in all their steps and gestures. A funeral procession is only the same listless grief in the act of following the departed to the grave; and it has always partaken of the same gentle character. The instincts of humanity have given rise to the custom. It prevails throughout the world. Tartars, even, do not gallop to a funeral, nor do Laplanders skait to one.

All Royal Funerals have been conducted on the same principle. They have uniformly proceeded,—be the distance what it might,—at a walking pace. Hours have been occupied by the passage of the slow and melancholy pageant from the place of death to the place of burial. No pomp of mourning has been considered too great, no time too much to occupy in the peregrination of the sable cavalcade. Night has been chosen as being the appropriate season for sorrow: midnight has been the time of burial, as suggestive of awful thoughts, as the hour of the passage of night into day, and as typical of the passing of the spirit, blessed by the holy observances of religion, from darkness into light. All the accessories of the solemn scene were born of gloomy thoughts—of pain, of blackness, and of death.

How different was the ceremony of the interment of the Princess Sophia, on the tenth of last month! It was said to be what is called a "private" funeral. Yet there was no character of privacy about it. Had it been "private," much that in our opinion tended to public scandal would have been hidden from view. But why should it be even "private?" Was there any cause disentitling the deceased to the usual marks of public respect? Was it because she passed a life

of unostentatious piety, of active benevolence, and charity to all around her; because she did not fill the ear of the world with the rumour of magnificent follies or monster improprieties? Is secluded virtue held of less account than open shameless vice?

Passing over the supposed privacy of the interment, passing over the absence of any member of the Royal Family, that is to say, of the blood royal, either in the procession or at the actual interment, passing these over as capable of justification on some obsolete plea of court etiquette, though always obnoxious to the feelings of humanity,—look at the mode in which the mortal remains of the Princess were conveyed from Blackheath to Windsor.

The mournful cavalcade, it appears, left the former place at one o'clock, and proceeded at a slow pace to Paddington. It must have gone at the decent and seemly speed which becomes a funeral procession, because it occupied nearly four hours and a half in accomplishing a distance of little more than nine miles. So far all was well. But why go to Paddington? Still more, why to the Railway Station? That is not in the road from Windsor to Blackheath.

They went to Paddington, it seems, to avail themselves of the railway! After coming nine miles with grave and stately paces, so slow and measured as scarcely to shake the nodding plumes with which the hearse is dressed, suddenly the coffin is hoisted upon a railway truck; the mourners, all veiled and shrouded, nun-like as they are, in deepest black, so that their faces are not visible, are first paraded at the station, and then handed like every-day first-class passengers into the railway carriages; and the whole *disjecta membra* of the procession, which but a few minutes before was so solemn, so awful, so imposing—boxed up in this Pickford's van style of conveyance—are whirled down to Slough, at the rate of five-and-forty miles an hour!

Can anything be conceived less accordant with the feelings we bear towards the memory of the dead, or with those ideas of mournful, slow, and listless melancholy, which are almost inseparably associated with a funeral procession? All continuity was broken—all the poetry of the solemn ceremonial utterly destroyed. Nay, it is with difficulty that the sense of the ridiculous can be prevented from arising. Such a disruption of customary form shocks the feelings, and alarms the prejudices. Think of so sacred a duty as the funeral obsequies of the dead being hampered and interfered with, by calculations of station masters, and engine drivers, about up-trains and down-trains! Suppose the procession—dispersed and packed up in this way, like the properties and company of a travelling theatre—suppose after its having come from Blackheath to Paddington at two miles an hour, then being shot along the rail at forty—suppose, after this sudden change from woe at a slow movement to woe in a desperate hurry, that the whole affair had been brought to a dead stop at some intermediate station, to save the living members of the cavalcade from being suddenly hurried into eternity by a collision! It seems that between Ealing and Hanwell the down-trains are obliged to run upon the up line, on account of repairs. What if, with the experience of the Beeston accident before our eyes, an up train had run into the special train and—horrible thought!—scattered the remains of the deceased Princess upon

the roadway, or mingled them with the mangled limbs of those who had them in charge!

This is by no means an improbable supposition; but reject all such considerations, and still there is something revolting to the feelings in this mode of conveying the dead to their resting place. It would be bad enough in private life, in some case where economy was a duty to the survivors, but in the case of a Princess so nearly related to the Crown, it is unbearable, from its effect on public decency. Would a court sculptor, modelling a statue of grief, place her reclining in a railway carriage, with the windows up to keep out the strong draught of wind?

Arrived at Slough, the clumsy and unseemly process of shifting the hearse was gone through once more, the mourners being detained nearly an hour while all the carriages were being moved off the trucks, and the necessary arrangements made. And all this vile mechanical business was accomplished in face of her Majesty's troops, drawn up in solemn array. What an unnecessary and harsh contrast was this of the military with the peaceful and commercial! How unworthy the stern dignity of personified war, doing homage to deceased royalty with reversed arms and colours hung with black, to be standing for three-quarters of an hour watching the wheezing and fuming of a discharged steam-engine, or the fussy energy of a score or so of undertakers' men!

And now recommenced the solemn mockery of a funeral. Once on *terra firma*, decency and custom resumed their sway. All the paraphernalia were unfolded, and paraded in solemn order along the road to Windsor. From five-and-forty miles an hour they dropped down again to two. And thus the Ostentatious Sham entered Windsor, winding its tedious way by torchlight up to St. George's Chapel.

Within the chapel, just as much was done as was absolutely necessary, and could not be dispensed with; no more. There was a close-cut, "skimping" air about the whole ceremonial. It seemed to say, "A Princess has died; and she must be buried; but she is only a second or third cousin or so to the Crown, therefore we are not very particular." The character of the ceremony was quite consistent with the patchwork kind of locomotion by which the corpse had been conveyed. It struck you more as being an act of enforced duty than an offering of love. The small sprinkling of nobility (two peers) in the stalls, and the absence of all the great officers of the country, were singular facts. Why, too, was the time altered from 12 to 9? The solemn and affecting service of our church sanctifies even the naked selfishness of a parish funeral; and it threw a halo of holiness over the scanty obsequies of this departed Princess. That, at least, could not be curtailed. But all the rest expressed a want of that domestic, household spirit of reverence for the dead which marks the British character. It must have been a deep humiliation to that amiable and excellent lady, the Countess of Gainsborough, to be there in the prominent position of chief mourner. That very fact, though justified by precedent, was a solemn mockery. What was she to the deceased Princess? Were there even ties of personal gratitude or affection to bind her to the memory of the departed? No; she was a stranger to her household, and almost to her person. She was "appointed" to the office—she was a mourner by power

of attorney. Was there no blood relation of the deceased who would pay her the last sad honour? Of all that prolific family, springing from the hoary-headed monarch who in life was such a pattern of the domestic virtues, was there not one Prince who would look into his cousin's grave before it closed for ever? Who represented the Royal Family on the occasion? A stranger—a stranger at least in blood, not, happily, in the hearts of the people—Prince Albert, who has already endeared himself to the English nation by the example he sets as a husband and father; he could leave his home and family to pay the solemn tribute of respect to Her Majesty's relation. Yet, by a strange fatality, even his attendance was almost a mockery, because he had no direct tie of blood with the deceased. Where was the Duke of Cambridge?

It is unnecessary, we hope, to add that no reflection is here intended on our beloved Sovereign. Custom has long excluded her sex from attendance at funerals; and in the case of royalty there are many other reasons justifying absence. But when gazing on the fine features of the Marquis of Exeter, as he stood in his stall by the side of the Prince as a Knight of the Garter, one could not help the reflection—"Had your great ancestor, Cecil, been the adviser of his great mistress, Elizabeth, on such a solemn occasion, he would have better understood the hearts of the English people than to have allowed his Sovereign to have appeared to participate in any proceeding that seemed like disrespect to a deceased relation." Elizabeth, with all her economy and sordid love of money, would never have closed her purse-strings to such a claim.

THE ORPHAN GIRL.

BY JAMES BRUTON.

I.

For us it was a sorry day
When our poor mother died;
For we were turned from home away,
And scattered far and wide.
Father took to drinking then,
And everything went wrong;
With wicked and with horrid men
He spent the whole day long.

II.

For rent behind that we did owe
The landlord came one day;
We had it not to give, and so
He sold our goods away.
With sister, hardly three years old,
We wandered from the town,
And under hedges from the cold
At night we crouched us down.

III.

To see my sister droop her head
It was a sight most sad;—
Her cheek grew pale, she asked for bread,
But bread could not be had.
My brother could not bear to see
Of want a sister die;
So forth with fearful thoughts went he,
When darkness veiled the sky.

IV.

He met a rich man in his course—
In vain he told his tale;
And gold at last he got by force,
When tears and prayers did fail.
He hastened to the town away—
His spoil exchanged for bread;
Then hid him back to where we lay—
But sister then was dead!

V.

They placed her in the churchyard lone,
And told us not to weep.
I know her grave—it has no stone—
But daisies o'er it creep.
Since then I have been sisterless,
By want and anguish wrung;
Yet oft I Heaven's mercy bless
For taking her so young.

My brother for the theft was ta'en,
All sad, and worn, and pale;
Upon his limbs they put a chain,
And thrust him into gaol.
That rich man swore his life away;
He was too bad to live.
They hung him—and, oh, God! I pray
That rich man's heart forgive.

A LEGEND FOR CHRISTMAS TIMES.

BY ANGUS B. REACH.



RING! Tug! Strain! put out your force—make your sinews crack with the fibry twists of the old bell rope: ha! a merry peal! Send it forth yet clearer—yet louder—yet quicker! Swing, men, like bounding balls, to the ends of the switching, jerking ropes! Hark to the tumult in the belfry; every inch of metal is thrilling, quivering; little bells and big bells are leaping and whirling like mad things; sending forth further and further, and quicker and quicker,

the rattling clang of their merriment. Keep them to it, men! No flinching; never mind stiff arms and aching legs to-morrow. Tell the world that it is Christmas Eve. Shout it into the world's ear. Make it hear; make it acknowledge the tidings. Ha! a yet merrier peal. No rest now, not a moment's. But by-and-by—Home—where the fire is leaping and roaring as merrily as the bells, and where the steam of Christmas fare is rich and luscious; where games

are going on, and laughter and long stories, and kissing under the mistletoe—all that will come in good time. But now the bells! the bells!

There, a lusty pull! Ha! ten yards up the steeple you would be deafened. To it again! Many a mile off is that peal heard ringing and jangling through the frosty air. To it again! Ye are not ringing alone. The old tower is not chiming a solo when other old towers are mute. Not a bit of it. It is but one in the concert of the bells. In every steeple, in every tower throughout the land, are ropes jerking, and bells swinging, and a rattling chorus pealing aloft. Make your bells then give jolly tongue. None of your tinklings. A clang—a roaring brazen clang—thundering from dancing bell-metal, from iron tongues wagging faster than women's. Hush! well! that was a volley of sound. Again, and louder too, and clearer! The very stones are quivering; the old stones, hewn by chisels of the Saxons; the vast oaken beams are trembling like willow wands. Hurra! the very birds are frightened amongst the ivy, and cower and shiver as at an earthquake.

Ring then stoutly—merrily! Greet Christmas!

The wolves howl at midnight; they pay a sort of heastly worship to the lone hour. It is their carnival, and when midnight comes upon wild deserts, and lonely woods, and snowy defiles where wolves are, there ascends to the heavens their long echoing howl; sometimes loudly heard by shuddering travellers, ringing in the quiet silence of the night, sometimes blending with the upraised voices of the waters and the winds!

But midnight is not everywhere at once. Round spins the earth on its whirling axis; and the solemn hour—most sombre of the four-and-twenty sisters—walks around the globe, from land to land, from continent to continent; and, as she passes she hears the wolves sending up their accustomed cry. Across the wildernesses of Asia and America, from the banks of one great ocean to those of another, goes the cry; loud when midnight passes over the land. From east to west it echoes; travelling over mountain chains and unknown woods. As it dies away in one kingdom it rises in the next. From river to river, from hill to hill, it journeys on; forests and ravines pass it from one to another. It is as if one huge ghostly wolf were the attendant of midnight, and with her passed over the globe, raising in every savage place its cry to proclaim the advent of its mistress.

And so doth Christmas come—jolly Christmas! But merry bells herald him—not wolfish howlings. In how many lands is he thus welcomed? The swift earth whirls—the hours move in their endless procession; and, as the Christmas hour comes by, the bells lift up their voices. All over Europe rides the brazen welcome. From city to city, from village to village, ascend the notes that tell of Christmas coming. A skirting river stays the dominion of a language; and a narrow sea, or even an imaginary line, tells the frontiers of its neighbour's power; but bells ring a common tongue. No need of interpreters for their pealing. Hark to the summons telling people to rejoice and be glad in the coming mirthful time; it approaches from the east and goes to the west. It passes over kingdoms and islands. It is heard in due time by distant dwellers in colonies. Wherever civilisation exists the herald does not speak in vain. In fortified places, far away in India, bells ring, and

soldiers think of home. Amid the cotton and the coffee groves of Southern America, bells ring and planters think of home. In lonely islands in the sea, bells ring and settlers think of home. Even at the Antipodes, bells ring and exiles and guilt-stained men think of home! Think of home! Ay, and of old, happy, innocent times. When that peal was rung from the church tower of their native place; and when they listened gleefully, for they knew full well what was coming, and remembered—a long stretch for children's memories—what happened last Christmas, and thought how vast a time had passed since then. Yes, Christmas bells do all this. To many there are sad tones in their merriment, but softly, sweetly sad, awakening old feelings, old loves, old hopes, old memories; sad, but healthful to think on.

Then ring, ring, I say! Christmas is at the gate, would ye be churlish in your welcome? Swell the uproarious clang echoing through the heavens as the hour advanceth; bear aloft the joyous burden of the sound till the thin air be musical; till every breeze come laden with the harmony; till the embracing, pervading atmosphere be quivering with the notes of Christmas bells!

There is a hall of the spirits of the seasons. There **SPRING, SUMMER, AUTUMN, WINTER**, alternate reign. They sit upon four thrones, but the throne of each in turn is the highest; they wield four sceptres, but the sceptre of each is in turn the most potent.

The hall of the seasons is a silent shadowy place, but not dim or mournful. Who can tell its dimensions; they shift and change; or what are its walls or its roof; they shift and change also. It is an aerial, phantom place, indistinct to mortal eye, summoning up vague ideas, not to be grasped by mortal mind.

And yet it seemeth when **SPRING** sitteth upon the high throne and smileth on her sisters, that the hall is most light, and the mind becomes more hopeful—**Spring** is busy on her throne. From out the shadowy halo which surrounds her, go forth mysterious influences, subtle vivifying emanations, and lo! over the world the torpid earth revives, the deadlike roots and seeds feel the spell, and green fibres come forth from the cold earth and woo the sun! And the hall of the seasons is now brilliant with warm gushes of light, and round it are seen springing forth, self-forming from the shadowy expanse which stretches beyond it, all sorts of lovely, and pure, and good creations; things of animal life and vegetable life; a blended phantom picture of the annual reproduction of the animated things of our world; and, while the busy scene is weaving, there is renewed hope, and energy, and patience, for toil or suffering, springing from the mystic charms of **Spring**!

But her reign is over, and lo! **SUMMER** is on the high throne. Bright, dazzlingly bright is now the hall. Full of strength and burning passion, and teeming fancies, and wishes, and desires, is now the Queen. She inherits the fruits of her sister's labours. A sound—faint, but still to be heard—wavers in the hall. It is an echo from the world; an echo of abounding life and busy enjoyment; all creation is now thrilling with the most perfect existence, and not an insect flutters its wings in the sunbeam, but the tiny sound is blended in the low, but deep strain, which proclaims **Summer** in the Hall of the Seasons!

It is **AUTUMN's** turn! She assumes the high throne. The bright light dims, the busy hum waxes

faint; the hall becomes more and more shadowy and undefined, and pale vapours circle round the drooping queen. She weaveth not busy spells like Spring, nor nurseth great passions like Summer. She seemeth faint, yet not sickly; resting, but not idle. The low echo from the world becometh low apace, until it is heard no more. Nature is sinking asleep. Clouds close round the Queen of Autumn.

And then cometh WINTER—a serene and majestic shadow. No smile is upon her lips, and her robes are dark and sombre. The hall is still more gloomy; cold clouds float in within its precincts, but rays of ruddier light than yet glanced through them, flicker on the features of the sisters. The Queen of Winter is sorrowful, for she hath seen her sister pine and fade away; she sits in gloom, but all at once a smile comes upon her dark face. For Autumn, from out her circlet of pale clouds, whispers that she is not dead but resting, and joyous Spring saith that her sister speaketh true. A ruddier gleam of light than yet sparkled in the hall, gleams forth, and a low murmur floats by. Have the tinge of Christmas fires, and the hum of Christmas bells, in truth, reached the Hall of the Seasons?

The Queen of Winter stretches forth her wand. Instant fly towards her joyous spirits, spirits of good wishes, and hopes, and thoughts. Winter has heard that Autumn is not dead; that Spring will again come, bringing with it cheerful hopes, happy visions, reviving aspirations. And shall not the world, too, hear the glad message; shall it not, too, be taught that the bright hour will always come again; that the ruling power is good, and that mutual wishes for happiness, and joyful recognitions of worth, and hearty vows of friendship, are pleasant to those who look down upon this sphere? Assuredly—Yes. So the Winter Queen again waves her wand, and away fly the good spirits on their good mission, to calm affliction, to prompt awakening, and to reward tried virtue and worth.

And as they bend their rapid flight over the kingdoms of the earth they hear the sweet chiming of the bells. Some fly to lonely houses; some to ships at sea; some to populous cities. But, always mingling and making sweet harmony with the rustle of their wings, comes floating, in silver cadence—the pealing chimes of the Christmas bells!

Then ring, my men, for Christmas. A hallowed sound is that of the Christmas chimes!

The mighty heart of London beat to its core with the warm tide of Christmas feeling. Its pouring swarms greeted each other merrily in the streets. Snug parties assembled in warm chambers. Hardy evergreens—the flowers of winter—clustered from ceilings and over windows, mocking, with their rich warm green, the cold white of falling snow.

Christmas-eve came on. A biting frost had prevailed during the day, but with the evening there was a change. A feathery fall of snow flakes lighted silently on the city. In the great thoroughfares the snow was speedily trampled into slushy mud, churned by thousands of paddling feet. In more unfrequented places—in haughty, silent, west-end squares and terraces—it yet lay whitening the flag-stones; the traces of a stray passenger, marked in brown foot-marks, upon the pavement, like the print in the sand which terrified Robinson Crusoe.

To such a street the legend proceeds.

There are footsteps on the pavement, and voices. You can hardly hear the former, for they are light, and the snow is too wet to crackle under foot; but the latter are shrill and plaintive. A boy and a girl are passing. The boy is a mere urchin; the girl who holds his hand is his sister, and ten years his senior. Are they passing along to a Christmas dinner? If so, hurry, hurry—shelter is pleasant to-night. Alas! no. No one has bid them to a feast, and they have not the means to provide one for themselves. Shelter! The street is almost as good as their fireless dwelling; walking, at all events, keeps the blood in circulation. But theirs was more a totter than a walk. Sometimes the girl leaned heavily upon her little brother for support, or stopped and supported herself against the area railings; then her brother looked up wistfully in her face. It was a poor, thin face—very thin, but still smiling, with a faint, tearful smile—and then, again, becoming as sweetly and placidly composed. There was little beauty of feature, perhaps; but oh, what their expression told! modesty—resignation—cheerful good-heartedness—beaming love for all things pure and good. But the death-light of hectic fever looked out from the eyes, and consumption was throned in that blood-red spot, seeming as though painted on the paper-white cheek. What a night for disease to be abroad in! The girl was thinly clad, too; the worn, threadbare shawl, closely drawn round her, showed the emaciation of her form, and she shivered violently, for the soaking snow was fast oozing through her worn-out shoes. The boy was as poorly clad; but there was neatness in the poverty—touching neatness. A faded pocket-handkerchief was tastily tied round his neck, and, as he held his sister's hand, he tried to chafe and warm her long, thin, trembling fingers.

"Do you think, Emmy, we shall get that sixpence to-night? I am so hungry."

"Oh, yes, dear; yes. Are you very hungry, Charley?"

"Oh, yes—no. If we don't get it, you know, we can't help it. I must wait."

"Oh, God! oh, God!" exclaimed the girl, "for a loaf of bread!"

And as she spoke the clang of a merry chime came ringing through the snow, and a burst of light gleamed ruddily from a warm parlour opposite.

"Emmy, Emmy, don't talk so; we—we'll have better times, we will. I am sorry I said that I was hungry; only you know it is Christmas time, and I thought of the old dinners at grandfather's."

The girl suddenly stopped, and looked steadfastly on her brother. Drawing him to herself, she said, slowly and solemnly—

"Charley, what will you do when I am gone?"

The boy looked curiously into his sister's face.

"When I die, Charley?" she added.

His lips moved, and then, bursting into a passion of tears, he hid his face in his sister's bosom, and cried violently.

She bent over him, and put her thin arms round his neck, and they remained motionless.

And all the while the snow was falling, and the merry Christmas bells were ringing.

"Emmy," said the child, "why do you speak so? You don't mean it."

The girl shook her head, and drew her brother still closer to her.

"You are worn out, sister, and tired and nervous. You worked so hard—oh! so hard—all last summer, and all through the autumn and the winter, and never went out because you had a cough; and you said you were afraid. And then you lived so hard; only bread, and not enough of that; for you always made me take my share, and most of your own, too. And then, sister, you did not go to bed for the last three nights, but worked so hard to finish the flowers for the lady's dress. Oh! I saw you, when you thought that I was sleeping, crying over the satin you were embroidering; and so you are worn out; and that makes you think of such things. Is it not that? Do, tell me, sister Emmy?"

It was a child who thus spoke, but a child of poverty and hardship; and such have no childhood. Theirs is a melancholy precocity. Their situation makes them calculate and think. A great man has remarked, that at an age when the child of the rich man cares for nothing but a gaudy toy, the child of the poor thinks of household management, and the prices of what it eats, and by what it is warmed. Most melancholy! but most true!

"Why did you not let me go alone for the money, sister? I am old enough to go through the streets alone; and you should have tried to get some sleep.

"It is too cold to sleep," she replied, shivering. "Come, Charley, come."

But her poor limbs, frozen and cramped, tottered under her. She grew sick and faint, and leaned heavily on her brother.

"Charley," she said in a low tone, "Dear Charley"—

The sentence was drowned by the rattle of a carriage. Down it came, whirling along the street; its lamps gleaming through the falling snow like fiery eyes, and the clamping and snorting of the horses almost drowning the rattle of their trappings. Within the carriage, reclining in all the luxuriance of velvet and silk, which yielded to the slightest motion of the figure, like masses of eider down, sat a lady and a gentleman. She was young and beautiful, her fair forehead crowned with diamonds; and the slim outline of her form set off robes rich with the skill of embroidery, and gorgeous with satin and lace. She turned affectionately to her husband, who sat beside her—

"George," she said, "I do long for the light;—you have not seen my dress yet."

"Indeed, but I have, vain one," he replied in a tone of fond reproach.

"Impossible, or you would have praised it more. The embroidery is so beautiful, so very beautiful; and it was done by one person in three days. I could not have believed it, but my maid said it was true. I should have thought it a week's very, very hard work."

"But it was done in three days."

"Yes! What are you thinking of; that you look so grave?"

"Of the poor girl who wasted her strength for three days, to make a dress sufficiently gay for a gay dinner-party. Three days, probably three nights' toil. How should you like that, Adeline, yourself?"

"Now, George, don't be foolish. There are creatures, you know, who do these sort of things—it is their business; they are paid, and—and"—

"Paid for wasting health, and eyesight, and life itself, in weary vigils, that our ladies may outstrip each other in gauds and gewgaws at heartless balls and banquets."

"George, George," said the young wife, "you never spoke so to me before," and the tears stood in the lustrous eyes of Lady Adeline.

"I did not reproach you, dearest; you are thoughtless, not cruel."

"No, no, George; not cruel."

There was a pause. The husband spoke first:—

"Here we are at his lordship's. Be gay, and look your best. Do justice to my choice, Adeline," he said fondly.

She tapped him on the cheek—laughed—the little cloud passed away—she was as radiant in her smiles as ever.

A sudden drawing up, a swing of the coach upon its springs, the thundering echoes of a footman's rap, the blaze of lights as the wide portals were thrown open by liveried lacqueys, and Lady Adeline stepped lightly from the carriage.

Emma and her brother were close to her. The exhausted girl was only prevented from falling by the nearly as wearied child; but as the brilliant form of the lady, visible in the stream of light from the open doorway, met her eye, she murmured in Charley's ear, "The embroidery! there is the dress I embroidered."

The boy turned quickly round to look, and for a moment withdrawing his support in the action, his fainting sister sunk heavily to the earth, and lay outstretched upon the snowy pavement.

An exclamation from the boy, a faint shriek of horror from Lady Adeline as she stood upon the doorway, and then with instinctive feeling turned and stooped to raise the poor embrodress, and then the voice of her husband:—

"The poor girl has fainted. Hush! I will take care of her. Go in, dearest Adeline; you will catch cold. There, away!"

These sounds lasted but for a moment; they passed like a dream, and the next moment the Lady Adeline stood the centre of a gorgeous group of ladies; while soft music murmured, and bright lights flashed around.

It was a high banquet; rich were the wines and meats, soft the music, and brilliant the wit which sparkled around. But the Lady Adeline heeded not such attractions; she was wrapt and silent. The image of the fainting girl and the snowy night rose in her soul, and the festive scene around became dim and indistinct, for she looked at it through tears. She longed for silence, for solitude, for self-communion; and seizing the first opportunity of withdrawing, she escaped from the brilliant circle, and threw herself upon a couch—to think.

Every object of luxury, every refinement of art, surrounded her. She gazed upon the beautiful in every shape. All that could tempt the eye—that could delight the touch—that could excite, and, at the same time, satisfy the imagination—were there. She gazed upon them all, and thought of the snowy pavement, the ill-clad girl, and her terrified brother; and all the time the chime of bells from distant steeples came faintly and subdued upon the ear.

Who shall say that there is not a subtle, good, working influence in Christmas time? That good

spirits may not then exult, and bad spirits shrink before its power? Come all ye sprites of good thoughts, and hopes, and wishes—despatched by the Winter Queen, in her great joy when her sister Autumn whispered, "I am not dead!" and her sister Spring, "I shall again reign!"—to your mission all the world over; lurk in secret corners of hearts; dive deep into souls; help the good germ to expand; make manifest all the pure, and bright, and exalted longings, and tendencies, and aspirations, enshrined in our humanity!

The eyes of the Lady Adeline rested upon a statue which stood beside the couch whereon she lay. It was a priceless gem of Grecian art. It might have represented the household divinity of an Athenian poet; and for centuries it had been enshrined in the marble halls of an Italian merchant prince. The serene purity and bright majesty of the ancient art were typified in its faultless outline. The sculptor, burning with the sunny poetry of his land, had conjured it into deathless marble.

The lady looked long and eagerly on the Greek-created figure; but yet ever and anon were its proportions hidden by a shadowy vision which rose between. There was the worn shawl instead of the antique robe, the faded bonnet instead of the antique head-dress; and, most wonderful change still, the meek, care-worn, pallid face, instead of the severely grand classic countenance. Lady Adeline was loath to break the spell, and banish the vision; she gave herself up to its influence, and lo! the marble statue seemed to melt away, and in its place stood the image of the dying girl she had seen stretched upon the pavement.

Oh! most poetic, most noble was the chiselled marble, and high the thoughts of him who framed it; witching was its influence—a spell to bend the soul to Art-worship. The very chasteness of poetry pervaded it, the dignity of purity, the ideal of grace. In the figure which took its place, that ideal was wanting. Features and outline were no longer faultless; but at the moment when they became so, features and outline sunk into insignificance. Expression, then, wrought the charm; resignation, meek hope, yearning love; the stamp of a most heroic fortitude rising in the spirit as energy waned in the body; a glance, a look which spoke of sufferings endured, of duty accomplished, and of purity preserved through all. And let such a seal be impressed on human face, and oh! how vain become the triumphs of art; how puerile the mere harmony of feature—the mere wavy grace of outline. Then it is beauty and grandeur of soul, not of form, we have to do with. There must Art stop, and reverently incline;—for when such an image is traced, its sculptor is its God!

The form of the girl stood before the lady. It bent its eyes sadly, but not reproachfully, upon her. How thin were these poor cheeks? How white and worn and wasted the taper fingers clasped upon the bosom! As the lady gazed, every thing around her, except that one figure, appeared to become dim and confused, and gradually to disappear in vacancy—till all was dark and troubled, save the moveless phantom statue.

At length it, too, moved: and as it waved its thin arms on high, a voice rose up in the lady's soul—a voice solemn and harmonious; it was not heard,

but felt; and it stirred the very depths of her being.

"Look, and listen, and learn," said the voice.

The girl moved her arms, and beckoned. Soon emerging from the vacant darkness, came gliding shadowy troops of girls like her who called them. Pale, and wan, and worn ghosts they were. The merriness of youth was quenched upon their features; their faces were young, but their looks were old. They wore no ghostly drapery, no white winding sheets; their raiment was that of life, such as is seen in streets and chambers, and this made their corpse-faces still more ghastly. And the silent troop of ghosts glided round the chamber, and formed an awful circle about the lady. She gazed in awe and terror. But, like their leader, their looks were sad, but not wicked. Some were there with fair forms bent and crooked by long and unnatural hours of work; others moved gropingly, for their bright eyes were quenched for ever, and their sight wrested from them by weary nightly vigils. All were shrunk and emaciated, as though they had been born and reared in dark dungeon places. No stamp of health, no trace of embrowning sun-beam, or fresh renovating breeze, was upon their faces; but, written on all—not in human, but in nature's characters—was the legend—"Victims to Vanity."

And the voice again spoke in Lady Adeline's heart:—

"Woman, behold your sisters—flesh of your flesh, and blood of your blood; see what you, and such as you, make them!"

The lady groaned in very anguish of soul. She would have spoken.

"Hush!" said the voice, "I know what you would say: yet, again behold!"

The darkness which shrouded in the scene opened—the phantom groups separated, and flew right and left, and the lady looked wistfully upon a dim troubled light which shone before her, and through which could be faintly distinguished outlines of moving forms. These became more and more defined, assumed regularity and substance and meaning, and at length a living picture was presented to Lady Adeline.

Its materials were simple—a bare, almost unfurnished room, with two human figures. It was a small chamber with a sloping roof—a garret. The plastered walls were stained into a thousand fantastic shapes by oozing damp, and here and there the plaster had crumbled away, leaving naked to the sight an unsightly array of mouldering lath-wood. A fire-place was in one corner, and around the hearth lay one or two simple cooking vessels; but the fire was extinguished, and the little pile of grey ashes left within the grate was cold and sparkless. One window—a little aperture of two panes—admitted light in the day-time; and on the narrow sill, in company with one or two books and pens and ink, was a little flower-pot, containing a few faded violets. A table of common deal, two dilapidated chairs, a chest or two, and a bed uncurtained and most scantily furnished with necessary drapery, formed the furniture of the apartment. But all was scrupulously clean; not a cobweb hung upon the dank walls; not a speck of dust blackened furniture or floor. It was night; and by the light of a small candle—the flame of which wavered and flickered as draughts

and eddies of cold wind blew through the room—a girl sat stooping over needlework. The light was dim and inconstant. She pressed her eyes with her fingers, and then bent resolutely down to her task. Sometimes a shiver ran through her, and an exclamation wrung by the pinching cold escaped her; but the complaint took no form of words. Her white fingers moved with unnatural dexterity, and as she laboured, flowers of gayest hues grew from her handiwork upon the glittering satin she was embroidering. A boy sat upon a stool by her, gazing into her face, and sometimes laying his head upon her lap.

It seemed to be the girl whose image had displaced the Grecian statue, and Lady Adeline turned quickly to look for her; but no—there she stood still, and seemed to view her other self with a faint smile.

A sound of bells came upon the night wind—One—two—three!

"Three o'clock," said the boy. "Do, sister—won't you go to bed? it is so late, and you are so tired; this is the third night you have sat up."

"Presently, Charley, presently; but you see I must first finish the flower."

"That is the eighty-fourth. How much will you get for embroidering all these?"

"Sixpence,"* said the girl.

"Oh, but if the lady knew how you were paid she wouldn't think these flowers adorned her."

"Hush, foolish," said his sister, "the lady knows nothing of us; we are born to toil, and we must do our duty. Perhaps if we were grand and rich, we, too, should forget that there are poor and struggling in the world, as well as others do now."

A sharp fit of coughing interrupted her.

"It is nothing," she said, when it passed away, "don't be frightened, Charley, it does not hurt me now, it only makes me faint and weak; but I think I am getting better than I was."

Alas! those eyes flashing with inward fever, the hectic plague-spot on the cheek, the feet and limbs so cold and clammy, did they not tell a tale to make the demon of consumption smile with a ghastly consciousness of its power and its wiles.

"Perhaps some time I may get to the country, Charley, and that would make me quite well."

She spoke this with a smile of hope, but her heart sunk when she said it.

"It's a long time, Emmy, since we saw green trees and walked on green grass; Oh! how you used to play with me then, and laugh, and sing, and how happy we used to be. Do you remember, Emmy?"

"Yes," said the girl, in a choking voice.

"We have been here since father and mother died—a long sad time."

The boy spoke in a tone of melancholy sweetness, and his sister hid her face in her hands.

"Oh, Emmy," he continued, "could I not do anything—anything to help you. You are wearing yourself out. You are killing yourself by inches in this dark hole. You have no light or food; nothing but work, work, work!"

The girl raised her head, and said, in a solemn tone—

"Charley, you must never forget me—your poor sister."

"Forget you!" said the boy.

"Yes, you will have a long—oh, I hope, a happy life. I have done for you all a poor girl could, and you have been a great comfort to me, Charley. You have been a good boy. You are a good boy. You have not repined and fretted when we were cold and hungry; and you have believed me when I said that at last there would be a recompense for all."

"Oh, yes, yes," sobbed the boy, "for you—especially for you. Oh, you are a good angel; you never murmured; you ever endured. You kept me from thinking wicked thoughts—ay, Emmy," said the child, his voice assuming a particular expression, and his eyes gleaming through their tears; "ay, Emmy, and when I was hungry, and cold, and wretched, you kept me from thieving in the streets!"

"God be praised! God be praised!" exclaimed the girl; "be a brave boy; die first; better to die young, honest, than live old—a thief!"

"Yes, yes, cried the child, "I will think of you when I am tempted; and when I think of you I never can do wrong!"

She drew him fondly to her and kissed his forehead. There was a pause.

"I am getting idle," the girl said at length.

She addressed herself again to her work. The boy remained with his face hid in her lap.

Busily plied that ceaseless needle—rich the ornaments that rose under its creative power. The child sobbed at intervals, and then sank into a deep sleep, his head still reclining on his sister's knees.

The low moaning of the wind, the dash of the sleeted rain against the window, the rustling of the rich satin, and an occasional shivering moan of cold, were the only sounds that broke the silence.

Four o'clock: Still glanced the needle through the rich stuff before the embroideress; only now and then were her aching eyeballs pressed by her trembling hand. The child still slept. She looked glad of it. But weariness was fast overcoming her. Long she seemed to strive against it; but nature cannot be utterly set at nought. Her hands faltered; her head sunk on her bosom; it was lifted with a start, again to sink; and at length a gradual stupor-like sleep came over her, and she remained motionless.

As her hand strayed in its last mechanical movement, the chimes of five o'clock were heard on the wind.

The picture became dim, clouds and vapours grew before it, the outline became confused, and the shadowy vision passed away.

"And in what is the guerdon of this toil—this godlike endurance?" said the lady, with streaming eyes.

"In Death!" said the voice in her soul.

"Death!" it was repeated by the phantoms around. Gathering in a circle, their thin lips moved, and seemed to gibber forth "Death!" The sound came rolling out of the darkness, "Death!"—it murmured in the air, "Death!"

Oh, horrible! but, more horrible yet, the rustle of the satin dress seemed to repeat "Death!" Every cunningly-wrought flower which gemmed it turned into a pallid, dying girl's face, or into the semblance of a fleshless skull; and the faces and the skulls all spoke together, and made up an awful chorus with

* Fact—See a recent Police Report.

the spirits around, and the voice within of "Death, death path!"

The Lady Adeline started up. The spell was broken—the vision gone! Around her were gilded saloons, gay with mirrors, and paintings, and rich draperies, and beside her the Grecian statue, majestic in its spotless marble.

A face was close to her, and an arm upon hers. It was her husband.

"Heavens! what a dream! George, George, come near me!"

"You are excited, dearest. Hush! let them not observe it. I see it all. I watched the impression the poor girl made upon you. I was delighted to see it. Come with me; I have ascertained her address from her brother; she would go nowhere but to her own poor home. I said I would follow to relieve her; will you go with me?"

"Oh, yes, yes! with my whole soul!"

In five minutes the splendid equipage was dashing through the snowy streets, rapidly approaching a low and densely-crowded quarter of the Great City; and on the way Adeline told her husband her dream.

Leaving the carriage in a narrow street, they proceeded through others still narrower. The white snow had been trampled into mud, a chilling wet wind blew in gusts, and foot passengers well muffled up made for shelter as fast as possible; still there were symptoms of the festive season around. From uncurtained windows came streams of light, and through half-opened doors issued harsh music and rude sounds of merriment. It was coarse, ribald, sometimes drunken mirth, but it was mirth, for all that. Now and then the shrill sound of children's noises, screaming an unmusical carol, came piercingly down the street; and again it was answered by the deep gruff voice of a half tipsy man returning home in a jolly mood, with the echoes of the song he had last heard, and the catch he had last joined in ringing in his head.

The Lady Adeline and her husband at length stopped at a battered, mud-encrusted door, and, after hesitating a moment, pushed it open, and ascended the staircase. It was a work of some peril for strangers. In many places the bannisters had been broken off, probably turned into firewood by some fire-and-easy lodger; and there was only the light of a wasted flickering tallow candle, the wick half drowned in its own grease, to show the slippery footing. The walls were streaming with damp, and traced over with hundreds of uncouth figures, and villanous scrawls in chalk and charcoal. Yet amid all this discomfort and wretchedness there was still an attempt made to pay the due offering to the festive time. Over the tin sconce in which the candle flickered, and from which the melted grease hung like bunches of icicles, there was nailed to the wall a branch of mistletoe. Somewhere about a dozen families, large and small, inhabited this domicile; and as the visitors passed each landing-place they heard sounds of uproarious jollity echoing from within.

At length they reached the top of the house. A faint light issued from a closed door opposite. They stood and listened. There was a low choking sound within, as of a child's sobs; in a moment it was drowned by the slang chorus of a drinking song roared out below.

The door was unsecured by latch or lock; so they

pushed it open and entered. Lady Adeline started back, and uttered an exclamation of surprise and horror. There was the chamber she saw in the dream—the bed, the table, the chairs, and the occupants, the boy and the girl.

She was stretched upon the wretched bed, still wrapped in the wet shawl she had worn during the evening. Her needles and thread, and little articles of her craft, lay unheeded upon the table. The boy was kneeling by the bed, and his sister's face was towards his. There was a calm smile upon the features; one hand rested upon her brother's forehead, and the other was clasped in both of his. The candle, almost sunk in its socket, faintly showed the scene, and in its changing light the features of the girl seemed to move and quiver, but they did neither.

The new-comers advanced reverently and noiselessly.

"Emmy, Emmy! sister, sister!" cried the child; "one word more, Emmy—one last word!"

The chorus of the drinking-song heard through the open door was the only reply.

He chafed the hand he held in his mildly.

"She will soon be better; it is only a faint. She fainted to-day already."

Adeline was deeply affected.

"My poor boy," said her husband.

"Ah! have you come? I thought you would; you looked so kind," said the boy. And then resuming with a broken voice, but speaking very fast—

"She lay down when we got home, and looked at me a long time without speaking; only she clasped my hand; and hers was—oh! so wet and cold. And at last she said, 'Charley, be a brave, good boy; don't forget me, your poor sister Emmy; kiss me.' And I kissed her. And then she put one hand on my brow, and I took the other in my own, and she smiled and closed her eyes. She has fainted, she is so weak. Poor sister!"

The visitors stooped over the outstretched girl, and felt her forehead and her hands. Cold—cold! dead!

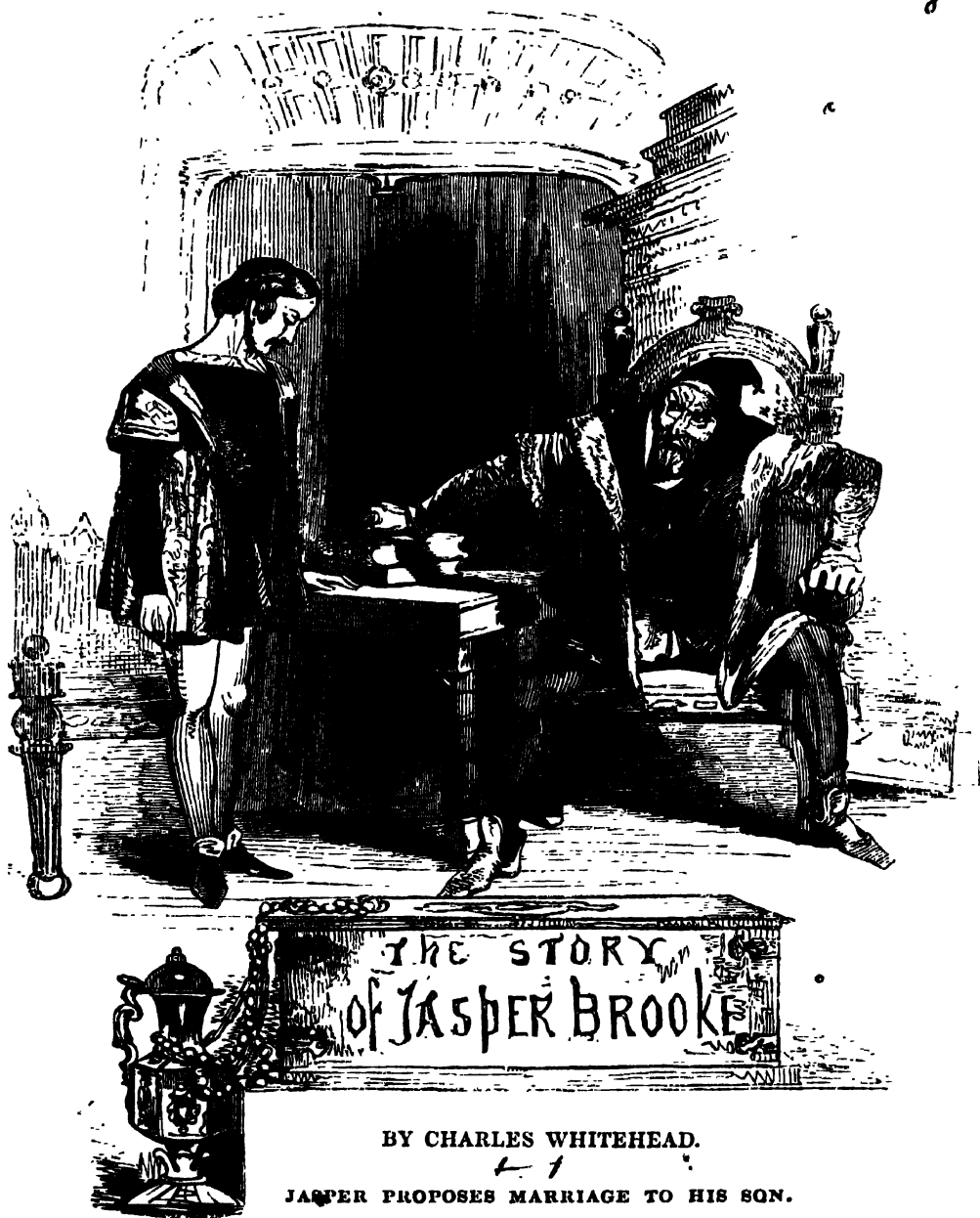
With streaming eyes Adeline tried to unclasp the lifeless hand locked in the boy's. The poor dead fingers had already stiffened. It seemed sacrilege to unlock the clasp. At length she succeeded. The boy broke into loud lamentations: it seemed as if he felt the last bond broken between his sister and himself. She was gone—gone for ever!

The lady crossed the thin arms upon the bosom, and, stooping over the still smiling face, reverently kissed the brow of the dead needle-girl.

An hour afterwards the poor child, weakened with want of food and rest, had cried himself to sleep. But it was not in the lonely garret with his sister's corpse, but in a rich bed, in a silken-curtained chamber, and watched by the Lady Adeline, who hung over his couch, and tended him like a mother.

Her husband was there too, and they spoke in whispers of the dead sister.

"Ay," he said, and he drew his wife towards him; "this will be a really eventful Christmas, Adeline. It has read you a great lesson. You have seen the end of a noble heart; but it has its great reward—meek, firm, pure, loving heart! Wherever there are such—whatever blood they may beat with—whatever creed they may trust in—they will be the champions and the chosen of their kind—or the very name of justice is a mockery, and every pure, and bright, and ennobling aspiration of humanity a living lie!"



It was a dark and ancient room
 In which old Jasper sat alone ;
 Within, the sun had never shone :
 But Jasper was cheerful amid the gloom,
 As a light that burneth in a tomb.
 "Ha! ha!" he chuckled, and rubbed his hands ;
 "The sunshine that the ripple bears
 Casteth its colour on the sands,
 As yellow as harvest ears ;
 And why are we young, or why are we old,
 If we see not our sunshine turn to gold ?"

There was an opening of the door :
 "Timely thou comest, my son, in sooth"—
 (He spake unto a fair-haired youth,
 Whose years were scarce a score) :—

"Come, sit thee down, and sit thee near ;
 I have that to whisper in thine ear
 Which—or my hopes will do me wrong—
 Shall not be a secret long.
 Thou knowest Master Barton ? Well ;
 That he is rich I need not tell ;
 That he hath honey in many a cell.
 Such honey as the summer bees
 Gathered in the Hesperides.
 But Philip, my son, thou hast been blind :
 Of Master Barton's is there aught
 Thou hast not seen, or hast not sought,
 Which is for thee designed ?"

The young man took a moment's thought,
 But it entered not his mind.

"Your pardon, Sir; aught sought or seen!
You are merry; I guess not what you mean."

"Pshaw!" cried old Jasper, peevishly,
"Thou canst not see a star in the sky,
If downward thou wilt bend thine eye.
Its shadow, that frolics in the water,
Is marvel enough for thee, I wot;
Say, Mistress Alice hast thou forgot,
And is she not his daughter?"

There was a something in Philip's eyes—
It was not wonder or surprise;
And yet it made his brows to rise.
The old man gazes on the boy,
And well he sees it is not joy,
As slow his son replies:—

"What words of my poor speech can raise
A fitting tribute to her praise?
She is indeed a lovely maid
As ever grew to womanhood;
But is more worthy to be woo'd
By one who, when against her weighed,
Is held as virtuous and good.
Be his the prize whom schools refine,
In whom all nobler virtues shine;
I dare not hope it may be mine."

"I see," cried his father, "and well I see;
The tale has been often told;
There was a maiden of low degree,
And—but the story's old:—
'Twas a quaint play made out of a song.
I saw it presented, and it passed;
How love is deep, and the hill is steep;
How love is strong, and reason is wrong;
And the old man's outwitted at last.
But, oh! false wretch! that wouldst to me
Make thy humility thy plea!
Thou durst not hope! Well, then, refer
Thy fears, hope's counterparts, to her.
Thou durst not hope! thou mean'st, I ween,
Thou fearest lest thy hopes be seen.
Wherefore that face of blank dismay?
Have I not seen before to-day,
A traveller on a crooked way?
Hear me: Twelve years my memory dates,
Since a good ship, from Genoa's port,
(Would it had been the tempest's sport,
Wrecked in the fell Gibraltar straits!)
Sailed hither, bringing with her one,
By woe and bankruptcy undone.
Carlo Uberti was his name.
He sought me; urged a piteous claim
Of former merchandise consigned;
(Weak fool! to think within his mind,
Who eats the fruit must love the rind).
I was the fool. His story wrought
Upon my heart—his child he brought—
A little tender, touching thing,
A summer cheek, an eye of spring.
What more to move me *could* he bring?
My house received him and his child;
The father wept, the daughter smiled;
Thus, like a fool, was I beguiled.
He died. What more? The child remains;
The child whom I have fostered still;

And how does she requite my pains,
My care repay, my hopes fulfil?
And thou, would'st thou, of simple wit,
Lure a poor sparrow to the sill,
And frame a cage, and cherish it,
As though its russet feathers vied
With birds, the sun's adopted pride,
Of scarlet plumage, golden-dyed?
Thou lov'st this Julia; spare the lie
That rises in thee to deny,
What thy cheek tells me, and thine eye."

Philip stood mute, abashed; nor durst
Meet Jasper's taunting glance at first;
For he was timid; had been nursed
Upon a mother's breast forlorn,
And rear'd at pious knees pray'r-worn.
Oft blest with tears, in tones that spoke
Through sighs that more than language spoke;
And all the mother had been shed
Upon his young and thoughtful head;
He was in union with the dead.
Wherefore his gentle aspect took
(His nature being hers) her look,
Its patient softness, mild and sweet;
A home for sun-bright candour meet,
Too pure a dwelling for deceit.

And so upon his knees he fell
Entreatingly, hands clasped, and said,
"I have been rash, I know it well;
Yet blame on me alone be laid,—
On me alone: if we have loved"—

"Ye are two fools," cried Jasper, moved
To laughter; "ye have both done wrong;
And now for pardon would ye sue?
First to do ill, and next to rue,
Is to tie knots in censure's thong,
Then beg exemption from its smart.
Rise, boy of an ignoble heart!
Groveller, against ambition proof,
Dreamer of visions weak and vain;
Content with straw will thatch his roof,
When Enterprise has seized the grain:
Be thou the latter of the twain.
Seek Mistress Alice, and transfer
Thy vows to Julia, unto her."

"O, Sir, it cannot be undone;
Look not so sternly on your son;
The holy priest hath made us one."

Never was cheek so sudden blanched
As Jasper's; never withering curse
Restrained, throat-strangled ere 'twas launched,
As that which, bursting as it dies,
Throws up its fire into his eyes.

"Thou liest, boy; those words recal;
Thy priest at the confessional,
If thou speak'st falsely, shall apply
His absolution to the lie;
If thou speak'st truly, priest nor Pope,
With dispensation sealed and signed,
Can give thee joy, or peace, or hope,
Or cheer thy heart, or clear thy mind."

He flung him from his feet—"Begone ;
Leave me ; I will—*must* be alone."

The youth confounded and dismayed
By wrath to violence betrayed,
His father silently obeyed.
'Twas well ; for Nature had been loth
To hear the deep and fearful oath,
With which, upon his impious knees,
The aged man his vengeance arms ;
It was an oath the blood to freeze,
But Jasper's blood it warms.

JASPER SEEKS VENGEANCE.

What noise, what uproar in the street ?
What wide-diffusing rumour fleet,
Hath brought those thousand gathered feet ?
At Jasper's house the people stand,
Awaiting something yet unknown ;
Anxiety on every hand,
In every gesture, look, and tone ;
While one the other doth beseech
"What news ?" "The matter?" and while each
Hates all inquisitiveness shown,
In neighbour's nudge, or twitch, or speech,
Because unsatisfied his own.

But if without this dizzying din,
There is sufficing cause within :
Sin working with imputed sin.
Behold ! two men, alert, yet grim,
Of ordered face, and strong of limb,
And active deeds, not idle words,
Bind Philip's passive arms with cords ;
And a young girl, poor, strenuous thing !
Clings to the youth, and still must cling ;
And calls on every saint to save,
And man to hear, and Heaven to spare,
How vain, how bootless, though she rave !
Blessings are won by prayer.
"Good friends, in God's name list to me ;
If you will set my husband free,
My life and all my soul is worth,
Thanks endless, and from this day forth,
Slave's service till my dying day,
Cannot—you must not say me nay—
The deed of graciousness repay."
Then with sheer hopelessness possess,
By the two faces blank and dense,
Her heart ceased throbbing, and the sense
Of life went from her vacant breast,

And she was carried thence
Gently, by one of those rude men,
Who was not in his function there.

And whom doth yonder room contain ?
Him whose cold heart and heated brain
Have wrought this wickedness amain—
Old Jasper ; and, with trembling knees,
And rheumy eyes, and palsied hands,
One, whom fourscore hath cursed with these,

Before old Jasper stands.
So old is he who speaks, 'tis well
That, having such a tale to tell,
He is so old, and weak, *and here ;*
For even his voice too shrill and clear
Rings in the startled Jasper's ear.

"Master, I dare not do this thing ;
'Tis poison added to the sting
Of Death, who soon will fold me round,
And leave my body in the ground.
Thoughts have come on me unawares,
Thoughts unsolicited by prayer.
The little lad ; I see him now ;
'Twas the first time his pretty brow
Was ever bent by sorrow's stress ;
His blessed mother, as I guess,
Who was all grace and heavenliness,
Had told him I was like to die——"

"Yet, Kirke, good Kirke," but Jasper's eye
And teeth tight-clenched with malice fell,
Suit not with soft persuasion well ;
"Hast thou not promised ? would'st begone
From what we have struck hands upon ?"

But Kirke took up his former strain :
"The little lad ; I see him now ;
How did he tend me—soothe my pain,
And bring me cooling drink, and how
For hours and hours watch by my side—
Would 'twere God's pleasure I had died !
I have done sin for you, but this——"

"The holy book hath had thy kiss,"
Cried Jasper ; "and to be forsworn,
Better that thou had'st ne'er been born.
Thou'rt outcast by thine own consent ;
An oath when broken is not spent ;
But with a curse of Heaven re-knit ;
For angels have attested it.
Dost thou forget, dost thou regard
What I have pledged—that rich reward
Which hath been, during fifty years,
The texture of thy hopes and fears,
Which makes thee lord of time, with power,
Blithe, sprightly as a paramour,
To turn to pleasure every hour ?"

He had deemed it strange, who had beheld :
Nature, which in Kirke's breast had swelled,
At once his avarice expelled :
And his eyes glimmered, and his face,
Expanding, put on hideous grace.
His palm in Jasper's coyly slid
Told he would do as he was bid :
He sighed, and said, "I am content."
Jasper knew well his implement,
And had him fast ; and forth they went.

The senseless girl, as still as stone,
Is tended by a household crone,
And Philip to his fate is gone.
Fast bound, 'twixt the two keepers led,
None see upon him guilt or dread,
For on his breast his face is bowed,
Passing through the fissured crowd ;
Whose eyes the following twain engage :
Never were seen such types of age ;
Jasper collected, cold, severe,
Kirke past the consciousness of fear,
His hearing numbed, his eye-sight bleak—
Filled, as it seemed, with many woes ;
The people bless him as he goes.
Yet ne'er was bosom vainly crossed ;
Mistaken blessings are not lost :

Pious intention sanctifies
What to its object Heaven denies.

But how is this? Old Brooke abroad!
Like to a drover with a goad,
Who pricks a beast along the road,
Following his son, the gentle youth
Whom they have bound in felon guise!
Why this is wonder, shame and ruth,
Here is a sight for eyes!
Who can explain what this should mean?
Sight like to this was never seen:
Each asks, but none replies.
So all drive onward; all are bent
To know the cause and its event;
All press along the sultry way,
As each for his own welfare strove;
While casements fraught with life above
Give it a look of holiday.
The multitude with heaving sway,
The sun-motes dallying with the dust,
Which is as full of warmth as they;
Who would not take the scene on trust?
Had Philip's face been rais'd, I ween,
It had not looked so gay a scene.

And they are come to the Guildhall,
And silence on the crowd doth fall,
Silence as at a funeral
For a moment. Cancelled is the hush,
And rude the clamour and the crush,
When they behold a narrow slit,
Which sideways only will admit
One singly; and the cautious door,
Having received its destined five,
Sharp closes, and will have no more.
How with the parties do they strive,
Face-flushed, whose crown-surmounted staves,
Held transverse, he is bold who braves!
"Back! turbulent, disloyal knaves!"
Cries the head door-keeper in heat;
"Seek ye committal to the Fleet?"

JASPER FINDS VENGEANCE.

And now before his Worship stands
Philip; and they unloose his bands.
Aloft, of sage head, slow to err,
The Justice sits in gown of fur;
Beneath, a solemn officer,
Who lifts his sudden lids, and then
Again to his assiduous pen.
"How, Master Brooke," the Justice cries,
At first distrustful of his eyes,
"You here! Your son, too, in this wise!
What should this mean? How should this be?"

"May't please your Worship, ask not me;
My faithful servant, standing by,
He will depose"—An usher straight
Hands Kirke the sacred book to kiss;
While, with a bitter emphasis,
Sighs Jasper, "Blest had been my fate
To die; too long I live, and late,
Since it hath come to this!"
And staying speech, as though perforce,
Folds hands. Let justice take its course.

Then Kirke heaves up his voice to tell
A tale which he had conned too well;
No lesson had he wont to spell,
Which, when 'twas learn'd, and turned to deed,
Gained brave broad pieces for its meed.
"May't please you, my good master here,
Whom I have served this fifty year,
Had lost—misaid at first he thought—
Treasures from foreign countries brought.
He asked me knew I of them aught?
God's mercy! I! I do protest
Methought my master spoke in jest.
A rope of pearls; a Venice chain,
Which on a King's breast might have lain;
A golden cup a King might drain.
He question'd me of these—alack!
No wish of mine could fetch them back,
Unless I owned a magic ring,
The lost, or like the lost, to bring
Safe, by a genie, as they sing.
I watched, as Master Brooke beseeched;
My honesty in part impeached,
My duty, my fidelity,
Quickened my sense, sharpened my eye;
And what at length did it desery?
That I should live to see so clear!
That I should live to tell it here!
Heaven aid me as I hope to thrive!
Young Master Philip, as I live,
Have I not sworn it? and 'tis truth—
True as the creed—I saw the youth,
Myself behind the arras hid,
Saw him creep past me where I stood,
And softly raise the casket-lid,
Wherewith lay, by the Holy Rood!
A ruby, red as fairies' blood,
Telling whose worth, belief would fail,
Priced at its caracts by the tale,
Committed to the goldsmith's scale.
This did I see him filch; he fled,
I following, filled with grief and dread.
And to his chamber did he go,
And in his trunk the gem bestow.
Now, when I told this work of woe
To Master Brooke, as duty bade,
Beshrew me, he was well nigh mad;
Called me opprobrious names, and swore
I did belie the youth, traduce
The virtuous mother who him bore;
Cursed me, and the pernicious use
He had put me too; in fine, we clomb,
Like wretches to a midnight tomb,
Trembling, to Master Philip's room;
And there the wrenched trunk rendered up
The ruby, chain, and pearls, and cup."

Old Kirke has told his tale at large;
What thinks the Justice of the charge?
He knows not what to think, perplexed;
What comment fits so wild a text?
His inmost soul is sorely vexed.
"Bethink you, Master Brooke," he said,
"You stand in awful case herein;
Yourself against your son arrayed,
Makes justice look as black as sin.
This boy should be your age's staff,
Should grave and gild your epitaph;
Yours—but his mother claims him half.

Let me adjure you in her name,
Strive to awake him, and reclaim ;
Justice by mercy is enhanced ;
The sore of sin by mercy lanced,
Knows a blest healing ; angels bent
Out of the skies watch the event,
And weeping, teach the penitent.
Think twice, I say."

"Your worship speaks,"

Said Jasper, "to draw tears down cheeks,
As witness Kirke ; but, for my part,
I lack that impulse, or that art.
Think! say'st thou? think! think twice or thrice!
I have thought enough ; let that suffice.
Justice must not be nipped, or nice,
But irrespective, like to Him
Who arms the glowing cherubim.
Breath must not stain its sword, or dim.
Thou know'st this well, and know'st it true.
What did the rigid Roman do?
And do we call him beast, or rather,
From his illustrious bearing gather
How justice best becomes a father?
I have thought my thought, and said my say ;
Dear I this shame as best I may."

Now, when the worthy justice heard
This speech of Jasper's, he was stirred ;
And plucked his gown, and well nigh rent,
To know his reason gave consent,
To what his gentle heart abhorred ;
And each unanswerable word
He hates ; but, self-rebuked, anon——
"What says the boy?"

He asks a stone.

Nothing. How oft is dear blood spilt !
Preach, prying casuist, as thou wilt,
How oft looks innocence like guilt !
When Philip had awaked to sense,
So that he heard Kirke's evidence,
He was so wrapt with wonder round,
So scared by that, ne'er sought but found,
Hell's doings on Heaven-ransomed ground,
That his own hearing he denied ;
'Twas that, not his accuser, lied.

The tender Justice's appeal
To Jasper, what did it import?
To shriek "Not guilty!" through the court,
And with an oath the assertion seal,
Was his first motion ; but the steel
Drove home, when Jasper speaks : accused——
Nature, humanity, abused——
Truth outraged, Heaven renounced, defied——
The warm blood, in a gushing tide,
Was from the poor boy's heart effused ;
And to his mind doth glide
The hellish practice, plain and clear,
As though himself were standing near,
When each into each whispered ear,
Fashioned the plan, and shaped the plot,
As round and sable as a blot.

And now (O! holy weakness!) came
A feeling of reflected shame.
Here was his father : must he take,
Even for his life and honour's sake,
The measure of *his* acts, and make
Such replication as, allowed,
Sends his own sire, a monster bowed
With shame, through a remorseless crowd?
Then, detestation in his breast,
Then, fear lest, impious, he detest
Him whom his mother once loved best.
Then, desolation in his mind,
Nature, and woe, and mercy, joined
With thought of her he left behind.
So he said nothing ; but sank down
A leaden grief from sole to crown,
Into the anguish of a swoon.

"He stands committed!" This—no more,
The Justice said, and to a door
Points Kirke and Jasper, and—'tis o'er.
And thence the two old men depart
By a bye passage, light of heart ;
One, that revenge is in his way,
And one, that he hath earned his pay.
Of the two hideous passions say,
Thou who canst human hearts unfold,
Which sooner will itself allay,
The thirst of blood, or thirst of gold?
They are not quenched as men grow old.

LEILA AND LOVE ; OR, SOLICITUDE.

A BALLAD.

I.

THE sunbeam is low and the moonbeam is high,
And the stars are all peeping from out the blue sky ;
In the fall of the twilight we promised to come
And through the dark paths of this valley to roam !
But he comes not—he keeps not the faith of his
word,

And I am left here like a desolate bird
Now sighing, now singing by turns till the hour
Its long absent mate will return to his bow'r !
Is he true—is he true—is he true,
Is he true to his Leila and love?

II.

I know there are richer and fairer ones too,
Who far from his Leila may tempt him to woo——
Is he singing them songs that he sang first to me? ~
Why should he this morn take my lute o'er the sea?
But hark! there's a signal below in the bay,
And I see a white sail by the moon's silver ray :—
And sweetly I hear my own lute with his voice
Bid my heart in the fulness of safety rejoice !

For he's true—he is true—he is true,
He is true to his Leila and love !

W.

THE INFLUENCE OF EDUCATION ON THE WEAR AND TEAR OF EARLY LIFE.

SOME months since we were deeply interested by the perusal of a paper which had been read at the Manchester Royal Institution, by Dr. Turner, a gentleman whose eminent abilities need not our attestation. The heading of our article indicates the subject of what may not be improperly termed the communication addressed to the Institution by Dr. Turner; and we now prepare to set before our readers the reflections suggested to us by it; stimulated thereto, we confess, rather by the hope that we may induce the excellent author to give a greater publicity (if he has not already done so) to his valuable treatise—a desirable consummation, to be achieved, we think, by drawing our readers' earnest attention to it—than by any expectation on our part that we have it in our power to throw much new light upon the subject.

Nobody, we suppose, will venture to dispute that Education is about the most important matter that can engage the attention of any given generation of mankind, and there are not many, we suspect, who, interested in its progress, have watched the various forms which, from age to age, and from time to time, have been assigned for its development, but must admit that, in few subjects of human concern (and what can be of higher concernment than the preparation of the soul for its immediate destiny?) has success been less proportionate to the labour bestowed upon it, and to the pains that have been expended in its improvement.

That man would be considered something more than a madman, or little better than a fool, who should seriously contend that Education can profess to itself a higher aim, or ought to be applied to any other end, than that of making the subject of it, plainly to speak, a worthy member of society; or that any intellectual progress, however great, is not attained too dearly, which has been effected to the neglect of the moral faculties. We remember a great writer of the reign of James I. has said "I know no ignorance so deplorable—not an ignorance of the sciences or of any branch of learning—as the ignorance of one's own soul; and with this ignorance I have observed that men of the largest understandings have been afflicted;" an evidence that, then as now, the weight and stress were laid upon the cultivation of the intellect; and that the mistake was current at that time which has not been practically confuted in our own days, that morals would

either come of themselves and strangle the vicious habits fostered in our infancy, or that the strength of reason consequent upon enlarged knowledge would suffice to chase them from our bosoms.

Now, the truth is, not only that the cultivation of the moral faculties should *precede* the education of the intellectual powers—for physical reasons which have been most ably adduced and most amply illustrated by Dr. Turner—and it may be begun at a very tender age; but, unless this *be* done, that there can be no hope, other than a very futile and foolish one, which will not meet a bitter disappointment, that parental love or pride may raise upon the anticipated *intellectual* progress of the child whose whole being is to be affected by it. Milton has finely said, "All wickedness is weakness," a test from which alone, were it only enforced and variously exemplified, the prime importance of a cultivation of the moral faculties might be demonstrated. It may be said, also, that all learning is vanity, all acquirement is merely inverted wisdom, which is not founded upon the moral sense, at least, which does not grow up consentaneously and implicitly with it. The knowledge of what we are in relation to our Maker is the highest knowledge to which a human being can attain. That it is the best knowledge no one will make a matter of controversy; but it is the best likewise in this, that it furnishes the highest, and the strongest motive of inducement towards the cultivation of the intellect; since, it is too obvious to be insisted upon, that he who knows and acknowledges his moral and intellectual dependence upon the Almighty, will more strenuously endeavour to make himself worthy (if the expression be permissible) of Him, one of whose attributes is omnipresence, than the pupil whose strongest incitement to intellectual existence is the hope of acquiring a distinction which, after all, is by no means universally recognised, and which, to say the least, has many formidable rivals for the world's admiration in distinctions of a grosser, and of a more ignoble nature.

One may well wonder that Education should have been so mistakenly pursued as it has been, and, we fear, continues to be, when the very etymology of the word indicates with tolerable significance the method to be adopted in this case. To educate—to educe, to lead out the mental faculties, implies something as

gentle, as persuasive, and as gradual as may be, and bears no warrant in its signification, recommending or justifying a forcible extraction of them, something after the manner of dogs drawing a badger. Education commences long before the schoolmaster is called into requisition; and something has been learned before the horn-book is put into the hand. Mrs. Barbauld is worth listening to on this subject. She says:—"Education, in its largest sense, is a thing of great scope and extent. It includes the whole process by which a human being is formed to be what he is, in habits, principles, and cultivation of every kind. But of this, a very small part" (we do not agree with the lady in this) "is in the power even of the parent himself; a smaller still can be directed by purchased tuition of any kind. . . . You speak of *beginning* the education of your son. The moment he was able to form an idea, his education was already begun; the education of circumstances — insensible education — which, like insensible perspiration, is of more constant and powerful effect, and of infinitely more consequence to the habit, than that which is direct and apparent."

If it were given to us to remember the first operations of our perception and the earliest exercises of our reason, we should be less likely to fall into these errors in the education of our children to which many of us are too prone, errors, however, from which a careful observation of these phenomena, as they manifest themselves in them, might retrieve us. Unhappily, however, the affection we bear to our children (and this arises from a defect in our own education) is too frequently mingled with an alloy of self-love; and we would fain make them like ourselves, or like what we *now* wish ourselves to have been, that is to say, whom the world calls great, and not who contribute to the greatness of the world. Instead of fostering that moral sense which we know full well is common to all created beings, and which, perhaps, treated by similar means, may be cultivated with equal success in all, we must, forsooth, apply ourselves almost exclusively to what we term the enlightenment of the intellect, which, we are aware, is variously and unequally bestowed, and of which we are willing fondly to believe, our own child has been gifted with more than an ordinary share. We are for stealing a march upon our neighbours, and for showing that our own highly-disciplined and deeply-dismal looking boy is a very different young person from noisy Jack next door, who, after all, carries off all the prizes of the University with far greater ease than he could lift the ponderous load of volumes which have contributed to convert our highly-disciplined young student into a dunce.

They who have read (and who has not?)

"Boswell's Life of Johnson" will hardly need to be told, that, in his case, emphatically, the "child was father of the man." If we are to believe—and we see no reason to doubt—the stories of his precocity, an infant more safely and surely to be made a man of before he was yet a lad, could hardly be presented to experimental, miracle-making parent. And yet, having survived the perilous ordeal—being, as it were, a living evidence—an example to be appealed to, of the efficacy of forced culture, he could, nevertheless, observe:—"Endeavouring to make children prematurely wise is useless labour. Suppose they have more knowledge at five or six years old than other children, what use can be made of it? It will be lost before it is wanted. Too much is expected from precocity, and too little performed. I would let a boy at first read *any* English book, because you have done a great deal when you have brought him to have *entertainment* in reading." And again, more strongly against forced culture:—"Sunday was a heavy day to me when I was a boy. My mother confined me on that day, and made me read 'The Whole Duty of Man,' from a great part of which I could derive no instruction. When, for instance, I had read the chapter on theft, which, from my infancy, I had been taught was wrong, I was no more convinced that theft was wrong than before; so there was no accession of knowledge. A boy should be introduced to such books by having his attention directed to the arrangement, to the style, and to the excellences of composition; that the mind, being thus engaged by an amusing variety of objects, may not grow weary."

Who, after reading this, does not wish that the worthy Dr. Johnson's estimate of "The Whole Duty of Woman" in her maternal capacity, had been of a somewhat less rigid character; and who can forbear the suspicion that the constitutional melancholy with which this great man was afflicted, and which sometimes bordered upon madness, was not, to say the least, aggravated by this unwise course of treatment. When we read of Jeremy Bentham that—the prodigy of a foolish father—he was to be seen, at the age of three years, seated at a table, candles duly placed on either side, with Rapin's History of England before him, we cease to wonder that he became a self-willed, almost impracticable philosopher and humorist; we only wonder that he retained brains in which a warp or bias was distinguishable.

But, if there were no mental or physical danger to be apprehended from forcing the infant capacity to receive more than it can digest, there is yet a grave fear which might restrain us from pursuing this process, or, haply, give us pause ere we adopt it, namely, whether it may not peradventure defeat its own end after a

manner the least expected by the operator. A course of hard study can only be delightful to him who has a clear and accurate conception of the value of the knowledge he will derive from it. Motive he must have, and one of no ordinary strength, before he willingly consents to engage in it; and that very few children can have such a motive, we suppose, will be easily granted; and that what is not willingly undertaken is speedily provocative of weariness, cannot be denied; and that weariness soon gives place to disgust we all know. The supposition that a child is fully conscious of the worth and the importance of the knowledge he is set so sedulously to acquire, carries along with it an admission that he may be safely left to himself to acquire if when and how he pleases, and one would suppose that the child so gifted might be suffered to follow the impulse of his own nature. But he is not suffered to do so—an evidence that his parent or his tutor has no such overweening belief of the boy's love of his book.

Let us hear what Milton says. After speaking of the mischief of employing many years in scraping together so much "miserable Latin and Greek," he goes on to say, "And that which casts our proficiency therein so much behind, is partly in a preposterous exaction, forcing the empty wits of children to compose themes, verses, and orations, which are the acts of ripest judgment, and the final work of a head filled by long reading and observing, with elegant maxims and copious invention. These are not matters to be wrung from mere striplings like blood out of the nose, or the plucking of untimely fruit. . . . Instead of beginning with acts most easy, and these be such as are most obvious to the sense, they present their young unmatriculated services at first coming with the most intellective abstractions of logic and metaphysics. So that they, having but newly left their grammatical flats and shallows, where they stuck unseasonably to learn a few words with lamentable construction, and now, on a sudden, transported under another climate to be tossed and turmoiled with their unbalanced wits in fathomless and unquiet heaps of controversy, do, for the most part, grow into hatred and contempt of learning, mocked and deluded all this while with ragged notions and babblements, while they expected worthy and delightful knowledge."

Education, to be worthy of its name—in other words, to answer the end by effecting the object proposed by it, is the application of just as much knowledge as makes the measure of the moral and intellectual faculties for the time being. No knowledge can be profitable to a child—indeed, strictly speaking, a child has gained but the apparition of knowledge—if he cannot bring the substance to the test of his

present reason. Unhappily, this apparition is too often looked upon as a most delectable reality. This ominous spectre (ominous of past-saving mediocrity) stares at us out of every so called clever boy, whom a fond parent goads to "prate of his whercabout" of acquirement. These young martyrs to mnemonics are held forth to admiration; and while a scholar shall be perfectly master of a science without remembering the language in which any single proposition was contained, these shall deliver whole sections, and not understand a sentence. To what the bettermost of these prodigies arrive, let a great genius* tell us, whose reflections, arranged under the odd name "Timber," are, we suspect, too little read:—

There be some that are forward and bold, and these will do every little thing easily; I mean, that is hard by and next them, which they will utter without any shamefacedness. These never perform much, but quickly. They are, what they are, on the sudden: they show presently the grain that, scattered on the top of the ground, shoots up, but takes no root; has a yellow blade, but the ear empty. They are wits of good promise at first, but there is an *ingenistitium* (a wit-stand); they stand still at sixteen; they get no higher.

It may be said, with some approach to the truth, that, of those who survive the process of forced culture, one-third are rendered idiots, one-third are made dunces, and one-third escape into the world with their wits in a state of armed neutrality, between ignorance and knowledge. The learned Dr. Wotton says:—"To press children further than nature encourages, is but to bring that defumation upon learning amongst youth, which was once given by a person of great name in this nation, that books were only made to cause little boys to be whipt;" and Locke has strongly urged that "Children should not have anything like work, or services, laid on them; neither their minds nor bodies will bear it. It injures their health; and their being forced and tied down to their books in an age at enmity with such restraint has, I doubt not, been the reason why a great many have hated books and learning all their lives after."

✦ But it is time that we should hear Dr. Turner speak on this subject. Few, we think, will contest the reasonableness of the following:—

The first stage of moral education, which is the most important of all the periods of life, must be conducted under the vigilant surveillance of the mother of the child. It is stated by Coleridge, "in the education of children, love is first to be instilled, and out of love obedience is to be educed;" a truism which few will have the hardihood to deny, and ought certainly to be considered as one of the fundamental principles of mental culture. I contend that the nursery is the place where moral education is to be begun, and the mother is the first natural instructress of her child. The mother's love, affection, and sympathies for her offspring are of a more delicate and endearing character than those of the father.

The quotation from Coleridge in the above passage reminds us of a saying of the mother of the celebrated John Wesley. The old lady

observed, that the first thing to be done with a child, in the matter of education, was "to break his spirit," a proposition which gave occasion to a shallow critic, who, we suppose, never having heard of "breaking a horse," and unaware that one of the many meanings of the word "break" is to "train to obedience," took occasion to impugn the worthy woman's humanity, and pathetically put it to his readers whether it was necessary that a child's heart should be broken, before anything could be made of him. "Love is first to be instilled, and out of love obedience is to be educed." Most true; and this is the chief difficulty. Until you have secured obedience, you have done nothing, or nothing to the purpose—obedience being, not merely the convoy of learning, but of itself a kind of knowledge.

The second stage of moral education is to commence when the child has emerged, in a great degree, from the trammels of nursery government, and when the parent must be aided in her instruction by an efficient assistant. The perceptive and moral faculties must still be the object of solicitude; and it becomes more imperative than ever that the best examples, objects most worthy of imitation, and most truthfully represented, where realities cannot be supplied, should be placed under his observation.

Milton was thoroughly impressed with the importance of this course of proceeding when he recommended beginning with "arts most easy, and there be such as are most obvious to the sense." Wordsworth tells us somewhat after the philosophy of Plato, that

Heaven lies about us in our infancy.

It would be more true to say that with earth, which is of Heaven's making, and which is imbued with Heaven, infancy is alone conversant. All that we have *then*, we derive thence. Objects of sense are the *media* through which instruction is best conveyed. "I know," says Locke, "a person of great quality (more yet to be honoured for his learning and virtue than for his rank and high place) who by pasting on the six vowels (for in our language there are six) on the six sides of a die, and the remaining eighteen consonants on the sides of three other dice, has made this a play for his children, that he shall win who at one cast throws most words on these four dice, whereby his eldest son, yet in coats, has *played himself into spelling* with great eagerness."

We wish we could afford space for a few out of the many lamentably striking instances brought forward by Dr. Turner, of the evil effects of overstraining, by endeavouring to anticipate the functions of the physical and intellectual nature of children. We cannot, however, resist quoting the following:—

An eminent physician in our country (Dr. James Johnson, of London) is strongly opposed to the early culture of the reasoning faculties, on the ground that, if prematurely exercised, disease of the brain is eminently endangered. In Germany the great champion on the side of education is the celebrated Hufeland, who pronounces intellectual effort in the first years of life to be very in-

jurious. Too much or too early labour of mind is in opposition to the laws of nature, and will prove injurious to the organization, and prevent its proper and healthy development. We ought not to begin to exercise the mind too early; that is not while nature ought wholly to be occupied with the development of organs, and has need of all the vigour of the system to effect this important object. The names of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim, of the German school, must be adverted to as opponents to the premature cultivation of the mental faculties: they believe that to cultivate the intellects of children too early is to neglect to fortify their constitutions. It is the opinion of Dr. Spurzheim, who was a keen observer of nature, and an excellent man, that the more delicate the child is, the more his affection and mind are precocious: in these cases, therefore, parents and tutors must not excite or encourage too much assiduity in education, as premature death has often been the consequence of this infraction of the laws of nature. In America, the education of children has engaged the attention and the deepest interests of Dr. Brigham, whose work on the influence of mental cultivation and mental excitement upon health ought to be in every library, indeed, on every dining and drawing-room table, throughout the world. He knew no volume so full of interest, so replete with usefulness, and so great a boon to parents, as this unpretending pamphlet.

And we must not omit to quote what Dr. Wotten says in his preface to "A Narrative" he published, detailing the remarkable progress his younger son, a boy of six years old, had made in the acquisition of Latin and Greek. With the elder son, it seems he had no such success, for "If for some hours or days he could be *overcome* to attend his book, the temperature of his body was such (for into nothing else can I resolve it) that a head-ache or some bodily distemper did follow upon it; and he, being naturally subject to a very fiery and salt rheum, I suppose it so inflamed him, when his fancy began to be engaged, and his blood heated, as that he found no content in reading and meditation, but that there was a necessity of breathing out these fiery particles by action and motion."

In conclusion. Although we do not agree with Julian that ten years should elapse before a child be sat down in earnest to study, we yet think that the system of indoctrination (we use a pedantic word to imply the *quality* of knowledge commonly commended to youth) is, in most cases, begun far too early. If we knew how the education of Shakspeare was begun and completed, we should, probably, discover in that happy accident the reason of the wonderful *poise* of the faculties so observable in that mighty genius. No inconsiderable portion of a child's knowledge is gained insensibly, and as insensibly, and contemporaneously with it, he acquired his language. There is no danger, we think, in setting him to the acquirement of foreign languages at a tolerably early age. They may be got at the cost of very little mental stress; for they propose nothing new or unknown. Their acquisition is not, properly speaking, an acquisition of knowledge. There are no abstract or stubborn ideas to be mastered. They are, as they are called, tongues; a various utterance, no more.

THE ADVENTURES OF A SCAMP;

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY; CONTAINING MY BIRTH, PARENTAGE, EDUCATION, AND FORTUNES AMONG SUCH PEOPLE AS WE SEE EVERY DAY, AND MY TRAVELS AMONG SUCH PEOPLE AS HAVE NOT HITHERTO BEEN SEEN BY MY FELLOW COUNTRYMEN; DIGESTED FROM MY DIARY, AND OTHER MEMORANDA, BY ME,

GEORGE AUGUSTUS DELABOUE BAGGES.

CHAPTER IX.

MY CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

Thus, for the time, closed my father's proceedings in Swinestead; he was not, however, permitted quite to banish it from his remembrance, even if his new honours could have allowed such oblivion. Two days after our return to Grosvenor-square, came a letter on behalf of about fifty of the voters who had accepted the original two guineas head-money, putting it to my father's honour whether he could suffer them to be cheated out of the difference between that and the nine which they certainly must have had if their necessities had suffered them to wait. The epistle was both argumentative and pathetic; it stated that this heavy loss fell upon those who could worst afford it; that a few hundreds could be nothing to my father, as anybody could see by his proceedings, which, indeed, encouraged them to make this application; that, at all events, as a gentleman, he could never sleep in peace on his pillow, if he refused to make it up the four, and concluded with a most significant hint, that if he should refuse, both parties might know what to trust to at another election.

Jawbone happened to be at our house when this epistle arrived, which was, in my father's opinion, a fortunate circumstance, for his own notions of proceeding had been so transcendantly outgone by all that had happened with regard to Swinestead, that he was quite incapable of forming a judgment for himself. He swore a little between his clenched teeth, as he read it, and yet looked penitently at Jawbone as he handed it to him, as if he felt that he had committed an offence against all election law by any demur to being imposed upon.

He was wrong. The election was over. Jawbone spoke in a manner to relieve his feelings. He was emphatic.

"I'd see them all d—d, and then I wouldn't," exclaimed the energetic barrister. "The rascals! has it not been a game of sharp practice from the beginning to the end, and when you've got the verdict do they think you'll pay more than the costs. They've quite enough, I fancy," he added, with a malicious smile, which possibly the habit of tormenting the souls out of witnesses rendered rather habitual to him.

"No doubt! no doubt!" replied my father, with a sudden flush, which was relieved by instant perspiration.

"I'll tell you what," said Jawbone, "I once knew a claim of this sort acceded to by a fellow with more money than wit, who couldn't believe that 'sufficient to the day is the evil thereof,' and by the next post after his reply had reached the borough, he had another letter, trusting that he would not be so very shabby as to make further differences, but would allow the new head-money to go all round."

"I'll write and tell the fellows what I think of their impudence," said my father, heartily glad that he was allowed to vent his spleen upon some of them.

"Ah, Mr. Bagges," interposed Jawbone, "you citizens don't mind what you pay for your humours. I knew one, an alderman, that absolutely threw away his character for the mere fun of refusing to render his accounts, when the obstinate dog had them all quite ready if he had chosen to show them. But I think we know how to be wiser than that. They look to the future; so will we. They think a bird in the hand worth two in the bush; so do we. They would rather trust to hope than gratitude; so would we. Write them a remarkably civil letter, such as becomes a dignified Member of Parliament, to the vulgar whom he condescends to represent. Pity their necessities very much, by all means; rich people can always do that, you know, when they have to consider other folk's distresses. Promise, in case of our applying to them for their votes again, that all shall be treated alike, as far as circumstances will permit; and you may as well promise it, for all of them that can will take care to have it, and you needn't keep your promise with any that can't. Sir, as long as these fellows think they have a claim upon you, they'll be as surely fixed to your interest as a tailor is to a nobleman that owes him five hundred pounds, and knows he shall only get it by keeping his debtor in the best possible humour."

"Really, really!" replied my father, "you are a friend. I never received such excellent advice as I have from you."

"Simply because, being usually paid for my

advice, I am apt to consider it worth something," replied Jawbone; "your gratis-advice givers are like amateur actors, they think they may perpetrate any enormity upon their audience. You've paid me handsomely to see you through this affair, and I take a pleasure in it."

"Very handsome, very!" said my father, and he made a memorandum to order a gold snuff-box for Jawbone, as a memento of the election, with a suitable inscription from Andrew Bagges, Esq., M.P. It would look well, that, engraved upon the lid.

"And now," my father continued, "I shall trespass on you still further. Here's George. It is a difficult thing to know what to do with a lad like that."

"Humph! yes," replied Jawbone, for experience had undoubtedly told him, that of all the speculations on which it is impossible to calculate, the most perfectly out of the question is, to tell what parents expect to make of their children.

"The law is a fine profession," observed my father.

"Humph! yes," reiterated Jawbone, whose accent varied, however, from the very certain to the very doubtful.

"Don't you think so?" inquired my father.

"It depends,"—answered his non-informant.

There never was, perhaps, a man that ever spokewell of his own trade to those who wished to enter it, unless it were an expectant master looking out for a fee.

"There are Lord Chancellors and Lord Chief Justices," said my father.

"And there are lords who are neither," replied Jawbone, adroitly avoiding the subject.

"Well, well," said my father, slightly colouring, as if abashed at his own vanity; "but two strings to one's bow, you know. But perhaps you don't think George is the kind of stuff to make a Chancellor of."

"Chancellors are made of odd stuff enough sometimes," said Jawbone, drily. "It would be difficult to tell what quality might or might not make a Chancellor; but as there are some steps between a call to the bar and that office, perhaps one might talk of something a little nearer."

"Ay, ay," said my father; "but we should aim at being first, and really when a very clever youth begins at his age, and with all the advantages that may be put in his way."

Jawbone smiled. There never was an aspirant proposed for any profession that the profession to which he was proposed was not insulted with the assertion that a really clever man must get to the top of it, and that everything below that height was utterly contemptible; but Jawbone knew a little of the world; his indignation at such ideas had long been

over. One thing, however, he did not know, that if he had not managed to get out of the discussion pretty speedily, without further offence to my father's paternal pride, he would certainly have lost a gold snuff-box. But he was habitually adroit, therefore, of course, habitually lucky.

"Come, come, my dear Mr. Bagges," he began, "it is enough to have one able man in a family. I should like to know what on earth people found estates for, if it be not to give their posterity a right to be as idle as they please."

"Why, yes," said my father; "I think George will be above any necessity of getting his own living."

"In that case," replied Jawbone, "by all means make him a barrister."

"Ay, ay," said my father, "you think he'll get on."

"I think it cannot matter whether he does or not; and if he leaves the field open for those whose necessities must plough it, why it is only a little justice of nature after all. Besides," he continued, for he saw that my father looked grave, "there are cases which stop a man's career. The eldest son of a peer, for instance, could hardly have time to get very high. A title would cut short his career."

"Some peers are very long-lived, too," said my father, reflecting.

"Assuredly," said Jawbone, who saw the current of his thoughts, "ease of mind and good feeding are said to prolong life. But if you have a mind to give George a trial, do it, by all means. He may, at all events, get law enough to keep himself out of mischief, just as some of our noblemen are teaching their sons to keep their estates from gamblers, by putting them up to every gambling move themselves. There are but two sorts in the world, you know, those who bite and those who are bitten; and they have a right to a choice in their education. But come, there's my friend Dredger, the Special Pleader, he's the man to put him with; there's more done in his office than in any other five in London; his sixteen or eighteen pupils can turn out a declaration in two hours that would take any other office a day. Give him a year there, he may as well do that as anything else."

"Well," said my father, assentingly; and so my education was to end as that of many an urchin begins, by a place being found where he may be conveniently kept out of the way.

I was an obedient youth, upon the best of all possible principles. I did not care how far my father might go to please himself in settling me, having fully made up my mind that if, at the last, I should not be pleased, I would upset the arrangement altogether. I, therefore, offered not the slightest objection to preliminaries, only mentally securing to myself the right to nullify them altogether. Besides, I had no

dislike to see what the law was made of; I had no dislike indeed to any pursuit, as a spectator. An appointment was made through Mr. Jawbone, and in two days we were to wait on Mr. Dredger at his chambers.

It was a foggy morning when Jawbone, my father, and myself, sought our way through one of the lanes of the Temple, into the dingy brick court in which Mr. Dredger carried on his great manufactory of legal technicalities, called, in the language of the law, special pleadings. Up a gloomy, dirty staircase, we proceeded to the first floor, gave in our names to the clerks, and were presently ushered into an inner office, the *sanctum sanctorum* of the luminary himself. Dredger was not a man of many words, possibly he thought them thrown away without they were specially purchased. As our business was to pay, and his to receive, the business was soon settled. Three hundred pounds were to purchase me a stool and desk in his office for three years, by the process of sitting at which I was to become learned in the law. Furthermore, for certain other smaller sums, such as about thirty pounds of the current coin of the realm, I became a member of one of the Inns of Court, Dredger and Jawbone becoming responsible to the Honourable Society for my previous character, my future attendance at church, and the payment of what might become due to the cook. At the treasurer's office, at which this eccentric bond was signed, I was informed, that not being a member of either of the Universities, it would take me five years of membership to be called to the bar, during which time I must keep twelve terms,—that is, eat every year twelve dinners, in separate weeks and half weeks, paying therefore at the rate of thirty-six such dinners, and eating or leaving the rest at my own option. By this education, the Honourable Society, or the benchers acting in its name, felt assured that I should become a fit and proper person to have the lives and properties of his Majesty's subjects committed to my care as an advocate—his Majesty's subjects, to be sure, finding their best security in the circumstance that they need not employ me unless they chose—a security which they fully avail themselves of in the cases of many of the legal brotherhood. The mysteries of this initiation were thought sufficient for my brain on this occasion; the next day I was at liberty to take possession of my post among Mr. Dredger's pupils.

In a back room overlooking another pile of dingy bricks opposite, and another pavement beneath, exactly like the one by which I entered, sat eight or nine young gentlemen, of ages varying from sixteen to twenty. They had large roomy desks, and stools fitted according to their own will and pleasure; large folios of blotting paper, an unlimited supply of ink-

stands, many pens, and certain thick folio writing books. There were pegs on which to hang their coats if they chose to change them in the office; there were also an inkspotted carpet, and a particularly blazing fire, to keep up which to a most cheerful and unceasing height, was a point of honour with the gentleman whose desk was nearest to it, and who handled the poker much more often than the pen, calling to the clerks in the outer office for fresh supplies of coal with a voice of great authority. When I was ushered into the room by Mr. Dredger, and my place assigned, I felt rather nervous. Utter ignorance in a place so very learned, and where the learning is so utterly unlike any other kind of acquirement whatever, is certainly an awful thing. Moreover, at that moment, there was a general air of diligence, a rapid snatching up of books, as if the inquirer had hardly time to search out what he wanted, and in others a deep poring over lore, or a careful air of copying into one great book which appeared to be new, what had been written some time in another great book which appeared to be old, which clearly indicated to my youthful mind whence all the marvellous quibbles must come which fill up the time of counsel and judges, and the columns of newspapers, and, in return, empty the pockets of clients. I perched myself upon my elevated seat, not without trepidation; I looked at the three thick folios which lay ready for me to fill, as if the work of ages were before me; and in the silence and diligence that reigned around me, I saw no escape from my task. It looked as if I must work for want of something else to do. Young gentlemen so intent upon their own tasks could not find time to devote to my idleness. It was plain that I was put upon a treadmill of study, so to speak, and must go on because I could not help it. A few words, a very few, from Mr. Dredger, introducing me to one or two of the seniors who would show me how to go on, and I was left to my fate. Dredger turned his back. The whole scene changed. The scratching of the pens ceased, the deep poring was relieved, and a very clear voice shouted from one end of the room to the other, "I say, Watkins, I'll bet you five shillings they were real trained tigers that they brought on in *Comus* last night."

"Done!" called Watkins from the other side, "ponies, I know; who ever saw tigers walk in that way?"

"Who has got some halfpence?" cried another, who was now lounging at the window; "let's set those young blackguards a scrambling in the court."

"No, no, Dredger will hear it; I did, the other day, and they huzzaced so confoundedly that he came down."

"Oh, who cares for him?"

"Nobody, only he said he should write home to my father and tell him I was fit for nothing, and that he'd recommend him to put me into the Guards. I should'n't mind that, only I don't think the governor would stand it. He'd be more likely to think of putting me into his own counting-house."

"Oh, I say, a counting-house!" and the "oh" was echoed with such an utter horror at the idea of all trade, that I felt quite ashamed of owing my present position, among this most aristocratic body, to such an origin.

"Well, it is precious dull, and not time for lunch yet," called out the first speaker. "I say, Watkins, that cobbler nearly got out after you last night when you spit in his eye. I know a famous one just down a little turning. Such a capital angry little fellow. He lives in a box almost under the street, and you can shut him in with his own shutters."

"But did you see how that string acted that I tied across the Strand?" asked Watkins with some pride. "The first coach that came up carried the old woman's apple-stall half a mile; and that wasn't bad that I served that old prig that was walking down Fleet-street."

"What was it? what was it?" shouted the other half dozen.

"Why Lollylob and I were walking down Fleet-street, not quite knowing what to do, because there was nothing new at the theatres till half-price, and we had dined in hall and couldn't eat time, so says I to Lollylob, I should like to fetch that old pump a cut with my cane, just for walking along as if London belonged to him."

"Pooh, nonsense," says Lollylob, "you daren't."

"What will you bet me?" says I.

"A pound," says he.

"Done and done."

I walked up and gave him such a cut, you should have seen the chap turn round.

"You young pickpocket," says the parson,—
"I think he was a parson, Lollylob?"

"I beg your pardon, Sir," says I, and took off my hat, and made him a very low bow; I thought it was my father, and I just wanted to let him know I was behind him. He was so angry he could not speak another word, so Lolly and I walked off. Carried it through famously.

If I had wondered before, I was now somewhat amazed; and although I rather preferred the course of studies which appeared to be opening before me to the one I had anticipated, I felt some qualms there, too, as to entering the field with these daring proficients in impudence and mischief.

"I say Watkins, it's one o'clock," aroused most from their seats, and soon after a pupil called in from another room, where six of the most studious were placed, for Dredger had a

conscience in separating as far as he might those who came to do nothing, from those who came to do something. All were, however, put into the hall of idleness as a probation, a proceeding which settled the characters of most of the candidates. The visitor, who felt he had no business in this domain of misrule, walked up to the only one who had affected occupation in Dredger's absence, so quietly, and with, as I thought, so little taste for notice from the rest, that had not his air at first struck me as familiar, so that I watched to catch his countenance, I should not have recognised my old schoolfellow Willis.

Our greeting was most cordial; the pupil to whom he had spoken perceived the intimacy of our friendship, and would have excused himself from the appointment which he had made to lunch with Willis at Dick's, but neither of us would suffer this—we adjourned together, and calling for some cold fowl and ham, and some of the excellent ale, which probably now, as then, does honour to that establishment, we sat down to refresh and to talk.

"So," said Willis, "you are come among us. I'm glad of it, for my own sake, if not for yours, not to do much, I suppose, though."

"You know I never did much, Willis."

"Then you're come to the right place to carry on your system, isn't he Norton?" said my friend.

"Just as he pleases," replied Norton, "a man may learn if he will."

"Why yes," said Willis, "but he must will it pretty strongly if he does."

"What care does Mr. Dredger take to teach us?" I asked, rather timidly.

Both laughed.

"You have seen about as much of that as you are likely to see," observed Willis.

"Oh!" said I, relieved rather than disappointed.

"He's put in the way to teach himself if he chooses," said Norton.

"Don't I say so?" said Willis, "though it is rather like a man in a maze; for one chance to take the right path, there are twenty to take the wrong. However, Bagges will never want the law for a living, so it does not matter to him."

It was quite consolatory that any body thus devoted me to leisure, still I was curious. "What do those do," I asked "who wish to get on?"

"Why, first they copy the three folio volumes of precedents, with the hope, that some day or other they shall understand them enough to apply them," replied Willis.

"And that comes with the practice of the office," said Norton.

"Next you may read as many of the books

in Dredger's library as ever you please," said Willis.

"And he'll tell you how to begin,—say with Blackstone—if you ask him," said Norton, "then enter a legal debating society, where you may put your learning into activity."

"When you have got it," said Willis.

"If you are diligent, Dredger will sometimes dictate his opinions to you," said Norton.

"Especially if you write fast, and a good hand," said Willis.

"If he professed to teach," said Norton, very few would condescend to learn; he does teach those who apply to him for instruction, after his fashion."

"Ay, fashion you may call it," said Willis, "but stay and see."

Norton soon left us to resume his labours. "He is a fine, diligent, clever fellow," observed my old schoolfellow, "and will get on."

"And do you not expect to get on?"

"I must, and, therefore, I hope I shall," replied my friend; "not but the law is in itself a most discouraging study, and the system on which it is left untaught by Dredger, adds to an honest student's despondency. There are some parts of the law,—the law of real property, for instance, and that of contracts—which are, in the main, systems of common sense, framed to suit the purposes for which they are intended. These a student may acquire, even with some zest. But the mass and mess of special pleading, an art which professes to reduce the questions in an action to a certainty of definition, by dressing them in a technical jargon, unintelligible except to the initiated, and founded on a series of legal fictions, is an unphilosophic heap of trickery, which no brain would ever consent to be muddled with, unless for the mere necessity of living by it, or the ambition to attain to honour by wielding the jugglery adroitly."

"I confess it has often puzzled me," I observed, "that a person should lose a cause, merely because his lawyer had made some

error in setting forth his suit in a language which neither plaintiff nor defendant could understand if he read it."

"A plain, certain, description of the cause of action and the reply to it, is a very necessary part perhaps to a process," said Willis; "but as things stand now, when declaration and plea have been filed and studied, one party is often obliged to ask the other for a bill of particulars in plain English, that he may know the case he has to meet. But enough of law."

"Ay, quite enough!" I answered, "tell me of yourself."

Our conversation was long; the results may be given shortly. Willis had, in the interval of our separation, lost his surviving parent; his sister was now under the care of an aunt, an invalid herself, but who insisted upon removing to the neighbourhood of London, that the affectionate brother might have the satisfaction of visiting his only relatives. Rightly, indeed, did she judge that the desire of appearing worthy in a home which he revered, would be the best stimulus to the young student in the arduous career which was before him. Not so rightly perhaps did either decide in choosing it, for the eager temperament of my friend and his unrelaxing determination to succeed, preyed upon a constitution not originally strong, and sowed seeds of weakness for after years, which only appeared now in fits of occasional lassitude, from which he unsparingly aroused himself. But on this occasion all was cheerfulness; we agreed that he should be introduced to my father, who, never lacking in hospitality, would be glad to see him in Grosvenor-square, whenever he could spare time from his studies and his relatives, and with a few excuses for the comparative humbleness of his aunt's household, he invited me to share with him the pleasant fireside at Bayswater, and to talk over past days and future prospects, with those who would be sure to sympathise in both—his aunt Mrs. Luttrell, and his sister Ellen.

(To be continued.)

SONNET

ON PASSING IN A STEAMER BETWEEN SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

WHERE is the fearful scene of poet's song?
Where hideous Scylla with her yawning jaws?
Where fell Charybdis, serpent-like that draws,
In his embrace so terrible and strong,
The hapless bark his deadly folds among?
Soft is the breeze, and gentle is the tide,
Upon whose calm, unruffled breast we glide;
Serene and safe, those dreaded shores along.

And thou, proud, gallant Romans, thou whose
fame
Was earned on many a field of bloody fight,
Did thy stern spirit then, in vain affright,
Shrink at a phantom, tremble at a name?
Yet, thus it was, and thus 'tis with us all,
The evils we *imagine* most appal!

PHIL.

THE TRUE MYSTERIES OF PARIS.*

THERE are some men, as well as works, which the world does not willingly let die; such a man seems to be Vidocq, the celebrated French policeman; we were fully impressed with a belief that, after publishing his memoirs, and establishing his claim to the gratitude of society, as the most adroit of thief takers, he had retired from public life, not without some suspicion that his acquaintance with roguery of all kinds had been but too perfect, and had somewhat tainted his own integrity. We had a dim recollection of rumours respecting this public functionary, which tended to confirm the truth of the proverb, as to the difficulty of touching pitch and not being defiled—rumours of a difference of opinion between him and the French Government, as to the manner in which certain funds had been disposed of; they were, doubtless, spent in that sort of public service called secret, and to call for any account of them was manifestly unreasonable, the essence of secrecy being the refusal of explanation; but governments are always ungrateful. The Athenians exiled Alcibiades, and the French Ministry dismissed Vidocq. It is astonishing how little the world misses its greatest men. France went on much as usual, inventing new crimes, saucers, and vaudevilles, of an atrocity, piquancy, and point, not to be approached by anything our courts, cooks, or translators can furnish, and had as good as forgotten the policeman, when it was reminded of his existence by a report of his death, France, Europe, and ourselves taking the intelligence as authentic. We were all deceived, however; as in the case of Lord Brougham, who was not dead, even when the London papers wrote his funeral oration, Vidocq has returned to life; the "fell sergeant," as Hamlet calls him, has not laid his hand upon the man who was also "strict in his arrest," when any one was "wanted." He is yet extant, if we may believe the title-page of a work in four volumes, printed in this present year, 1844: and, if we may judge by the contents of the same, he is not in the situation of Hood's old sportsman; he has not forgotten all his reminiscences—of some of which we intend to avail ourselves.

Vidocq has evidently been impelled into print by the romantic misrepresentation of the crime and criminals of the French capital which Eugene Sue has written, under the name of the "Mysteries of Paris." For these same "Mysteries" it is evident that Vidocq has a pretty considerable contempt; all that contempt in fact which eminently practical men have for those

who, making their imagination serve them instead of experience, venture to talk very much of things about which they know very little, and, very frequently, of matters of which they know nothing at all. To correct the errors and misapprehensions thus set afloat in the world, is a task that the very instincts of a man, with a practical knowledge of such matters, impel him to perform. How could Vidocq, who had, for the better part of his life, breathed the very atmosphere of crime, lived in it, for it, and by it—how could such a man, possessing memory, and a pen, sit down quietly while the world of his vast experience was misrepresented by one who, if he ever saw anything of criminal life, only saw it as a spectator from without, not as an inhabitant from within? Vidocq could not—but wrote; and his work is before us. Let all who descend to the foulest depths of society for their inspiration, learn from him that they can know very little of the realities to be found there. Our author lays it down as an axiom not to be disputed, that no one can properly describe a career of a crime but a criminal himself, or, of course, a policeman; nor, on the same principle, can any one write a fiction of the rope-and-fetter school but one who has worn, or is qualified to wear, the collar of the order himself. About the middle of his book the ex-policeman expatiates on this point as follows:—

Much has been written on the lives, actions, and motives of criminals, and yet, they have never been described with truth or fidelity. The greater number of writers who have treated the subject have sought, above all, to dramatise it; some have charged their palettes with colours too dark or too bright; others, influenced by their political and social opinions, have endeavoured to explain by the organisation of society, every vice of the class they were describing. Others, again, have only seen them from the height of their official position, and have only observed them under the influence of prejudices to which the nature of their duties must necessarily have exposed them. * * *

We shall, perhaps, be told that our philanthropists have visited all our prisons and places of restraint with the utmost strictness, have examined their most petty details, and they have only described after having conscientiously studied. The author of this book is willing to believe the best of these gentlemen, although philanthropy is in the present day made, like godliness, an instrument of "great gain." But, admitting they have discharged their mission with the utmost degree of conscience and scruple, yet none of them ever saw either prison or *bagne*, except when it was prepared for inspection, arrayed, so to speak, *en toilette*. On the day of the visit, known a considerable time beforehand, the soup was almost eatable, the keepers almost polite, and all the prisoners, with a vague hope of pardon or commutation of their sentence, doubtless painted themselves as lambs pure and without spot. Nor is this all; in most of these men there always remains a kind of fear mingled with hope, a remnant of respect for human nature which prevents them from exhibiting themselves as they really are, before those who appear to them clothed with a certain kind of authority, and who have never descended to their level. It is only when they are alone, among themselves, that they can be estimated as they really deserve to be, and though my opinion may be thought something more and worse than a hazardous one, I contend that if a book is required describing with truth and

* *Les Vrais Mystères de Paris*. Par Vidocq. 1844.

exactitude the character and motives of criminals, that book can only be written by one of themselves.

Having thus established his own fitness for the task,—for, of course, he has an acquaintance with the subject quite as perfect as “one of themselves”—he had no hesitation in writing a “truc” collection of “Mysteries” of his own. And here we have a fault to find with an otherwise clear-sighted man. The form of the novel having been so much abused in conjunction with this very lower world of criminality, of which he knows so much, he should not have adopted it as the vehicle for conveying his own information. He avers that all his details are true, and from internal evidence they appear to be so; they have much *vraisemblance*. But to string actual circumstances into a fictitious narrative, adhering to truth in the one, while the other is of “imagination all compact,” is a difficulty not to be overcome. It is an erroneous plan in conception, which no skill afterwards exhibited can remedy. The poet talks of “truth severe in fairy fiction drest,” but that is moral truth, a very different thing from matter of fact; and, moreover, the “fiction” of Vidocq is very much the reverse of fairy-like. He cannot but have been conscious of his own inability to unite successfully materials so incongruous; but he excuses himself by a plea which we must allow to have some force. He adopted the form of a novel, because his purpose being to instruct, it was necessary that he should be read; and seeing that the world will not read even theology, unless conveyed in the garb of a novel, he complied with the prevailing fashion. Thus he sells his fiction for the purpose of dispersing his facts, as the vendors of street sedition were wont to sell the straw and give the libel for nothing, an ingenious, but, we believe, exploded trick for evading the law of the land; Vidocq sells his straw too, and throws in his weightier matter, as it were, gratis and incidentally, in order to comply with the present law of literature. It is with his facts only that we shall deal, for, truth to say, his tale is one of sorry grain. It is a flimsy and rambling story, constructed with very little skill, and told without narrative talent. But scattered through it are many descriptions of places and persons which have something of the stamp of reality, and in these consist the merit of the work. It would be beside our purpose to inquire too curiously whether the book is actually written by the ex-employé, or whether some small litterateur has worked upon material supplied by the man of much knowledge of roguery. There is a sort of pedantry perceptible here and there, indicating a desire to make the most of a very little learning, and there is an abundant supply of the commonest of common-places. But there are also glimpses of shrewdness, and proofs of a

knowledge of that worst part of the world, which can alone be acquired by experience; from some of the scraps of that experience the reader may learn something to his advantage, as the advertisements say, if business or pleasure, or both, should ever take him to Paris. It is as well to be aware of the latest phase which the ever inventive faculties of knavery, sharpened by need, have given to a general and universal system of imposition and fraud, old as avarice and idleness, as old almost as time, and certainly dating from the first gathering of men into the corrupting society of crowded cities.

One of the stock themes of all those who ever visited Paris and then put their blunders about it into a book, was formerly the gaming houses, with their splendour and obtrusive gaiety, their mirrors and champagne, and frenzy of play, the ruin that was its consequence, with the never-failing pendant of suicide and the Morgue. Well, the régime of Louis Philippe has changed all that, and the gambling of the French capital is now driven into haunts that are concealed, or at least affect a kind of secrecy. It thus takes its place among the “Mysteries,” on which Vidocq, as it were, turns the lens of his lantern, to borrow an illustration from our own friends with the numbers on their necks on this side of the water. If we can credit him, the amount of gambling in Paris has not decreased since the suppression of the public and licensed tables; it has only been dispersed in many different directions, while the facilities for unfair play and cheating have been multiplied, from the police no longer having a supervision of the places in which it is carried on. We extract his description of one of the new modes of attracting victims, that those whom it may concern may be on their guard at private *Tables d’hôte*, at which they find good cookery and perfect politeness:—

The establishments known by the name of *Tables d’hôte* are a hundred times more dangerous than the open and public gaming-houses so long celebrated under the management of M. Benazet. The police carries on a continual war with these places, but all their efforts appear to produce no result, for scarcely have they succeeded in suppressing one of them, at No. 4, Rue Richelieu, for instance, than another is opened at No. 6. At these establishments, an excellent dinner is prepared at a fixed hour for the persons who frequent them—it is the pretext for the meeting together; but when the guests rise from the table, and proceed to the saloon to take their coffee, they find everything prepared for the games of *ecarté*, *trente et quarante*, and even *roulette*. The mistress of the house is generally a woman of tact and experience, how gained we need not inquire; and for the most part appear by their tone and manners to have seen something of good society. If they are to be believed, they are almost always widows of some general or colonel of the *grande armée*, but the names, rank, and services of their defunct spouses are never to be found in the books of the Minister of War. We have said that these houses are more dangerous than the public gaming establishments. These last were only tolerated on the condition that the authorities should always have the right of visiting them, and exercising a controul over them at all times. Thus all those who habitually frequented them were easily known; and although the chances of the game were always calculated to give con-

siderable advantages to the bank, yet if fortune turned against it, and gave a player or players an opportunity of a run against it, or even breaking it, the field was fair and open to them. But in these clandestine houses, on the contrary, it is not only against the fatal chances of the game that a player has to contend; he must besides be constantly on his guard against the tricks of an infinite variety of scoundrels and sharpers of many ranks, and of both sexes, to whom these places serve as a point of réunion. Many men who would never have set their foot in one of the dens kept by Benazet under the old system, frequent those places, to which the "Greeks"—those gamblers by profession, with whom to play is infallibly to be cheated—have given the name of *clouffes* or *etouffoirs*. As an additional bait to simpletons, they are also the haunt of a number of pretty women; it is needless to say that they are not virtuous; but provided they are young, well-dressed, and attractive, the head of the establishment makes no inquiries. These women, who are there to seduce young men into playing as deeply as possible, and the sharpers, who win their money with the most perfect grace and affability, form the nucleus of these assemblies. The number and condition of the visitors are determined more or less by accident, and the address with which the house is managed. Among all directly connected with it, you will find ease of manner, polish, and politeness, but honesty need not be looked for.

From the haunts of rascality, the transition is easy and natural to the description of those who frequent them. Vidocq, adopting the language of a witty writer, classifies all those who live in Paris by doubtful means, and of whom the only thing known with certainty is, that having no property of their own, they must exist on that of others, under one general name—that of "Bohemians." The term does not convey so direct an idea of the class described in English, as it does in French; but still it is sufficiently intelligible for the purpose. The "Bohemia" of Paris is well peopled, and includes many tribes and races; but we again prefer the description of Vidocq to anything we could give of our own:—

The Café des Variétés is an ordinary rendezvous of dramatic authors, who will sell, or sometimes buy, vaudevilles or dramas in whole, in halves, or even in quarters. At the Café du Cirque you meet with small authors, small actors, small musicians. The Café Desmarests opens its doors to our modern Solons. Besides these, and many others, there are in the vast Pandemonium of Paris, establishments decorated and filled with equal or greater luxury and splendour than those we have mentioned, which are situated in the most fashionable quarters of the capital, and yet, brilliant as they are, they are little frequented except by the members of that class of adventurers who have received the name of the "Bohemians of Paris." It is divided naturally into two bodies, the high and low. They are not thieves, but still less are they honest men. The upper grade of the class live with all the outward indications of wealth; they have magnificent apartments, fine horses, an equipage, and a *dameuse*, yet no one ever heard of their having any ostensible source of income either in the funds or land. Yet they are far less badly looked on by the world than those who are openly robbers. An individual is received in the saloon, admitted to table, saluted in the street, though perhaps his vocation is a secret to no one, and though he owes neither to his fortune nor his labour, the gold that glitters through the silk net-work of his well filled purse. Whatever qualities distinguish the "Bohemians" of the nineteenth century, it must be confessed they are far from reaching the level of their predecessors. Cagliostro, Casanova, the Chevaliers St. George and La Morlière, the Comte St. Germain, and many others, have left no successors. But even to follow these great names, *Imago interuallo*, requires many qualities, a quick and cultivated spirit, courage, proof against every accident or turn of affairs, a perfect presence of mind, a physiognomy at once agreeable and commanding, a well

made person, which is all the better for being a tall one. The Bohemians who unite all these must still have the one talent which is worth all the rest, the knowledge of the method of turning them all to account. Thus he must, before launching himself on the scene of business, provide himself with a suitable name; he must not be either a Pierre Lelong, nor a Eustache Lecourt, and he will fail if he is foolish enough to call himself Saint anything; the appellation has been worn completely threadbare. Provided with a name, he must procure, if he has them not already, the services of the most fashionable tailor. His coats, of the latest cut, must come from the establishments of Wolf or Chevreuil; his boots must be from Boivin, his hat from Gausserau. His cane must be of the finest finish, his cigar-case unimpeachable. For his lodging he must select one of the new streets of the Chaussée d'Antin, and his apartments must display a command of wealth, regulated by perfect taste in all the details of drapery, bronzes, mirrors, and carpets. His horses must be English, and his tilbury from the last builder in vogue. His servant must be neither too young nor too old, endowed with all qualifications essential in a valet, and a few others required by his position as the valet of an adventurer. He must have a penetrating eye, coolness, perfect impudence, and presence of mind, be fluent in conversation, and yet discreet, particularly in the use he makes of the allusions to his master's wealth, country, and ancestors. A complaisant porter is also one of the first necessities of the Bohemian of good society, his great quality being the faculty of seeing without observing. Having been gained he must be kept; to effect this he must be indulged, flattered, and highly paid. The Bohemians have no particular age. There are among them young men, men of mature years, and men whom time has touched with grey. Many of them have been dupes before they became sharpers, and those who have been so are the most to be feared, for they have preserved the tone and manners of good society. In many of the others, whatever may be the titles they assume, and in spite of their skill in dress, and the decorations they wear, there is almost always something in their bearing and manners that betrays them. Allusions to suspicious persons and connections glide at times into their conversation, and often, although on their guard against it, they make use of expressions not to be found in the vocabulary of respectable men. * * * There are many old military officers in the ranks of the Bohemians, some *soi disant*, of course, but others have really served and been broken or disgraced. All promote themselves at pleasure. The subaltern is always a captain, the captain at least a colonel, the colonel is a general of division; he would have been a Marshal of France had the Government properly appreciated his merits.

The operations of this vast band of "Bohemian Brothers" of course disperse them in all quarters of the city, and among all ranks of society; for "Rogucry, Sir, doth walk about the orb—like the sun, it shines everywhere." But every calling must have its points of union; there must be the exchanges of crime as well as of commerce. The public has been sickened of St. Giles's night-houses, and the *Tapis franc* of Paris has been so often described that the very name is enough to make one shut the book, and, like Dante's lovers, "read that day no more." Here is another "Mystery of Paris;" vice in the trappings of wealth, and crime seeking communion with crime in the locality which it has adorned with its spoils. Here theft shakes hands with forgery, and both dine off plate; murder trims his moustache in a Venetian mirror; and petty larceny lounges on a velvet couch, and sips lemonade:—

In one of the open passages of the Boulevard, in the centre of one of the richest and most brilliant quarters of Paris, very near a theatre, in which the parts of fathers, lovers, and coquettes, are played by children, is an establishment in which, at all hours of the day, and almost of the

night, one may be certain of meeting some of the members of the higher "Bohemia" of the city. This establishment, situated in the most obscure part of the passage in question, might easily escape the notice of the passer by. An unsuspecting stranger entering it by chance to take his *déjeuner*, or his *petit verre*, would find himself out of place—would feel uncomfortable and ill at ease—he could scarcely tell wherefore. He would take for diplomatists those exceedingly well-dressed individuals; the red ribands he sees attached to so many button-holes dazzle him; and when he departs he almost feels that he ought to apologise to the *dame du comptoir* for the liberty he has taken in entering. The apartment is fitted up with the utmost luxury and splendour; mirrors, gilding, divans, marble tables; and the lady who sits at the counter is young, exceedingly pretty, and particularly well dressed. The master of the establishment, or the superintendent, or whatever he may be, bears no resemblance to a waiter of any kind; he has neither the white waistcoat nor the muslin cravat that the whole class seems to have adopted by a sort of common consent; he does not carry beneath his arm the indispensable napkin. His figure and bearing, dress, hair, and mustachios, would rather induce one to suppose him a retired officer of the heavy cavalry. He shakes hands cordially with those *habitués* of the place whose purse appears for the present to be tolerably filled; his speech is dry, short, even rude, to those among them who appear to be suffering under a "temporary embarrassment." The consumption of *café noir* and thimbles-full of absinthe is the very smallest source of the trade of this worthy person. If a young man of family, wishing to spend his fortune before he has got it, is introduced to this trap, he is flattered, indulged, fêted in all kinds of ways. Monsieur tells him apocryphal stories of the campaigns he never made; and Madame, who does not wish to forget that she is pretty, favours him with her most gracious smiles. The young man hints that he is in want of money; Monsieur is all alacrity to oblige him. "Good Heavens, Sir," he says, "why did you not name it sooner? I would with the greatest pleasure have lent you the amount you require without interest; but at present I can only recommend you to a friend of mine, M. ———. If you please, we will call on him together." The "simple one" is circumvented on all sides—
 • is neither left nor allowed time to reflect—and finally signs bills to a large amount, for which he receives from the usurer a small sum in money, and a large one in the shape of bad pictures and worse wine; the booty made of him being divided among the gang of confederates of whom the zealous keeper of the *café* is the chief.

• Touching bill-discounting, and the "mysteries" thereto belonging, we think we might match the good city of London for villany and extortion against any capital of Europe. We must not flatter ourselves that we are one whit better than our neighbours, and not all the romance of Eugene Sue, nor the reality of Vidocq should make us oblivious of the great fact, that a large component part of our population could, without anything of what the equity lawyers call an error in description, say to their Paris compeers, "we also are scoundrels." In all that appertains to financial fraud, and that species of robbery that takes the semblance of commercial transactions and makes use of commercial forms and instruments, we doubt if London can be equalled for the extent, variety, and success of its roguery. Our Bohemia has a fertile soil, and its denizens cultivate it to the utmost. In other kinds of robbery—that more vulgar sort, performed by the hands and involving personal dexterity—we concede to the French a superiority. Our national genius has taken another direction; we concoct great schemes on a scale of fraud

that absolutely touches on the sublime; but we do not produce individuals of exquisite manual skill in what may be called the practical art of conveyancing. Barrington was our last celebrity in that way, and he was himself alone, not a type of a class. The gentleman pick-pocket, the aristocratic thief, may still be found among the French; our swell mob is but a poor imitation of the genuine article; vulgarity and a Field-lane sort of ruffianism that cannot be concealed by fine clothes, make it impossible to mistake them. Vidocq is elaborate in his description of the polished and elegant adventurers who have left distinguished names in the archives of the French police. Many of them have even an interest bordering on historical. Think of an escaped convict getting the order of the Bath, or dining at Apsley House! To us it sounds merely impossible, and yet if records, minute in dates, names, and facts, can be relied on, such things have happened in France. But it will be observed our authority speaks of the past rather than of the present; we must apologise for a word or two of slang, of which Vidocq makes somewhat too unsparing a use, and which we have as unsparingly suppressed:—

The *haute pègre** is an association of men, who, in the war they are constantly making on society at large, exhibit towards each other a remarkable degree of attachment and fidelity, especially to those who have invented any new and ingenious kind of robbery, or have, with more than usual success, practised an old one. The *pègre de la haute* would direct others to steal, but would scorn to steal himself, any object of trifling value; he would deem it a compromise of his dignity as an "able man;" he only engages personally in important affairs, and has a great contempt for those who mix themselves up in petty ones; and those who do he governs and directs as a chief. At a period not long elapsed, the *pègres de la haute* had their peculiar laws, not written or reduced to a code indeed, but much better observed than many that govern society. But still, the aristocrat of crime, who has never betrayed his comrades in the time of danger, is never abandoned by them when he, in his turn, is "in trouble;" he receives assistance in prison, at the galleys, and even at the foot of the scaffold. The gentleman thief is to be met with everywhere, at the *Cog Hardi*, at the *Maison dorée*, at the *Bal Chicard*, and at the balcony of the *Theatre Italien*; he dresses in every style, according to the necessities or purposes of the moment; and whether it is the costume of a man of fashion, or the simple blouse of the labourer, he suits his manners to it, for he can take every form, and talk every kind of language; he can pass from the tone of the conversation of good society to the slang of the prisons and the galleys. The *pègre de la haute* loves his trade and the excitement it produces, and one quality which cannot be denied him, is that of being an excellent lawyer. He frequently proceeds, so to speak, with the code in his hand, and if he has adopted one particular kind of robbery he soon acquires such an ability that he, in some degree, carries it on with impunity. This is so common that it is only in consequence of unforeseen circumstances, or the information of associates, that the police have been able to arrest those among them who have appeared before the tribunals. There are many shades of difference which distinguish this upper class of thieves from each other. The principal one is that which separates the Parisian thief from the thief of the provinces. The former usually adopt those modes of robbery only which require address and cunning; the second, less adroit but more audacious, frequently resort to violence. The former is skilful in the use of the skeleton key, but eschews the crow-bar. But their organization is very comprehensive, and all have a

* Association of distinguished robbers.

very good understanding with each other. The "great men" of the corporation, moreover, will turn their hands indifferently to anything; no enterprise is too audacious for them, and their head is frequently the stake in the game they play against the laws and society. * * * * * It is true that one will not find any of the members of the aristocracy of France in the infamous sinks and dens of crime of Paris, unless some individual may have occasionally descended into them from curiosity. But it frequently happens that the *habitués* of these places suddenly quit their place and mix in good society, not the less continuing to pursue their old vocation. It is lamentable, but it is no less true, that in the highest circles, and in the best society, there are to be met with men who have been inmates of the prisons and the galleys; in more than one saloon you may be elbowed by a sharper, a robber, or even an assassin. An old convict, *Guy de Chambreuil*, who had richly deserved the punishment to which he had been condemned, was, in 1815, director-general *des Haras* of France, and chief of the police of the Chateau. Another convict named Cognard, who had several times escaped from the Bagne, succeeded, under the name of the Count Pontis de Sainte-Helene, in getting himself appointed Colonel of the Legion of the Seine! He was an accomplished man and played his part so well at Court, that at Ghent, the Duc de Berry presented him to Louis XVIII, who gave the pretended Count his own cross of Saint Louis! Cognard and Chambreuil were not the only criminals who, at this epoch, filled places at the Court. We will mention, among others whose names have escaped us, the following: De Fenelon, who, claimed a descent from the same family as the illustrious author of *Telemaque*; this individual had been detained seven years at Bicêtre; Jalade, a forger, liberated after eight years' detention at the galleys, was *Feutier* in Chief; Morel, an échappé from the bagne of Brest, was employed in the secretariat of the *Commandements du Roi*; Stevenot, who had also escaped from the same bagne, was a colonel of a regiment of the line; Menegant, called de Mangenest, after having undergone four or five sentences, made himself the poet of the Court, and after having sung the Republic and the Empire, with equal skill, chanted the praises of the Bourbons.

Most of these men flourished at a period when society was disorganised, and when the great military system of Napoleon was breaking up, letting loose on the world whole hordes of men, trained in the principles and practices of war; as they considered society at large as their enemy, they carried on hostilities against it with that mixture of force and address which produced the results above described. But even now the Paris pickpocket occasionally comes in contact with Royalty, and, regardless of the divinity that doth hedge a King, dares lay profane hands on the contents of the Royal pockets. In a Paris paper of the 20th of November last, we read the following:—"It is reported that his Majesty, on his journey to Fontainebleau, was robbed of a silk handkerchief, a splendid snuff-box, mounted in diamonds, and a portrait of the Queen of the Belgians by Madame de Mirbel, which were taken from his coat pocket." This is a feat which must have required no ordinary audacity and skill, for there never was a monarch so well watched as Louis Philippe; the police never have their eyes off him, and yet he is robbed! The individual who effected the transfer of the snuff-box and accompaniments, was doubtless one of the aristocracy of his profession.

We had marked some other passages for extract, but those we have given will probably

suffice. We have avoided all the author's fiction, and drawn only on those parts for which he vouches as fact. On many points he speaks as one having authority, and has an insight into many matters not possessed by authors who write more voluminously; his book has something of the qualities that give a value to an account of a campaign or a battle written by a private soldier, which often records facts that could not have occurred as inventions to the wildest imagination. Who can withhold a sort of respect from the author who can prove his qualifications to deal with the question in hand by such unanswerable logic as the following?—

The author of this book delivered into the hands of justice three gangs of celebrated *vauterniers* (robbers by escalade); the first consisted of thirty-two men, the second of twenty-eight, and the third of sixteen. Out of these seventy-six, sixty-seven were convicted.

The experiences of a man who has done the state some service in this manner must needs be worth having; it may be that an excess of familiarity with such scenes as he describes may have bred a certain contempt for the qualities of those who figure in them, but it is certain that to Vidocq no thief is a hero. He is altogether practical, and sees things and men as they are; close contact with them has destroyed all the illusions under which other writers have laboured. He twines no flowers of eloquence and sentiment round the murderer's knife, or the burglar's "jemmy;" nor on the other hand does he rack the imagination to invent fantastic horrors, exaggerating even crime, till we revolt from the enormity of the fiction. A true description of a battle-field or a military hospital, is a strong corrective of the false impressions of the glory of war. Since a halo has been thrown around crime, it is as well to have a faithful account of what men really are when debased by it. We have it here; and depraved, sordid, desperate, and despicable beings they are. The "*True Mysteries of Paris*" reveal them such, and so would the "*mysteries*" of any other capital, for in all countries there is a sad sameness in the effects of a course of crime. Such revelations are repulsive, but useful also. The stern fact of the police-court corrects the vicious fictions of the novel; and for the ban cast abroad by the romancer, we have here the antidote of the policeman.

THE CHIMES; a Goblin Story of Some Bells that Rang an Old Year Out and a New Year In. By CHARLES DICKENS. *Chapman and Hall.*

THIS is one of the strangest productions of the author's fertile imagination, but by no means one of his most felicitous. Although abounding with portraits executed in his happiest manner, it is deficient in drama to connect or oppose them, and we wonder after perusing every line of the book what it is all about. In fact there is no story or current of pro-

bable incident to keep expectation on the alert, no panorama of action; but a number of highly finished sketches of character hanging independently alongside each other, like pictures in a gallery. But some of these are exquisitely finished. We shall commence our quotations with the hero himself, Toby Veck, an old ticket-porter, whose stand was at the angle of a church-wall, close by the belfry, high up in which were the Chimes that perform so prominent a part in the story:—

They called him Trotty from his pace, which meant speed, if he didn't make it. He could have walked faster, perhaps—most likely; but rob him of his trot and Toby would have taken to his bed and died. It bespattered him with mud in dirty weather; it cost him a world of trouble; he could have walked with infinitely greater ease, but that was one reason for his clinging to it so tenaciously. A weak, small, spare old man, he was a very Hercules, this Toby, in his good intentions. He loved to earn his money. He delighted to be believed—Toby was very poor, and couldn't well afford to part with a delight—that he was worth his salt. With a shilling or an eightpenny message, or small parcel in his hand, his courage, always high, rose higher. As he was trotting on, he would call out to fast postmen ahead of him to get out of the way, devoutly believing that, in the natural course of things, he must inevitably overtake and run them down; and he had perfect faith—not often tested—in his being able to carry anything that man could lift. Thus, even when he came out of his nook to warm himself on a wet day, Toby trotted; making with his leaky shoes a crooked line of slushy footprints in the mire, and blowing on his chilly hands and rubbing them against each other—poorly defended from the searching cold by threadbare mufflers of grey worsted, with a private apartment only for the thumb, and a common room, or tap, for the rest of the fingers—Toby, with his knees bent and cane beneath his arm, still trotted. Falling out into the road to look up at the belfry when the chimes resounded, Toby trotted still.

These chimes and Toby soon became great friends:

They were company to him, and when he heard their voices he had an interest in glancing at their lodging-place and thinking how they were moved, and what hammers beat upon them.

Toby had many strange ideas, and that which most puzzled his simple head was one that had crept into it through reading the newspapers. The startling question—"Have the poor any business on the face of the earth, or not?" "Sometimes," argues Toby to himself "I think we must have a little, and sometimes I think we must be intruding. I get so puzzled sometimes that I am not even able to make up my mind whether there is any good at all in us, or whether we are born bad. We seem to do dreadful things—we seem to give a deal of trouble—we are always being complained of and guarded against. One way or another we fill the papers." It was in one of these musing fits, on the last day of the old year, that Toby is interrupted by his daughter Meg, who brings him his dinner—a basin of tripe; and while the old man eats it upon the step of a hall-door, she tells him that Richard, a young blacksmith, who has long loved her, had proposed that they should be married on the following day. Her speech to her kind-hearted old father is simple and natural:—

"How hard, father, to grow old, and die, and think we might have cheered each other! How hard in all our lives to love each other and to grieve apart; to see each other working, changing, growing old and grey! Even if I got the better of it, and forgot him (which I never could)—oh! father, dear, how hard to have a heart so full as mine is now, and live to have it slowly drained out every drop, without the recollection of one happy moment of a woman's life to stay behind and comfort me, and make me better!"

Trotty sat quite still, Meg dried her eyes, and said more gaily—that is to say, with here a laugh and there a sob, and here a laugh and a sob together:—

"So Richard says, father, as his work was yesterday made certain for some time to come, and as I love him, and have loved him full three years—Ah! longer than that if he knew it!—will I marry him on New Year's Day?—the best and happiest day, he says, in the whole year, and one that is almost sure to bring good fortune with it. It's a short notice, father—isn't it? but I haven't my fortune to be settled, or my wedding dresses to be made, like the great ladies, father, have I?"

Richard himself arrives at the instant to aid Meg's appeal, when three gentlemen come out of the house upon whose door-step Trotty had been taking his humble meal. One of them, Alderman Cute, is a self-complacent, affable, joking gentleman—a practical philosopher who has one short rule for dealing with common people—"Put them down"—which had never failed him. The third individual of the trio is a red-faced gentleman, in a blue coat with bright buttons and a red cravat, intended as a specimen of a class of people who are always exclaiming against the degeneracy of the present day, and lamenting the decay of "the good old times." The alderman warns the young couple, in his own peculiar way, against the misfortunes that will inevitably overtake them should they be so imprudent as to get married. Anybody who has been, or is in acquaintance with civic knighthood, cannot fail to *put the saddle on the right horse (?)* on perusing the following graphic lines:

"You are going to be married, you say," pursued the Alderman. "Very unbecoming and indelicate in one of your sex. But never mind that. After you are married you'll quarrel with your husband, and come to be a distressed wife. You may think not; but you will, because I tell you so. Now I give you fair warning that I have made up my mind to put distressed wives down—so don't be brought before me. You'll have children—boys. The boys will grow up bad, of course, and run wild in the streets without shoes and stockings. Mind, my young friend, I'll convict 'em summarily, every one, for I am determined to put boys without shoes and stockings down. Perhaps your husband will die young (most likely) and leave you with a baby. Then you'll be turned out of doors, and wander up and down the streets. Now, don't wander too near me, my dear, for I'm resolved to put all wandering mothers down. All young mothers, of all sorts and kinds, it's my determination to put down. Don't think to plead illness as an excuse with me, or babies as an excuse with me; for all sick persons and young children (I hope you know the church service, but I'm afraid not) I'm determined to put down. And if you attempt—desperately and ungratefully, and impiously and fraudulently attempt to drown yourself or hang yourself, I'll have no pity for you, for I've made up my mind to put all suicide down. If there is one thing," said the alderman, with his self-satisfied smile, "on which I can be said to have made up my mind more than another, it is to put suicide down; so don't try it on; that's the phrase, isn't it! Ha! ha! now we understand each other."

Was there ever such heartlessness, or insolence of office, better exposed? Toby, who is a sensitive creature, becomes melancholy upon this, and is more than ever convinced that the poor are wrong, and have no business in this world. Even his old friends, the Chimes, that used to speak words of hope and encouragement to his heart, are changed, and their tune now seems to be, "Put 'em down! Put 'em down! Good old times! Good old times! Facts and figures!" While in this state of mind, he is despatched with a letter from the alderman to the house of Sir Joseph Bowley, Baronet, and member of Parliament. The sketch of Sir Joseph Bowley is

meant, we presume, as a satire upon the pompous, selfish, landed gentry of this country. In his interview with Sir Joseph and his lady, Toby learns that the purport of the letter from Alderman Cute is respecting a certain Will Fern, one of Sir Joseph's tenants, who had been found at night sleeping in a shed, and was carried next morning before the magistrates—inquiring if it would be agreeable to Sir Joseph to have this Will Fern “put down.” Now this very Fern was a fellow who had behaved in a most insolent and ungrateful manner to Lady Bowley, by objecting to “pinking and cyelet-holing,” which her ladyship had introduced as a nice evening employment among the men and boys of the village. It was, therefore, desirable to make an example of him. Toby, however, meets Will Fern by accident on his return homewards, discovers his name, and not only warns him of the danger that awaits him, should he visit Alderman Cute again, but insists that the unfortunate man—who has neither food nor shelter, and is accompanied by his niece, a beautiful child—shall accompany him to his own abode.

Toby, left alone after his guests and Meg had retired to rest, takes up a newspaper which contains an account of a woman who had laid desperate hands not only on her own life, but on that of her child. The crime fills him with horror:—

“Unnatural and cruel!” Toby cried. “None but people who were bad at heart—born bad; who had no business on the earth—could do such deeds. It's too true all I have heard to-day—too just—too full of proof. We're bad.”

In this self-abasing state of mind, he fancies he hears the Chimes calling him by name to come and see them. Toby, led by some irresistible impulse, obeys the summons of the Chimes, and slipping out quietly, finds the door of the belfry open, and ascends the narrow staircase of the tower until he comes to the place where the bells are. Here he sees and hears wild and awful things. The Goblin of the Great Bell appears to him, and in solemn and somewhat mystical language, undertakes to teach him “a living truth”—from the life of his own daughter Meg,—Trotty himself, according to the account given by the bells, having been killed nine years before, by a fall from the tower in the dark. It is from this portion of the tale we expected a wholesome lesson which might give comfort or hope to the children of misfortune. There is none. The Spirit of the Bells shows Toby, in a vision, the unavoidable misery of the poor, who are driven by insult and wrong and hunger to desperation, and from desperation to the most frightful crimes. This, alas! is but too often the case in reality; but why show these things to poor Trotty, who can only deplore a state of society he has no power to amend? Had these revelations been made to a rich man, like Sir John Bowley, and been made the means of awakening a spirit of genuine charity in his breast, the moral of the tale must have been acknowledged. True, it might look too like the reformation wrought in Scrooge by similar means; but better even so, than as it is. We find we have not space to dwell at great length upon the scenes presented to Trotty by the Spirit of the Bells. He sees, in the first place, his dear daughter Meg plying her needle in a poor mean room. Her beauty is faded, and the light of her once bright eye dimmed. Lillian is with her, grown up to womanhood. She describes the life

they lead—incessant, hopeless, cheerless toil, which scarce suffices to earn bare bread.

The spirit next transports Trotty to Bowley Hall, the mansion of Sir Joseph Bowley, “the friend and father of the poor,” as he magniloquently styles himself. A great festivity is being held at the hall in honour of the birthday of Lady Bowley. The tenants are feasted, and the worthy baronet condescends to play at skittles with the humblest of his dependents. After dinner Sir Joseph was about proposing as a toast, “his friends and children, and the dignity of labour,” when a man burst through the throng, so old and grey and bent, that, but for the blaze of lamps on his gnarled and knotted head, Toby could hardly have known him for Will Fern. The ragged visitor, who had been hunted, persecuted, and imprisoned because he was poor and friendless, makes an eloquent and heart-stirring appeal to the landlord in behalf of the poor labouring classes. This is, without exception, the best and most dramatic portion of the work. Trotty next finds himself in the wretched garret of his daughter—still working, but alone. Lillian, less patient than her friend, had sought relief from misery in sin. There is a touching scene between Meg and Richard, her former lover, who has fallen into drunken and dissolute habits. The death of Lillian in the arms of Meg develops tender womanly traits that make her character the most interesting and natural in the work. Meg soon after marries Richard (though he had broken his faith with her when they had been engaged to be married nine years before), that she might be the means of reclaiming him and saving him; but Richard soon dies of a broken constitution, and Meg is left a widow with a child. Her sole friend in the world is a poor woman, in whose house she lodges. One night bending over her baby, singing it to sleep, she was surprised by the sudden appearance of Will Fern. He looked like one pursued, and spoke in whispers. “What have you done,” asked Meg. After some time he replies,

“There'll be fires to-night,” he said, moving from her; “there be fires this winter time to light the dark nights—east, west, north, and south. When you see the distant sky red they'll be blazing. When you see the distant sky red think of me no more; or, if you do, remember what a hell was lighted up inside of me, and think you see its flames reflected in the clouds. Good night!”

Meg is that same night driven with her infant from the shelter of a roof into the streets. Driven to desperation, she is upon the point of plunging into the river, when the ghost of Trotty shrieks out in anguish; he exclaims that he has learned the truth, and, clasping his child in his arms, discovers himself awaking from a troubled dream in his own garret, with Meg beside him, promising that he should never eat tripe again without a doctor's permission. The entrance of Richard to claim the first kiss of the new year from his intended bride, and of a posse of neighbours and a band of street music to wish them a happy wedding and a merry new year, concludes the tale, and leaves all the parties in precisely the same state in which they were at its commencement. The warning of the vision appears to have been altogether unnecessary, as everybody does precisely what they would have done had Trotty Veck never dreamed a dream about the Goblin Chimes.

Altogether, we look upon this Goblin Story as inferior to the Christmas Carol.

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September, 1844.

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I, WILLIAM WOOD, of Rockwell Green, in the parish of Wellington, Somerset, hereby certify that for about seven years I was afflicted with Scorbutic Humour on my nose, with a continued discharge, rendering me almost unfit for society; I tried several medical men, and various medicines for curing the same, but all proved of no avail, producing no beneficial effects; at last I was persuaded to try PARR'S PILLS, and after taking two small boxes and part of a third, I was completely cured, and I now feel no pain or inconvenience as before. Many parties in the neighbourhood, and your agent for Wellington, Mr. GREEDY, can bear witness that my testimony is correct, and I wish it to be made known, that others similarly afflicted may be encouraged to try the same medicine, which, under the blessing of God, has proved so agreeable to me.

Witness my hand this 6th day of August, 1844,

Wm. WOOD.

In the presence of JOHN GREEDY, Bookseller, Wellington.

Case of Violent HEAD-ACHE, cured by PARR'S PILLS, communicated by Mr. C. R. RUTTER, Druggist, &c., Shaftesbury, Dorset.

Mrs. Blandford, of Motcombe, near Shaftesbury, was subject for years to violent attacks of head-ache, which at times became so severe as to incapacitate her from any employment. She was under a doctor's care for a considerable time, but found little or no relief. A neighbour who had been benefited by taking PARR'S PILLS, recommended her to try them, and upon taking one small box the complaint was removed. She has since had no return, and her general health is much improved.

TO THE PUBLIC.

No sooner is a Medicine well established in Public Favour; than a host of Imitators arise, who, for the sake of gain, not only wrong the Proprietors of the Genuine Medicine, but inflict a serious injury on the unwary purchaser of their base counterfeit trash. These observations apply with increased effect to the medicine which is now so well known as "PARR'S LIFE PILLS." This famous remedy has been established by undoubted proofs of its efficacy, and by a mass of Evidence and Testimonials which no other Medicine ever yet called forth. These facts have had the effect of producing a very large sale—more than 15,000 boxes per week. When this large sale came to the knowledge of some unprincipled persons, who for the sake of gain to themselves, and reckless of the injury it may do to others, are attempting to foist on the incautious various imitations, and in order that purchasers may be able to detect these frauds, care must be taken to look at the *Government Stamp* pasted round each box, and be sure it has the words "PARR'S LIFE PILLS" in white letters on a red ground engraved therein, and forms part of the stamp; also that "T. Roberts & Co., Crane Court, Fleet Street," is printed with the directions wrapped round each box.

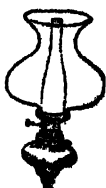
Ask for PARR'S LIFE PILLS, and enquire for the little book, containing the Life of Old Parr, thirty-two pages, with engravings, also the numerous testimonials, which may be had gratis on application of all agents and respectable vendors throughout the United Kingdom.

Sold by all respectable Medicine Vendors, in boxes at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 11s. The boxes at 2s. 9d. contain nearly three small, and those at 11s. contain nearly five at 2s. 9d.

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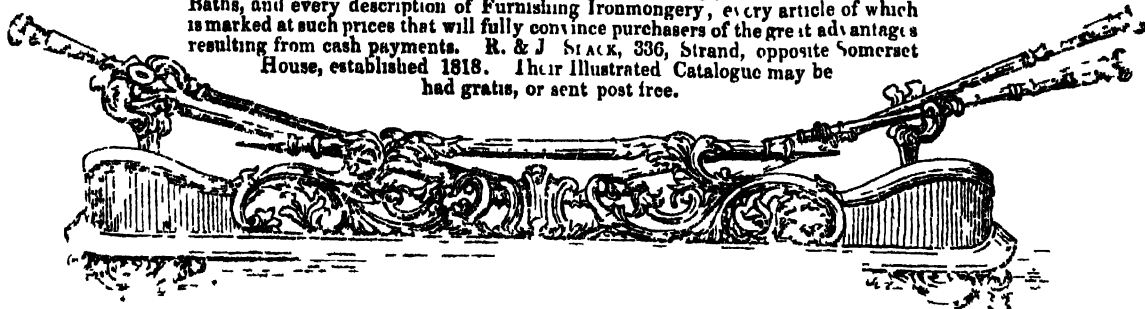
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While all are thus indulging in the exuberance of gaiety, and general congratulations are going their periodical round, Messrs. ROWLAND & SON feel anxious to avail themselves of so favourable an opportunity to return their sincere thanks to a discriminating and liberal public for its marked *extensive approbation and patronage* throughout the past year of their celebrated **UNIQUE PREPARATIONS**, Rowland's Macassar Oil, Rowland's Kalydor, and Rowland's Odonto.

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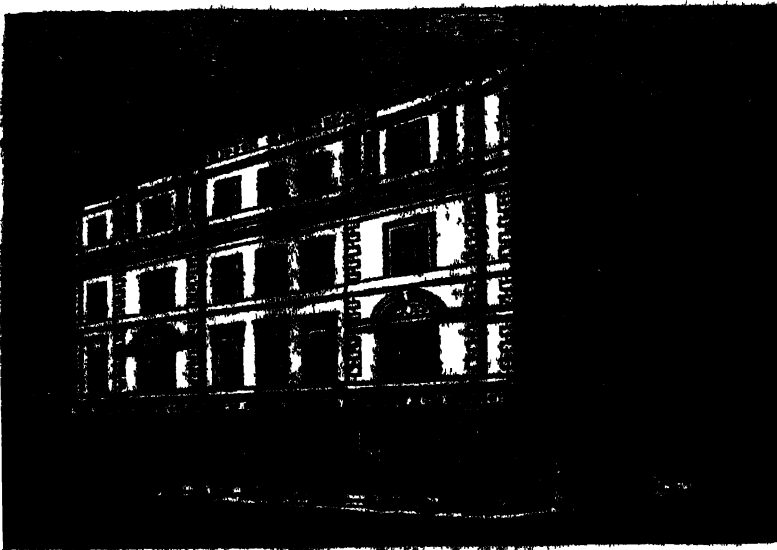


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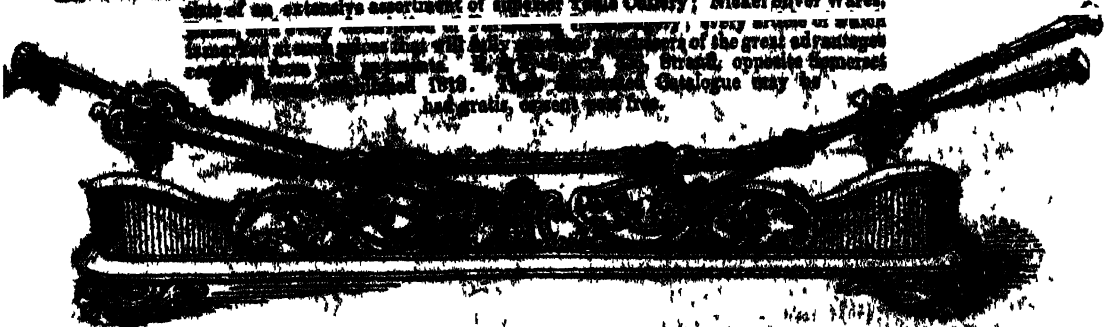
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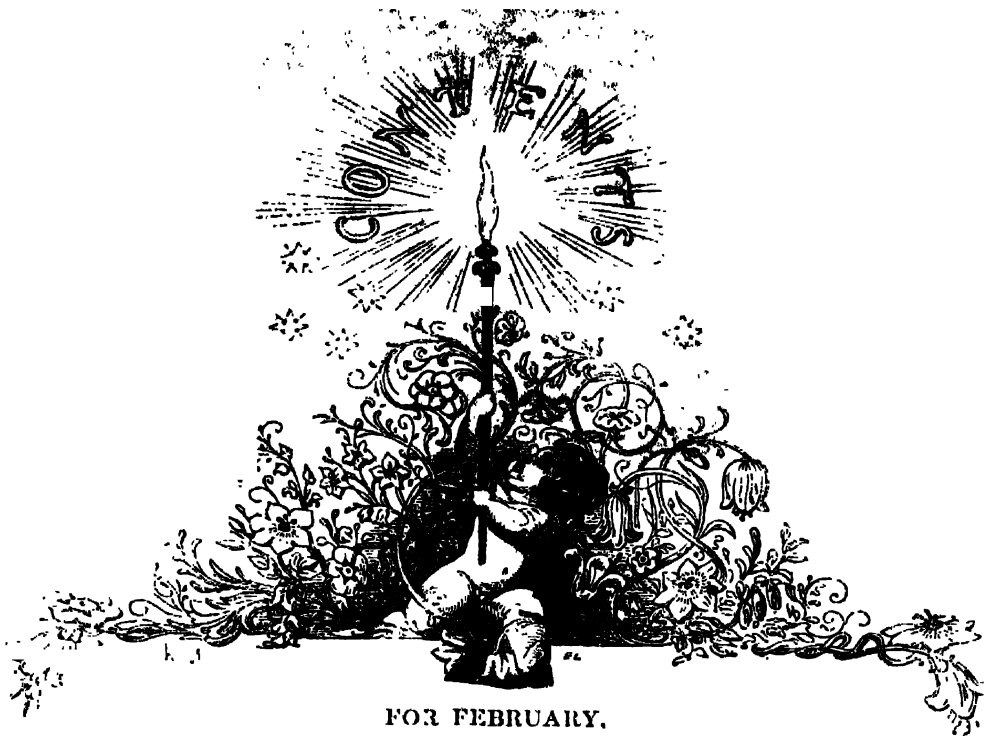
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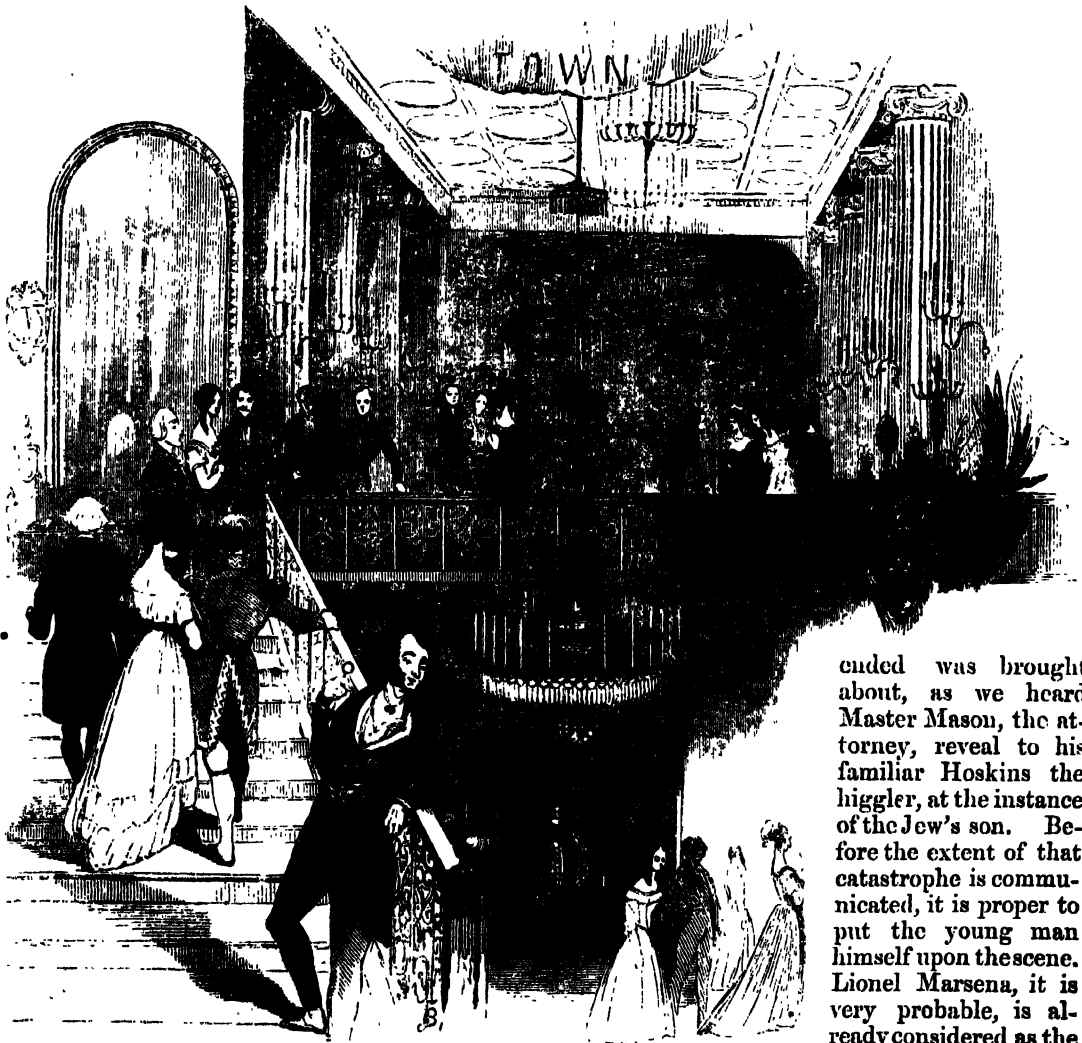


THE ILLUMINATED MAGAZINE



FATHERLAND: A TALE OF TWO EPOCHS.

BY J. W. CARLETON (CRAVEN), AUTHOR OF "HYDE MARSTON," &c., &c., &c.



CHAPTER IV.

LOOK ON THIS PICTURE AND ON THIS.

The destined heir—
Whose even thread the fates spin round and full
Out of their choicest and their whitest wool.

BEN JONSON.

Thou hast not a friend, perhaps, in the world will give
thee a macaroon.

STERNE.

THE event with which the preceding chapter
VOL. IV.

cuded was brought about, as we heard Master Mason, the attorney, reveal to his familiar Hoskins the higgler, at the instance of the Jew's son. Before the extent of that catastrophe is communicated, it is proper to put the young man himself upon the scene. Lionel Marsena, it is very probable, is already considered as the principal villain of our drama; the demonstrated demon of our moral; let us do him justice. The career of our millionaire's heir was simply an affair of cause and effect. His humanity was, we imagine, an average sample—made up of the ordinary materials, in tolerably fair proportions. There was vice and virtue, sense and folly, courage and cowardice, gaiety and

gravity, good and evil ; in short, all that constitutes the idiosyncrasy of the species.

There had, however, been a blunder committed in the cultivation of his clay ; his youth was badly formed, but whose fault was that ? At a proper age our young gentleman was sent to the most distinguished seminary in this land. The course of education which he there underwent was of the most approved kind. A great authority in such matters, says :—

Oh ye, who teach the ingenuous youth of nations,
Holland, France, England, Germany, or Spain,
I pray ye flog them upon all occasions ;
It mends their morals—never mind the pain.

And no one, who had experience of Eton at the period to which this relates, will have any misgiving that he was exposed to such neglect ; indeed the chances are that not a day passed which did not afford him the advantage of a rib-roasting in one way or another. But the tendencies of our seats of learning, there is reason to fear, does not lean towards utilitarianisms, or, at all events, they did not in our day, or Lionel Marsena's. Far apart as the philosophy of the old sages lay, it has been justly said that, in one respect, our universities manage to reconcile their contempt for the vulgar and the useful. At your great classic schools the mind was drilled to mark time, without putting one foot before another ; this was the old march of intellect.

The pupillage thus begun was finished by a matriculation of the *dolce far niente*, at Oxford ; of course our young student had become a good Christian. It is to be lamented that in taking leave of the errors of Judaism, he parted with its praiseworthy properties also. Industry and frugality were the abominations of his soul. As a child he had done nothing ; as a youth, as little as his inclination led to, which was about a similar amount ; consequently, as soon as he became a man he set about doing mischief. The first act of his maturity was to spend ten times more than its allowance, which, under such circumstances, is generally the *premier pas*, and always that *qui coute*. Now here it is necessary to declare no portion of this allusion to scholastic considerations is meant as a recantation of what has previously been written in this history, in glory of aristocratic Etonia. She is, among schools, the *alma mater genetriz* of the Graces. Send "a clod," compounded of the vilest dust, the rubbish of St. Giles's, leavened with the puddle of Cheap—send, we say, "a clod," so conglomerated, to the shades of the Brocas, and the Castaly of Surly Hall, and he shall come back a piece of precious porcelain, fashioned after the purest classic model, "a little gentleman from top to toe ;" upon this you may depend, as well as having to pay handsomely for your specimen.

Lionel Marsena, then, having undergone the regular process of transmutation, appeared, in

due course, at the contractor's mansion in Portland-place, every way befitting his scene of action. Still, polished as he was—purified into the essence of good taste and approved fashion—his sire became painfully aware of the presence of the taint of Israel in the son. Neither should we be in a hurry to blame him. In spite of all the fine things Lord Byron has sung in his Hebrew melodies, your daughter of Judah is the *prosopopeia* of a shaver—and your male Levite hath that about him which is awfully eloquent of "old clothes." In the contractor's case this feeling was the result of some morbid sensibility, for certainly neither in word nor deed did any of his visitors exhibit a want of consideration for the representative of his succession. But, no doubt, the old discounter of mankind could not bring himself to overlook the fact, even for his own especial satisfaction, that, in reference to the heir inferential to a million of sterling pounds, the standard of human perfection is found alike in a face without a handle as one accommodated with a snout of the dimensions of an elephant's proboscis.

Whatever the cause, soon after the appearance of his son, Simeon Marsena betrayed a disposition to dispense with his society as an inmate, and presently Lionel took possession of chambers in the Albany, from which the proprietor had just removed—to the Bench. His father allowed him the run of the house in Portland-place, and a couple of thousands a year : the former he used with exemplary frugality ; the latter kept his purse in miscellaneous silver. His residence indeed was most happily selected, Burlington-gardens being to gentlemen about town what Lombard-street is to merchants upon 'Change. It is unnecessary to say he had no difficulty about supplies—indeed his only dilemma was getting rid of his overplus. Thus, when Mr. A—— furnished cash for a draft, there was a cargo of Baltic deals to be taken to—and Mr. B——'s accommodations in the matter of *post obits* always involved a consignment of paving stones. Now, the timber there was a hope of disposing of, because, if the worst came to the worst, it was combustible, but the granite was another affair—fire was out of the question—and unfortunately the popular bias was all for wooden pavements.

When a man occupies himself during three or four years in doing nothing about London, except spending money, he generally gets through a good amount of business—and coin. The young Israelite was no exception to the general rule ; the result was that spoken of by Mason, the lawyer, touching his negotiations with old Foster, of Furnival's Inn. To Lionel Marsena's misfortune he was admitted into the best society, whose members did him the honour, some to dine and dice at his rooms, some to borrow his money with a sort of vague under-

standing that it was to be returned at some indefinite period—but the majority to make him their furnishing banker, under such pretexts as selling him a horse they had got on tick for £50, for ready money at £500: introducing him to the only fellow in the world for sculpturing a trouser—which relieved them from the necessity of burning a tailor's bill at Christmas—and such like traits of "diplomacy" recognised by the practice and precedent of fashion. Thus it came to pass that at the end of the time above specified, he suddenly left town one Sunday morning, as the *Morning Post* of the following day announced, "for the Continent," thereby affording a liberal field of address to those who desired to correspond with him in his absence.

So soon as it was discovered to be of no use to call at the Albany, his tradesmen transferred their usual morning visits to Portland-place, until the porter was under the necessity of informing them that, unless they held their levees somewhere else, he should request the assistance of the police to move an adjournment. This state of things was not long finding its way to the old contractor's ears, but without the effect of expanding his purse. All the notice he took of it was to write to his son, at his banker's in Paris, announcing his intention of making an experiment in finance, namely, that as he could not contrive to live upon £2,000 a year, he purposed trying, in future, whether he might not succeed in so doing upon £500.

It was about the date of this agreeable news that Edward Neville encountered our wandering Jew among the valleys of Savoy. Like tastes, and ages, and pursuits—that is to say, the absence of all purpose—at once united them in the bonds of travelling amity, which they continued to wear, much more gracefully than such ties are commonly borne, during the rambles of which Edward spoke to the elder Marsena at Oversley. But their wayfarings were not confined to tracing the course of the Rhone or the Loire. During the progress of these achievements an intimate confidence grew up between the young men, and, having reached the Valais in their Rhone exploring, Lionel suggested to his friend that they should penetrate into the Vaud, where, he had previously intimated, that his only sister was then residing. So reasonable a proposal, of course, could meet no opposition, and, towards the close of Autumn they found themselves housed within the chateau of the old Swiss banker, situated in a valley that any one of the gods whom chance had brought that way, might very naturally have mistaken for Tempé.

Here they sojourned for a while, much to their mutual satisfaction; astonishing the chamois with the prowess of two carpet knights from St. James's, and their host with the ravages a pair of striplings committed among the oldest and

best of his vintages. Presently, however, the fraternal affection was contented and the brother proposed a retreat. For the first time his companion entered a protest; he declared his intention to remain where he was until certain excursions were made, which were in contemplation, so they parted; Edward Neville remaining in Switzerland, where he fell in love, and Lionel Marsena proceeding to Paris, where he fell into *Rouge et Noir*.

The five years which elapsed between the departure of the heir of Oversley from England, and his return, on the eve of the destruction of the home of his fathers, are in no wise connected with the action of this narrative, and therefore call for but a slight allusion. The passion which Edward Neville formed for Leah Marsena was reciprocated with an intensity that left them but one alternative—life together or death apart. The fair fond girl had long been to her kind simple-minded guardians the pride and the pulse of their hearts. It was with little difficulty, therefore, that the lovers prevailed on them to consent to their private union, with the assurances that it was a connexion which would meet the approval of their relatives, so soon as it should be prudent to make it known. *M. de Martel* and his other self were as innocent of worldly knowledge and experience as the birds that sang in each morning of their artless lives. Moreover, they doated on the child of their adoption with an idolatry that left them no power, even had the desire existed, to offer objection to her views: she was the beginning and the end of their hopes, the motive and action of their existence.

The interval of their domestic ostracism was far from one of content to either of the young men. Marsena drew with every post less and less pleasing news from England, and almost with like punctuality hills on it, for daily his desperate course of play grew more fast and fierce. For a while these were provided for by the various resources of ruin—but at length they came back as duly as they were remitted, and Paris became no longer tenable. With the forlorn hopefulness which works out the position that "when things come to the worst, they mend," he set himself boldly to the task of taking his troubles by the beard, literally—for he departed to meet his brother Jews upon the matter of their *thousand per cents.* even in their fiery furnaces at Moorfields.

His first interview with old Foster, of Furnival's Inn, furnished a clue for the emphatic crisis which had overtaken his affairs, and at the same time confirmation of a report that had previously reached him. It was no secret that the Oversley Court estates were about to pass into the possession of the Jew broker of Portland-place, or that they were destined to become part of the rich dower of his daughter.

The fiction of a Jew being incapable by law of holding lands in this kingdom had long been lawfully explained away, but here assurance was doubly sure, for the maiden had become a sheep of the reformed flock. All that remained to the unhappy client was to ask of his adviser "what ought to be done?" The answer perhaps was not exactly within the limits of a strictly legal opinion; but here was a desperate case, and desperate cases cannot always be dealt with according to regular practice.

"What with the amount of his own advances, and paying off the existing mortgages," said lawyer Foster, in a sort of soliloquy, "it will stand Mr. Marsena in very close upon five hundred thousand pounds this Oversley purchase, by such time as it is complete. Now we want ready money more than anything else (a fact that was allowed to pass, without any observation from his consulting patient), and if we could by some stroke of policy make this sum available for present exigencies, it would be a grand *coup de main*: that must be done."

"Have you discovered the philosopher's stone, which you purpose offering my father in exchange for his bargain?" asked Lionel in a voice more of sorrow than of *badinage*.

"We must bring philosophy of some sort to our assistance," replied the man of pleas—"here is the gist of the matter: your friends of the synagogue may be propitiated, by seeing that present and palpable transfer of his substance is not in progress by your father. They know his great wealth, it is true, but they will argue—indeed, I am well aware they do argue—that, having begun to alienate it from his son, he may so continue. We must stop this purchase, that's the pressing thing to be done."...

"You might as well attempt to hinder him from entering his house, when his foot was on the threshold," observed the young man.

"Just so," rejoined Foster, "and I mean to do one as I would the other: your father would pause before he went beyond the street door if he found his house on fire—he will hesitate about this Kentish estate if we make the neighbourhood too hot to be pleasant. Now, listen—incendiarism is the arrow that flieth by night in certain of our counties; we must introduce it as our agent among the hop gardens of Kent for the nonce. I have put the matter in train already, so you may save yourself the trouble of any virtuous indignation," he continued more dictatorially, seeing his hearer about to make comments; "I am more interested in your welfare than you seem to be yourself; I am not going to lose the ship for a pennyworth of tar. For the last month I have moved the assembling of meetings in the village which adjoins Oversley Court—for the ostensible purpose of considering the existing agricultural distress. These meetings have

paved the way for the probability of some popular demonstration, and the time for it is now ripe. A former clerk of mine is the resident attorney in the village—he has got together a band of resolute fellows, who will manage a scene of fire-raising most melodramatically. On the night that Harvest Home is celebrated at the Court, after the merry-making has concluded, and the party has broken up, they will burn the farm-stead, and the stock of produce, the harvesting of which was that day celebrated. This will be a decisive blow to begin with, and if it be necessary, we will follow it by other energetic measures. A man of your father's prudence will naturally hesitate to invest his capital in the teeth of such a state of things, more especially he will not be in a hurry to select a neighbourhood subject to such visitations, as an abode for his daughter."

"And may I inquire what share you design me to take in this scheme, or such other energetic measures as you may decide on?" demanded the client.

"None, whatever," answered the lawyer. "Take your pleasure, and hold your peace. I have merely told you my plans, lest by accident you should adopt some course that might embarrass them. Take your position in the world as before you left England—it is essential that you should be seen in society if you would have friends, that is to say those who will do you service to benefit themselves."

"I should not be in the world, as you call it," returned the young Jew, "a day before I should be required to adjourn to the Bench: my arrival shall not be known an hour before all Burlington-gardens teems with parchment: I'm not sure they are not at this moment preparing apartments for me in Chancery-lane."

"For a young gentleman, born and bred as you are," said the attorney, "you are more deficient in worldly discrimination than one could imagine. But there is no need of words. I have arranged all the actions standing out against you: they are safe. Here is a check for £500, for your immediate wants, and you may as well accept that bill for £5,000."

When, by some miraculous combination of chances it comes to pass that anything like a good party is accomplished during the autumnal equinox, it is sure to be *very* good. Of course no one attempts such a forlorn hope without adequate assurances of support. Certain miscellaneous materials—government officials about to emigrate to the Continent, metropolitan sportsmen bound to the moors, watering-place skirmishers to Harrogate, Clifton, Cheltenham, and other lazarettes of bile, and the great flock of idlers oiling their feathers for one general flight; these, haply at the moment, have settled upon the Acropolis of May Fair.

Our dowager in distress is also west-end bound; some lucky instinct enables her to scent the quarry. Lo! she dispatcheth her cards, quick of execution as Eley's patent cartridges: every soul with the sanctity of fashion to save it, west of Temple Bar, is invited. Who shall refuse a summons to paradise?

Our duchess, it behoves us to say, is an arch-duchess, or ex-duchess, or something of that sort, and quite *suprême bon ton*. We forget her title for the moment, but we recollect it was not native; neither her abode one of the modern harems of our island sultanas. Your patroness of Almack's, and a Grace by grace of fifty thousand a year and blood as pure as if filtered through the Chinese dynasty, is found living in some brick-and-mortar sentry-box in Belgrave-square, or Hyde Park-gardens; but your *haute noblesse*, coming from beyond the Straits of Dover, and in a direct line from King Pepin or Amadis de Gaul, straightway ensconceth itself behind some ominous *porte cochère*, some *procul o procul*, under the denomination of A. House, or B. Embassy. Comfort hath yet found no place in foreign vocabulary—neither its true interpretation in the fancies of the foreigner's home. For silks and satins, marbles and mosaics, state and statuary, the Continent against the world: for frippery in true taste, just keeping, and harmony of method and material, an English drawing-room against the universe.

The intellectual lady of one of these high places was at her daily survey of the Serpentine on the afternoon following this interview, and there encountered Mr. Lionel Marsena, offering himself to public exhibition in that curious contrivance called a cabriolet; the inmate of which is set like a kit-cat sketch in a frame, so as to be prohibited from sunshine and fresh air, and exposed to rain, or hail, or snow, according to the weather which may prevail. The lady pulled the check-string, and the gentleman presented himself to her carriage-door, to receive condolences for being in London, and an invitation for that same evening. Such a slice of luck of course was not to be neglected: so duly at midnight he made his way through the strug of equipages that struggled for the approach to the last route of the season. The house was one of those still existent mansions of gigantic proportions, designed of yore, by architects whose notions were certainly Titanic. By the side of one of these structures, of the reigns of Queen Anne or the early Georges, a modern dwelling dwindles into dwarfishness! You might as well compare the palace of Hampton, as it now stands, with the regal buildings founded by Wolsey, whose site extended to Richmond, as the house of a modern and of an ancient noble. To breathe freely, the latter required a room at least sixteen yards

high and a hundred feet in length. The dimensions of a modern picture-gallery would have barely sufficed for his bath and breakfast closets. The former conceiving himself, ordinarily, amply lodged in a third of the space. Thus most of these mansions are now subdivided.

A red-looking porter—(didst ever, reader, note the dull visages, furrowed with ennui, of these machines of wealth? most of them die of surfeit or suicide)—swung back the gate to admit our friend, displaying the magnificently lit up frontage. Marsena seldom past through that heavy portal without a sneer and a smile born of the heart's exultation, that he, the errant Jew-boy's offspring, ever found welcome, and secured obeisance within that princely threshold. What good or great gift obtained for him a seat at the dinner-table of his Grace, the privilege of familiar converse with his spouse, the friendship of his sons, or the gracious invitation that sparkled in the bright eyes of the daughter to become her partner in a Polka? Well he knew, neither his comely favour, his gentle bearing, his knowledge of conventionalities, nor his mingled speech of sense and satire, operated the miracle. The open sesame of that Aladdin-land was but the reputed weight of his father's money-bags—the worth of the names enscrolled on his black-letter book.

As he leant over the gilded balustrade to give a parting instruction to his servant, his eyes met those of the young Marquis of ——. "My good fellow," said the latter, as they slowly ascended together, "you are the very man I most desired to see. I want you to make up my party at Putney; methinks it will be a spicy affair. Flavie and Clarissa the beauties; Colbert and Maulion the musicians; you and Beresford the wits; the presence of a junior branch of royalty; my unworthy self, and Vernon the wicked. What say you to the programme?"

"Like my fortune in being one of the invited—not to be improved," replied Marsena, as they threaded their way through the polite rabble.

The whole vista of state rooms was illuminated for the occasion, and the *coup d'œil* was indeed an imposing one. At first sight you knew yourself within one of those artistic temples of refinement, whose very atmosphere is the beautiful. You could not cast a single glance upon the walls, so richly bedight with warm and glowing subjects; nor upon the emblazoned and painted ceilings; nor on the intersecting pillars of porphyry and glass; nor on the antique sculpture and classic vases; upon the marvellous carved ivory work or grotesque china; the innumerable objects of vertu, or the very foldings of the laced and silken curtains; on the designs of carpets of velvet, or the medallions

of mosaic and precious minerals that formed large portions of the stands, consoles, and tables, everywhere dispersed, and again covered with inestimable rarities; you could not inhale the odour of the elaborately cultured exotics, nor breathe the atmosphere vibrating with the highest efforts of musical genius without taking in some precious lesson of art, some glorious knowledge of nature, some priceless furniture (did you know how to make use of it), for the store-house of memory.

Strange is it, and an anomaly worthy of reflection, that those reared amid scenes of classic elegance or natural beauty, improved by art, within Edens, whence stark, deformed, and vulgar need is necessarily excluded, should be so rarely influenced and so little worthy of their favoured doom. The manners, indeed, of such are tinctured with the refinement that surrounds them, but how rarely does it imbue the intellect or clothe the heart. Strange that no single work of perfection enshrined within that noble palace owed its origin to one of princely lineage.

Sweet are the uses of adversity.

Shakspeare! child of a free soil! thou shalt proclaim the vigorous source whence sprang thy delicate diction and thy rich imagery—thy knowledge of human nature and brute nature, and thy exquisite sense of the beautiful!

Thus mused Marsena, as he worked his way through the throng, and passed successively an ante-room, painted *al fresco*, a Chinese saloon, roofed in looking-glass, with compartments of the same of full length in the walls, between rice paper, covered with the choicest specimens of fruit and foliage, and set round with every species of couch and *causeuse*, "to make men lazy, or to keep them so," of green and violet damask of eastern texture, a sculpture gallery luminated with wonderful effect, and whose fluted sides of rich crimson-watered-silk formed a striking back-ground for the marble groupings. Its farther end was entirely open to the ball-room, shaded simply by draperies of white velvet, tissue in embroidery of gold in bold Grecian designs. He paused ere he entered the last-mentioned apartment, gorgeous with light, and peopled with dancers—

Whose ankles light and other treasures
Frisking light in frolic measures,
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet;
To brisk notes in cadence beating,
Glance their many twinkling feet.

The windows of one side of this room were of stained glass of enormous value, from its antiquity and the richness of its paintings. These opened upon a conservatory of rare flowers and shrubs lit up with coloured lamps. Opposite were also three windows, looking on a terrace above the Thames. They were now concealed

by velvet hangings, similar to the doorway. Between the recesses formed by these apertures, hung three master-pieces of Claude Lorraine—landscapes of glowing tints, and paradisiacal views of sylvan figures dancing to rustic instruments in the sunlight, of fabled forms and classic deities hovering in the air or floating on the stream. (Every one knows how the poetry of these lovely landscapes adds to the poetry of a party.) The extremity of the room, facing the gallery of sculpture, was of one entire plate-glass, and curtains looped up at the corners, indicated the entrances to rooms of smaller dimensions. Thus the whole vista was again reproduced, creating an impression of interminable splendour and extent. It was some time before even Marsena's practised eye gave character and distinctness to the fluctuating groups.

Most distant from the spot where he was stationed, surrounded by a somewhat ceremonious circle, separated from the assembly by an almost imperceptible etiquette, stood, gaily conversing, in accents whose loudness betokened her origin, the pretty Grand Duchess—. On settees of crimson silk, brodered in white and gold, sat, lay, or lounged—cabinet ministers—a gallant duke—a courtly poet—a popular philosopher—moustachioed ambassadors—turbaned and unturbaned Orientals—conversing with—or scrutinising lithe and lovely ladies. There was the usual proportion of pale sleek faces and lustrous eyes, the usual disproportion of hags and dowagers in rouge and wrinkles, studded with diamonds as night is studded with stars. All the foreign men were dancing, and a few of the Saxon-haired lords of the soil. The music gallery, supported by pillars of green marble, was just above where stood Marsena, and he moved a few paces to escape the vibration of the instruments. "The Armida of this enchanted palace accosted him.

"Mr. Marsena," she said, "you are charming to come so early. Give me your arm, I wish to reach my daughter."

"What an extraordinary assemblage you have here," observed her cavalier, as they passed upwards. "I thought you bold to attempt a ball so late in the season. Indeed, none but yourself could possibly have succeeded in inducing almost everybody to stay in town for a fête."

A couple of remarkable exterior here danced past them in the paces of a Polka. The gentleman was a type of LA JEUNE FRANCE. His beard, the profuse production of careful cultivation, brushed the lady's cheek at every whisk of the valse. Neck and shoulders *au naturel*, and ringlets a yard long, greatly misbecame a partner near her climacteric.

"They play that Polka in perfection," remarked her Grace—"It was composed by Sivori, expressly for me."

"Indeed," said Marsena, still amused with the antic hoppings of the aforesaid dancers, "If he were here he would surely say

How ill the motion with the music suits.
So Orpheus fiddled, and so danced the brutes."

"Fie Mr. Marsena, you are as critical as an author, I declare. Alicia, love, you look fatigued," addressing a dashing girl, whose features were too *pronounced* to charm, "sit down here, and scold our friend for his ill-nature."

The young lady disengaged her arm from that of a young man of diminutive size and *blasé* appearance, whose fashion masked his follies. The action was accompanied by a word and a look not lost upon Marsena. "Remember," she said carelessly, but the glow that tinged the cheek the while might have been a blush in one less tutored for display. But she seated herself immediately, and turned to the Jew and spoke quickly: "What new *bon mot* it it? Do not let me lose it. Do you know mamma says you are perfectly inexhaustible in the power to amuse? And that cannot exist without a great sense of the ridiculous, which is satire. But, pray, let me claim an exemption from the exercise of your talent, or I shall be watching your eyes at every turn of a valse, and fancying—

What ev'ry vulnerable man doth say,
Where'er you turn, the Graces homage pay,"

gallantly interrupted the cavalier; "but indeed you do me injustice, I am wholly deficient in that double memory and keenness of perception requisite to satire. Besides being too sensible of my own deficiencies to reflect on those of others."

"Except involuntarily," nodded her Grace with a smile: "but tell me, how is your father, and where?"

"He is at Oversley Court, at present."

"Do you know the Duke says he is a wonder—that he holds half our great men in leading strings? With such a parent, your career is in your own hands. Is it true as they say, that when the poor Earl D——, required £20,000 on mortgage, and required it vainly, your father presented him with £40,000, on the most friendly understanding—acted, in short, like a prince?"

"Ah," returned the son, "that is nothing: The Earl's character was a sufficient guarantee."

"And so he is staying with Sir Percy Neville?" broke in the young lady. "We have heard a great deal of Oversley, I assure you, and that it is quite a place to be proud of."

"When my friend Neville can break through the charmed fetters that bind him to the Continent, I may see it with him," replied Marsena.

"By-the-by, I have not yet thanked your kind papa, for those beautiful drawings of the Swiss Cantons. They are preserved in my most

valued album, and are the loveliest *morceaux* in it. They were done by your sister I believe?"

Marsena bowed.

"And so report for once is correct," said the Duchess, "and he is at Oversley Court? That spendthrift Baronet has been very long ruined—I understand, only sustained by your father, who is now about to purchase the whole estate for your sister, *they say*; but I suppose for you?"

The young man again bowed, without manifesting his annoyance at the aristocratic impertinence with which his family affairs were canvassed thus familiarly.

"She will be a great heiress, your sister."

"When she comes out, she must be one of us," added Lady Alicia graciously. "She will be quite a treasure to me, if I can persuade her to come down to the Abbey, with her consummate taste for the arts. There are beautiful views round our country, I assure you. Does she return to England soon?"

"I am quite unaware."

"Well, Mr. Marsena," said her Grace, adopting a tone of almost motherly kindness, as she drew her chair within the conservatory, "I know something of the Duke's interest in your family; and, for my part, I so far share in it that I hope we may both one day congratulate you upon being quite an Englishman; and, in place, politics, possessions, quite of our *clique*. 'Twere pity, indeed, you should lose a single advantage of the numberless almost thrust upon you."

The old lady was at the other end of the room, and Marsena galloping with the young one, ere he had ceased soliloquising on her words.

"Can she be encouraging me—the son of a Jew—as a suitor to her daughter? And yet what other motive should prompt her manoeuvres? Doth she not place at my feet a fair footstool on which to mount the ladder of high ambition? At least no whisper of my many involvements has hither circulated. A word on the subject of this alliance will cause my father to pause, perchance, ere he enriches that pale-face—my sister. *That* must not be; *that* shall not be, unless my wits are gone to grass. Oversley must be found too hot for him. Let us see; there's Edward—he is choleric, and may be brought on the tapis: Sir Percy may turn restive, and refuse to ratify the bargain. There is much to be done in little space of time to checkmate that marplot girl, if we would not seal our ruin." A pause in the dance changed his musings: "Let us make some little way with this high-born dame. I am not so certain that my dissipated friend there does not already occupy the citadel of the young lady's heart: what then? She is not rich, *cela va sans dire*, with her Grace's numerous progeny;

and he lives—as I do; and has no parental Cræsus to hold the stakes.”

Such were the influences that instigated the young Machiavel in a masked courtship, the delicate subdued ardour of which well suited the prideful but romantic spirit of the object of his homage. The evening’s entertainment comprised, besides every London lion, one of those delectable suppers to which his hostess owed half her popularity. With happy dexterity Marsena secured standing room within conversation distance of the Dowager, and obtained his point of an invitation to her English seat. And yet, worn in spirit, weary of effort and splendour, of love, light, and luxury, he gladly emerged into the open air. There, no sooner had he arrived, and commenced congratulating himself on the change, than compensation, the moral of all things, natural and spiritual, was ready to give him rendezvous. As he placed his foot on the step of his cab a fellow made his way from the entrance gates, and thrusting a kind of letter into his hand, was off, as abruptly as he approached. A case of parchment, he observed internally, and instinctively, as he gathered up the reins, and, giving his head to the mettlesome grey with which the Hector of West-end horse purveyors had furnished him *impromptu*, he was soon at the door of his hotel.

“Shall I wait, Sir?” asked the tiger, with his hand to his hat.

“Yes—no—that is, do,” said the master, strolling into the coffee-room, for it was still early—not much past three. It was without a tenant, and he was about to ring for the waiter to dismiss his attendant, when he drew, by some chance, from his pocket, the uncereemoniously delivered billet. Opening it, half unconsciously, he read a line or two, and then began again with more attention. The scroll was, by no means, an attractive one, nor easily deciphered, but it seemed to relate to something of concern. It ran thus:—

Foster has put his fingers into something that will burn them; and mischief will come to yourself of fire, unless you take heed to quench it, at once. In an hour after you receive this be at the corner of Grosvenor-place, next to Piccadilly, and you may learn more—if you will.

Hah, thought the young Jew, an anonymous letter, and from some one who knows more than he ought; what’s to be done, there’s time enough to accept his invitation; here, waiter, bring my cigar-case, some brandy-and-water, and say I shall want my cab in a few moments.

From the gateway leading into the Green-park, a man came forward as Marsena stopped at the place of appointment: he entered upon business without hesitation, saying—“If you are prepared to learn more of what the letter spoke of, leave your conveyance here, and walk with me a short distance—where it would not

do for a carriage to be seen or heard—there’s no occasion to be afraid.”

“I’m not in the habit of being afraid” answered the young man, “but why should I go with you—can you not tell me what you would say here?”

“I wish you to have better authority than the word of one you know nothing about, for doing as you must, unless you are one of the lot too—which I don’t believe,” rejoined the man—whose language and manner were those of the lowest class, but indicative of respectability—“I’ll neither give why or wherefore—but come with me and judge for yourself: you shall be put in the way if you will: say yes or no.”

“Yes” replied Marsena, and without more words he walked rapidly with his conductor down Grosvenor-place.

When another city of palaces shall rise in Pimlico few people will be disposed to believe that its site—close to the abode of the Monarch of this land—was, as it now is. And how few of those who to-day traverse the superb district of Belgrave-square and its magnificent environs, are aware, that it was within the last thirty years a waste appendage to Tattersall’s yard—where the proprietor had his dog kennel. Turning into what was Arabella-row, probably it has changed its name with its architecture, they threaded a howling wilderness of streets and lanes still spreading in all the horrors of vice, and filth, and disease, as if in scorn of its courtly vicinage, and at length reached a spot known as Strutton-ground, which realizes—within easy distance of the residence of every subscriber to the Opera—the ideal of the *Cour de Miracles* of the Esmeralda.

The guide, and, as he professed himself, the friend of Marsena, here knocked at the door of a beer shop (a place recently licensed by act of Parliament for promoting facilities of intercourse between thieves and vagabonds of all sorts) and was admitted. The street door opened into the room, which constituted the whole of the ground floor, serving as kitchen, parlour, and everything else. There were six or eight villanous looking fellows in it at a table, on which stood a candle-end stuck in a bottle, and various miscellaneous vessels containing drink—of course the atmosphere consisted of tobacco smoke.

“Gentlemen,” said the master of the ceremonies, “this is the party you’re going to do the business for in Kent: I’ve brought him to-night because Mr. Foster wishes him to have the honour of your acquaintance.”

“Oh, he’s quite welcome to it,” answered one of the company whose head appeared lately to have escaped out of “chancery” to judge by its damaged condition, “he’s heartily welcome, we’re none on us proud.”

“My name,” said another, “is Hoskins, at your service; and as I’m to have the manage-

ment of the job, I hope it'll be done to your satisfaction: these here are my mates, and, though I say it as oughtn't to say it, no man needn't wish for better."

"We know when we've a good pall," remarked a personage, whose upper works also seemed recently to have been in the wars.

"And I when I've men to deal with," rejoined the other.

The conversation now became general, and of a character which struck ice into the heart of Marsena. Were they, indeed, beings of his own species among whom he sat? were these part and parcel of the greatest nation under the sun—members of the most civilised society on the earth? Could the desert bring forth savages such as these—human beings, whose wants were conveyed, and whose meanings were told, in a tongue made up exclusively of execration and blasphemy? Were these men, whose hands were acknowledged to be against everybody, and who felt and deserved that every body's should be against them, the representatives of immortal creatures born to a terrible responsibility? And was this a solitary or insulated case? Go, if ye dare, philosophers of the *boudoir*—enter, sages of the saloons—look, chivalry of the charity, whose knight-errantry seeks its scenes at India or the Poles, into the haunts of St. Giles's, the Borough, Pinlicko, Bethnal Green, Wapping, East Smithfield, and hundreds of the places of resort of the misery and destitution of this metropolis, and ye shall see and hear that which it hath not entered into the mind of your order to conceive, and hath never been set down by the pen which caters for eyes polite.

Enough, and more than enough, transpired to assure Marsena that, like the student in Frankenstein, he had called up a monster which would go nigh to work his ruin. As soon as he might, he escaped from this den of thieves and cut-throats; and, after a sleepless night, seriously set himself, early on the morrow, to supply an antidote for the mischief that too evidently was contemplated—mischief of an extent he shuddered to think on. With the spirit of decision he inherited from his father—and in which the analyser of effects would probably have found the elements of most of his errors—he resolved forthwith to seek out the country agent of Foster, and make himself acquainted with the actual position of affairs. For this purpose, having furnished himself with a letter to Mason, the lawyer, he left town in the course of the day for King's Oversley.

He reached that retired village on the same day, and almost in the same hour that Edward Neville passed through it on his arrival from abroad—the date of the commencement of this narrative. As his wish was to escape all observation, he had walked from the railway station, and

having secured a bed at the Crown, proceeded at once to Mason's abode. The lawyer was at home—but by no means prepared for the visitor who obtained admission. Having announced his name and object, he demanded a plain statement of the matter in progress.

"My directions to Mr. Foster," he said, "or rather his suggestions to me, are to effect some rural movement which should indispose my father to make a purchase of the Oversley Court property. From facts which have come to my knowledge, I have reason to believe dangerous designs are meditated by the persons employed by you to bring about that demonstration. Now I tell you candidly, unless you satisfy me that no injury of any serious character will come of it, I will at once put Sir Percy Neville and my father in possession of everything I have done, and all that is intended: such is my determination: what is your answer?"

"To-night," replied the man of many pleas—almost at his wit's-end—but not quite—"to-night there is to be one of our regular meetings at the public-house of the village—and there I shall see the people I have engaged to carry out Mr. Foster's plan. I'll make it all right with them. The affair is not to be attempted just now, at all events. As soon as to-morrow evening sets in, be on the road leading from the village to the Court—and I will send some one I can trust with a letter that shall put you at ease."

"Let it be so," replied Marsena, "or I'll be as good as my word."

Towards noon of the following day, as the young man was sauntering over the common, on which stood old Grant's hut, a man passed—who evidently recognised him. Marsena turned, and the fellow, who had also done so, stood as if waiting to be spoken to. The young Jew instantly recalled in him the principal ruffian of the Strutton-ground gang: looking on him a moment with no pleasant feelings, he said, "when you see Mr. Mason, bid him bear in mind my words of yesterday," and turning on his heel he continued his walk.

The air was fresh and crisp, and a pleasant breeze had sprung up with the sunset, when Edward Neville went forth for his evening walk. Youth, which is the season of hope, is also our moral spring-tide, when will is yet a feeble shoot, and purpose but a weakly bud. With more than common delight, therefore, did he inhale the pure and buoyant atmosphere, that cheered like an elixir his spirits, drooping from excitement, and faint with doubts and anticipations. Presentiment, that mysterious second-sight of our intelligence, assured him that evil was at hand: whence should it come? A deep and stern solicitude was at his heart. Since his return to England, he had had no

tidings of one for whom his spirit yearned as

The moth for the star—
The night for the morrow.

Moreover, he felt that a secret he would have preserved, at all events for the present, had been partially if not wholly discovered by him from whom he most desired to conceal it; and at the very instant when such knowledge was calculated most fatally to affect his interests. An hour or two would put an end to all uncertainty upon these causes of his disquiet, it was true; but the threshold of a crisis is perhaps the place of all others on which we abhor standing still. The wretch who is to die at noon, slumbers till they wake him for the sleep of death; but while doom was still uncertain, his feet wearied the floor of his dungeon.

"All quiet," it has been said, "to quick bosoms is a—purgatory," to write it politely; and, his circulation already performing no mean speed, Neville strode forward at a rate which promised to keep his pulse on terms with his pace. Nevertheless, something more than the mere abstract love of motion carried him so swiftly and in a line of such mathematical precision towards the gates of the outer park. A few miles beyond them lay a station of the South Eastern Railway; and about the time when the last dinner-bell rung, Christian Marillac had taken his departure for Dover, where certain letters from France were supposed to be lying. According to the calculations of the young man's impatience, his messenger ought to have returned long before; so he made such haste as they exercise who reckon on falling in with that they most desire at every step. His haste, however, was greater than his speed—no uncommon case, indeed—and he had already left the gates some distance behind, when, hard by the spot on which we saw Gabriel Grant rest himself in his ill-fortuned mission, he was met by a person, who, after reconnoitring him, cautiously inquired—"Whether he wasn't looking out for somebody with a letter?"

"I am," he answered hastily; "but what is the meaning of this? Who are you—has anything happened?"

"Oh, no matter about who I am," interrupted the stranger; "and don't you be afraid—its all right, as right as the bank: good night;" and he waited for no return of his civilities.

Before the speaker had made an end, the footsteps of some one approaching rapidly became distinct; and almost the instant that he disappeared, another figure loomed through the moonlight; it was that of the Swiss.

"How is this," cried Neville, "was not the letter but now put into my hands sent by you?"

"I have sent no letter," replied the courier, "I could find no one who would deliver those I bear

as safe or as soon as myself; Christian Marillac is not the man to loiter when the bearer of news from the Lady Leah."

"Hush," exclaimed the young man, "for your life give them to me; quick, here, I want no light, I can read them with my heart."

His breath suspended, so loath to part with one sweet thought, even in a sigh; his eyes flooded with a rapture unknown to joy; he hung long and fondly over those precious letters, and then, having hidden them in his bosom, he turned to his trusty servant. "And now, Christian, we must lose no time; I have to attend Mr. Marsena, upon a matter for which I have little inclination, and you have been long enough absent from your charge; I trust you left him in better keeping than you have lately done; my father, at all events, has no suspicions, and I can perhaps stifle those excited in another quarter, or, at the least, avert any positive mischief coming of them."

"You spake," observed the wary Swiss, "of some communication you received just as I came up; had you not better see to what it relates?"

"So I did," said Edward Neville, "but I had forgotten all about it; here it is, and quite a business-looking affair; what can it all be about?"

Sir,—I learn its likely you will interfere to stop what's to be done in the park to-night. Take my advice and let it alone; the party is strong and determined, and your going among them at all will only make things worse.

Your Obedient Servant,

JAMES MASON.

"Indeed, Mr. Mason, and that's your advice, is it, to let your friends help themselves to such venison as they may have a fancy for, and no questions asked. I beg leave to differ from your views. Marillac, you must return alone, see Mr. Marsena and tell him I have had intimation of an intended attack of poachers, which it is most important to frustrate, or serious consequences might come of it. For this purpose I must make out this conscientious attorney, and learn who his clients are. In the meanwhile do you see that the keepers are instantly summoned, and desire them to meet me, well armed, at this place as quickly as possible."

Promptness of action, a property formed for virtue, though too often warped to wrong, was the instinct of Edward Neville's character. With him, once to contemplate was "once to be resolved." With a sturdy good will did he therefore set about the purpose intimated in his directions to his servant, and, having seen him depart, he made the best of his way towards the residence of Mason, the lawyer.

This, as already said, was approached by a deep wooded lane, on the opposite side of the village from that on which Oversley Court lay. The night was as clear as noon, and, being desirous of evading the observation of the villagers, he made good his point by skirting the gardens

in the rear of the cottages, and so striking the lane midway between the hamlet and Mason's abode.

Five years' absence had by no means affected his knowledge of every path and by-way of the locality he was traversing; and he was soon at the point of his destination. The errand, however, was a bootless one, for he whom he sought was from home. Such being the case, he turned again for the spot on which he had appointed to meet the keepers, being resolved that, notwithstanding he could not obtain a key to Mason's meaning, the matter to which his letter related should be rigorously dealt with. As he skirted the lane which led to the lawyer's house, from the village, he discovered a man apparently loitering in it; and, on nearer view, to his amazement, he became convinced that this person was Lionel Marsena. What could have brought him to the neighbourhood for a moment moved his curiosity, which presently gave way to anxiety and alarm. For this reason he did not seek an interview with his old travelling associate; but leaving his appearance to be accounted for—as presently he felt it would—whether agreeably or otherwise—he hastened to the place of his rendezvous.

The party had already arrived—unaccompanied, however, by the Swiss, who had sent word that he would join his master so soon as his duty at home would allow of his absence. Edward Neville was in the act of laying before them the purpose for which they were required, when a dense smoke, in the direction of the park, caught his observation, and before he had time to point it out to his followers, the whole horizon was a mass of fire! Not a moment was lost in making for the scene of the conflagration—the nature of which became but too plain ere they reached it. The noble halls of Oversley were the prey of the incendiary—for the yells, shouts, and horrid noises that mocked the night, told too well whence the mischief was, and who were its workers. Desperate with many fears, Edward rushed towards the flaming beacon—making his furious passage to the apartments in which his child slept. He found the bed unoccupied—but with evidence that the boy had been removed—and feeling assured that this had been done by Christian, he set about what next claimed his exertion, with a spirit of renewed vigour.

The alarm bell told with its wild note that mischance had come to those for whom it summoned aid—and in good time it was rung, for other devastation, beside that of fire, was in full process. On entering his father's private room, Edward found it had been rifled—the cabinets were broken to pieces—and portions of their contents were strewn about the floor. His next thought was of his father's personal safety—where was he? His efforts to reach

Sir Percy's chamber were ineffectual; for the corridor which led to them was in flames. While attempting to get at them, by a passage that led from the servants' apartments, he was met by old Marsena, pale as ashes, and moving like a spectre. The young man was in the act of addressing him, when the whole side of the fabric in which they were, waved as if an earthquake heaved beneath it—and then fell to the ground with a hideous crash. Though stunned and wounded, Neville retained his senses, and the power of action. Not so the Jew—whom he discovered by the fierce light, stretched beside him motionless—black, and to all seeming lifeless.

By this time assistance had arrived from the village, and though all hope of saving the mansion was at an end, great efforts were directed to the rescue of some of its valuables, and not without success. But there was, unfortunately, none to direct. Edward—having caused Marsena to be removed from the chance of more hurt, and attended as best the occasion allowed—perilled his existence a hundred times, and in a hundred ways, to learn the fate of his father. But in vain; and when in the early day-break the melancholy cavalcade moved towards the village bearing the burnt and maimed, but still breathing, Jew, it was known that all the household of Oversley was safe, with the exception of its lord.

The chance which prevented Lionel Marsena's receiving Mason's letter has been told, as also the consequence that came of its having been placed by mistake in Edward Neville's hands, and his misinterpretation of its contents. It was when his patience wholly worn out in waiting for that communication the young Jew was making for the lawyer's house, that Edward caught sight of him. His errand, of course, was also bootless, and returning to his room at the Crown, he was striving to beguile the night and his own anxious thoughts, when the matter which so much concerned him was being accomplished. The news of the fire was the first that greeted him on the succeeding morning, to which he listened as one in a frightful dream. Rumour had, as usual, added to the horrors of the tragedy; the tale was too awful for his nature to support, and he was long unconscious that he had lived to hear it. How long he thus continued he knew not, but when recollection came he was abroad, in the free country, alone, save his agony.

He wandered for some time, uncertain whither to direct his steps. In vain his reason told him that there was small probability of his implication in the perpetrated villany; that his immediate appearance in town would destroy the only clue to discovery: in vain his desire suggested that the mischief had been magnified—that at any rate his end was ob-

tained: remorse—vague as his information, but still remorse—was in his heart, and in his brain.

The sun was in its zenith, and as he skirted the ravine, the hazel-copse hedges scarce protected his fevered brow from its scorching rays. Even this shelter shortly failed, and he was fain to cross over an expanse of hop-gardens to avoid a still more exposed and dusty highway. Arrived at its extremity, he came upon a lane deep in ruts. This he crossed, and, clambering up a high bank, he overlooked a remarkably wild and broken space of ground that seemed to lead no whither, as path or road there was none. The sequestered appearance of this spot at once induced him to traverse its waste. Solitude is a sensible relief to the mind in apprehension. On he walked perfectly imperceptible of time or distance. At last he came upon a deep hollow, deeper than any he had hitherto past, within which sat two men. They were so intently absorbed by their occupation, as not to hear the sound of his footstep on the dry crisp furze, although he stood scarcely a stone's throw from themselves.

The visages exposed to his view were both marvellously ill-favoured; nor were they, as he fancied, unfamiliar to him. The attire of one, albeit compounded of miscellaneous rags and tatters, indicated that the naval profession was honoured, or had once been honoured, by his patronage. His rudely carved features wore an expression of ferocious savageness that scarcely belonged to the countenance of a human being. A sack lay between his legs, and he was holding open its mouth for the convenience of his companion, whose hands were buried within it for a second or so, before he held up to the light what appeared to be a hunting watch. It was neither an instinct of prudence nor of cowardice that prompted Marsena to retreat stealthy. It was an involuntary presentiment, and an unlucky one, for, at the moment, he stepped back upon a stone that rolled from under his foot into the very lair of the ruffians. Both sprang up and confronted him with a yell and an oath that intimidated

"What the — brought you here?"

It is but mid-day, thought Marsena; at mid-night, between these two, my life would not be worth an hour's purchase; but he said—

"I have lost my road, being a stranger in these parts. The railway station is hereabouts, friends—will you put me in the way of it?"

There was a pause; the men looked at each other and at him. The sailor swung to and fro a heavy stick across his brawny shoulders with an air that seemed to Marsena menacingly significant of attack. Receiving no answer, and anxious to get quit of company not altogether safe, even in the glare of day, he threw them a

hasty "Good day, friends," and strode forward.

In a second a strong hand was laid on his shoulder. He turned fiercely round, his clenched fist preparing to deal his reply.

"Hold," said the villain, "there's no harm done, Master Marsena, and no harm meant between friends. Hoskins the higgler is the last man in the world to deal roughly with a partner in peril. I did the work friendly for you, and so did Jack here, last night, and you'd be above mentioning one little unpleasant circumstance agin us, I'm sure."

A word, or even a gesture, is sometimes sufficient to blow a chafed temper into a tempest; Marsena's spirit had been long fretting within him. It was almost a solace to give vent to his despair, to wreak it, in the very teeth of danger.

"Ruffian," he cried, fiercely grappling his coat collar and swinging him several paces distant, "ruffian, how darrest thou master or comrade me?"

Whoever is familiar with rural affairs may have frequently remarked the solitude that broods over the country at noontide. Labourers have deserted the fields for their mid-day meal; and a traveller may journey miles without meeting a type of his species, or even a dog or cat. Accordingly, noon is almost as favourable a period for prowlers as dusk. For the appetite is an imperial tyrant to the toiling, and sets to sleep the remaining senses. But, besides the still unobservance of the hour, the confederates knew the spot as one almost certainly secure from interruption. It might be a mile on every side free of human habitation. Dark deeds had been done there of yore, and the ground under their feet gaped with cavities for concealment. To the proverbially ignorant and superstitious apprehension of a Kentish rustic, the place at night was peopled with ghosts, and in the day held sacred to ill-luck and disfavour. Although reassured, however, for the moment, by the ill-omened renown (which he had, no doubt, himself assisted to raise) of a spot familiar to him as his vicious vocabulary, Hoskins thought fit to trust not alone the slippery security.

"Softly, Mr. Gentleman Jew, with your hands and hard words," he interrupted, menacingly—"Grander folks than you have been made quiet enough for not so many of them, I'll warrant you: but that's neither here nor there. There's no need of anything but reason in this matter. Mayhap we've picked up a sack that somebody has let fall. There's no mischief, I suppose, in looking over the articles, just to identify them? But there might be mischief to an informer agin us: if we be's grabbed, we won't be the only uns, by G—. Who's the more likely to swing for it, I should like to know, we poor folks, or the mover of all the night's doings, as I can prove. If he takes

my advice he'll attend to his own concerns; the murder might as likely as not be charged to him, let alone other damages. You'd better pay us as friends than abuse us as dogs."

"Miscreant!" cried out the young man, springing blindly upon Hoskins. "God! What has been done? Speak, or I will throttle you."

A blow from behind deprived him of further power or utterance; he staggered and fell senseless.

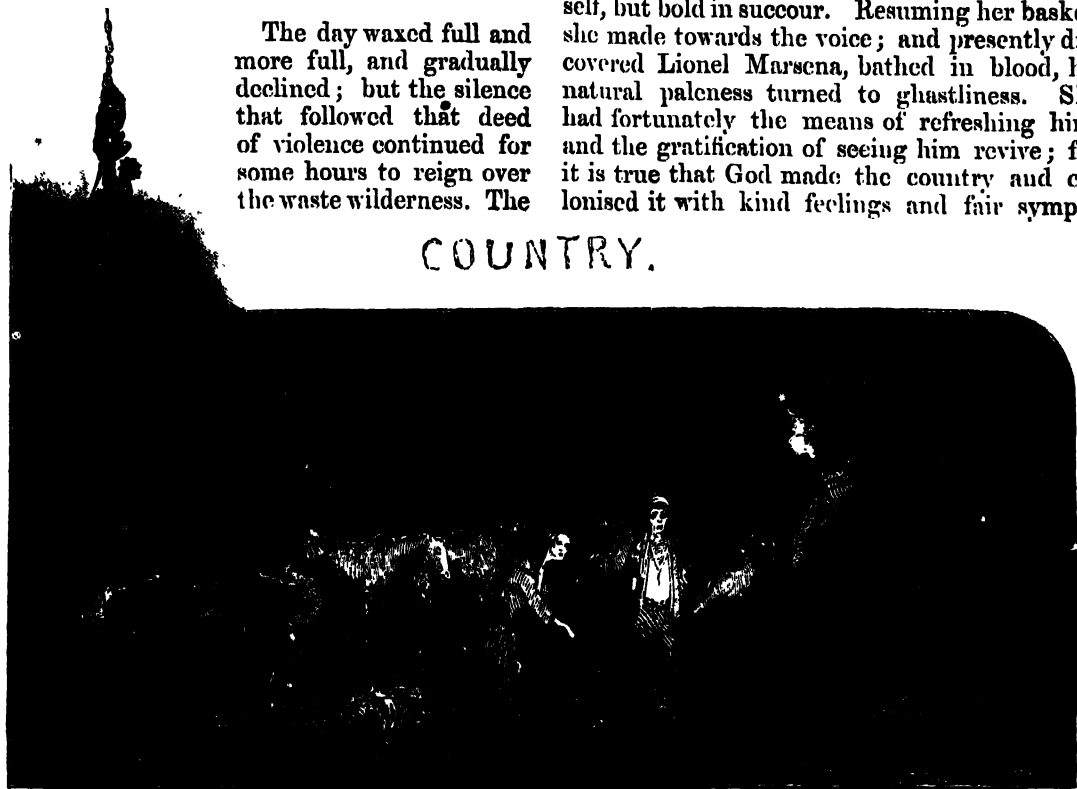
The day waxed full and more full, and gradually declined; but the silence that followed that deed of violence continued for some hours to reign over the waste wilderness. The

sun was fast verging westward when a maiden, homeward wending from the cottage of Gabriel Grant, paused in her light progress.

"Surely," she ejaculated, as she put on the ground a small basket, "surely that was a moan, unless my ears are ringing with all the horrors I have heard. No; there again—and again! and it proceeds, too, from that desolate common."

She stood and listened for a while irresolute; but hers was a true woman's heart, timid for self, but bold in succour. Resuming her basket, she made towards the voice; and presently discovered Lionel Marsena, bathed in blood, his natural paleness turned to ghastliness. She had fortunately the means of refreshing him, and the gratification of seeing him revive; for it is true that God made the country and colonised it with kind feelings and fair sympathy.

COUNTRY.



thies, allegorically described as the "good people" who haunt its glades and dells, and "lead ambrosial lives." The young man speedily found strength, arose, thanked his preserver, and was about to part from her, when the past, with its dreadful catastrophe and probable consequences, rushed upon his recollection, and he stood irresolute. The girl saw that he was ill at ease, and asked, timidly, "Could her services be of use?"

"I desire earnestly," said Marsena, "to learn true tidings of all that occurred last night at the house of Sir Percy Neville—where may I best seek them?"

"My father," she replied, "I am sure will tell you all he knows; and his information is correct, because Morris Mason was with him for some hours this morning. Our cottage is quite as near as any other; you need rest, and it will afford you that, at all events, homely as

it is;" and the pair walked together towards old Kennedy's.

So gross and monstrous an outrage naturally created great excitement throughout the whole county, and the petty sessions of King's Oversley, which fell within a week after it, were looked forward to with intense interest. It was known that one of the gang who had been captured and confessed the part he had taken in it, would be brought up for examination. The morning arrived, and the magistrates took their seats with the usual rural pomp and circumstance, several of the neighbouring gentry being also accommodated on the bench, and in a retired corner of the room Simeon Marsena lay on a sofa, with Edward—Sir Edward Neville—at his side. As soon as the court was opened the prisoner was brought in, and had all New Holland been ransacked, a more characteristic individual for the rôle could not

have been produced. Probably the circumstance of his having been confined for some three or four days in the village "lock up," which, when not so occupied, served as the village pigsty, had not added much to his natural attractions, but altogether he presented as promising a candidate for the gallows as the eye of the curious in felony could desire to feast on. He was shirtless—shoeless—hatless—penniless—and of course, friendless. With the exception of a half burnt jacket and a piece of a pair of trousers, all he had on was a frizzled beard, a crop of Gorgon hair, and a look that would have made despair shudder! Half a score of constables surrounded him, and being placed at the bar, the clerk asked "what was his name?"

"Sailor Jack," was the answer.

"But what's your surname?" repeated the official.

"How should I know," rejoined the seaman.

"What are you?" inquired one of the magistrates, with a very rosy round face, a very round stomach, very round blue eyes, and a carrotty wig; ~~once a citizen of London and a tallow-chandler, now a squire and dispenser of petty session law~~—"what are you?"

"Nothing," replied the prisoner: "last thing I was, was one of the Blazes."

"What a horrid wretch," exclaimed half a dozen of the Justices at once.

"That is I mean," continued the fellow, "I served as a waister in the Blazer man of war."

"And pray why did you leave the ship?" demanded the Justice with the violet eyes.

"Because, d'ye see, I deserted," was the reply.

"We understand you are desirous of being admitted evidence for the Crown touching the burning of Oversley Court," observed the magistrate: "to give up the names of your accomplices, and depose to the truth of your testimony on oath. Now do you know the solemn nature of that obligation?"

"Ease away handsomely," cried the sailor, "and don't let your jawing tackle go with a run; what's the yarn about?"

"His worship," observed the clerk with a

slow voice and solemn visage, "wishes to learn whether you know what an oath is?"

"Don't talk like that," said the waister, "I should rather think I did."

"Tell the court what is your notion of an oath," returned the clerk, with great gravity.

"D—n your eyes," answered the late member of "the Blazes." . . All the respectable people present were shocked; a few in fustian and wooden clogs laughed.

"Are you a Christian?" cried the bench, with one voice: "horrible reprobate that you are—do you profess yourself a Christian?"

"What should make me," retorted the ruffian, and his nostrils distended, and his clenched fist rebounded from the iron bar at which he stood, like the sledge from the anvil—"what should make me?—was I born like a Christian, or bred like a Christian, or used like a Christian! The first I knew of life was in a coal pit, where I fared worse than a hound—worked a thousand times harder than a brute of burden, and lodged as loathsomely as a viper. When I ran away from that and went to sea, did I ever hear my Maker's name except when some one swore by it that he would have me up to the gratings? When I deserted from my ship and strove to earn my bread by the sweat of my brow, did not men turn from me in disgust because I was as naked and ignorant as I was sent into the world? And now, do I not stand here to be baited like a wild beast, brought from a den more foul and forlorn than you would keep a tiger in? And, unless I do that which shall defile my manhood, will ye not hang me like a mangy cur? And what brought me to this pass? anything I could have done, or left undone—and ye ask me am I a Christian? Suppose I tell you I don't even understand what that rate means; that I am ignorant of this right, which, like a post captain's commission, seems a privilege to ride rough-shod over all creation—what then? Or suppose I was to say that I am no more a Christian than that old gentleman on the hammock there, whose son hired me to do the job that has got me into the bilboes" . . . ?

(To be continued.)

THE SOCIAL CONDITION OF THE COUNTRY.

EVERY one recollects the memorable saying of an eccentric senator, that Parliament "had done little in the last session, and would do less in the next." The expression was *un peu malin*, but it unfortunately proved true. It is natural that the same anxiety should exist to know what both our Houses intend to effect in the campaign which is about to commence. Every year the same anxieties are renewed, the same expectations are raised, and the result is similar disappointment—the same promises made to the ear, and broken to the hope. We affect no spirit of prophecy, but as it is our vocation to mark the progress of events and trace the devious course of statesmanship, which, like true love, seldom, if ever, runs very smooth, we think we can form a shrewd guess that at the commencement of the session, sanguine men will imagine that at length the time has come when a panacea will be applied to all the evils incident to society, while the close will only give them an opportunity of experiencing the sensation arising from "hope deferred." The truth is, that if people were more moderate in their expectations of the benefits to be derived from parliamentary interference, there would be much less chance of disappointment; but, unfortunately, every advocate of change, every professed redresser of grievance, and each reformer and self-styled patriot, believes that a new session is to be the harbinger of the success of his favourite crotchet. Thus the League affects to believe that the repeal of the Corn-laws is now near at hand, although, strange to say, the advocates of protection are equally sure of effecting their object. Then, again, in some quarters, the defeat of the New Poor Law and the re-establishment of the halcyon days of over-fed overseers, are foretold with the utmost confidence. Equally certain are the minor, but universal, dabblers in legal, medical, literary, foreign and domestic change, that they will astonish and paralyse the world with the consummation of their vast and heterogeneous projects. By some it is thought that railway projects will swamp the accustomed business of the nation. This, in one sense, would scarce be a novelty, for we never recollect a session when the angry disputants on either side were backward in railing against each other.

It is not sufficient to speculate upon what Parliament will do, but it is another question what it *can* do, for the benefit of the nation. It cannot be forgotten that in the last session it was argued, ay, and in high quarters, that there are many crying grievances, many deplorable evils, and much suffering, which are beyond the reach of Parliamentary cure. Now, we do not think Parliament is omnipotent for good—unhappily it has sometimes proved itself potent in mischief only—but yet we feel strongly that there are some social grievances which rankle like a curse upon the heart of this great country, destroy its energies, and render its boasted pre-eminence a farce. To those who might be disposed to say

How few of all the ills mankind endure
Are those which Parliament can ease or cure,

we would suggest that if it cannot make all mankind happy, contented, or rich, at least it ought to attempt

to destroy those anomalies which force a conviction that there is "something rotten" in the state of England. We are not such enthusiasts as to imagine that men can be made wise, rich, virtuous, or contented, by act of Parliament; but yet we do firmly believe that Parliament might reform many things connected with the social state of England, which at present are a reproach and stain.

For instance, something ought to be done to make a still wider distinction between poverty and crime. Nay, we might rather contend that the poor ought to have the same consideration and indulgence as criminals. That they have not, let the wretched annals of the Police Courts attest. How often are instances published where men commit some trifling offence, such as breaking a lamp, in order that they may be sent to prison, rather than be subjected to the tender mercies of the Union Poor House. Paupers are fed upon Lenten fare—water and vegetables, dignified with the name of soup, are served out to them liberally, while, by way of a change, gruel and potatoes are added; but the prisoner is supplied with meat, and is subjected to a prison discipline, which it is admitted on all hands is more liberal and more indulgent than the code which regulates the daily life of paupers. Now, this does appear to hold out a premium to crime, for it is a fatal principle to say to the poor and wretched, you must be kept low for the sake of economy, but become an offender and you are sure to be treated on a more liberal scale.

A very few days ago a poor fellow was sentenced, at the Middlesex Sessions, to a year's imprisonment. The convict pleaded hard to be transported. Now it may be "better to bear the ills we have than fly to others that we know not of," but this sort of philosophy is not understood by the mass, and it is not therefore too much to contend that a state of things which forces men to seek other countries, or to do anything rather than remain in England, calls aloud for amendment. In Ireland all sorts of imaginative metaphors are indulged in touching the place of one's birth. "This is my own, my native land," sang an eminent poet, as if the utmost desire of a man were to render himself worthy of the spot where he was born, and as if he would sacrifice anything rather than his right to his birth-place. But such is the state of things in England, that this sacred principle of love of country appears to be forgotten.

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still, would scarcely now be said by the repentant visitor of our shores. It is evident that we do not allude to the favoured of fortune, but only to the unfortunate class, who find our social system so fraught with barriers to comfort and independence, that they can see no panacea for their grievances but emigration.

The English are a generous, a sensible, and an industrious nation. The cry is still "a fair day's wages for a fair day's work," and nothing perhaps is so true as the adage that "idleness is the parent of all evil." It is, therefore, a great duty of Parliament to provide employment for the people. Instead of wasting night after night upon mere personal

squabbles or theoretical questions, or, what is equally unprofitable, upon subjects which it is not intended to develop to their full extent, we contend that it is the solemn duty of the representatives of the people, to give them the means of becoming industrious.

To the shame of Parliament, this very question of employment was last session made a mere party display. The Factory Bill afforded scope for intrigue, political rancour, and manœuvring of all sorts; and, although there was a vast deal of cant about the sacred rights of the poor, yet in fact this rallying cry was the mere pretence to enable orators and party statesmen to dispose of their eloquence, with a view to catch popularity, or to forward some favourite scheme for the overthrow of the Government, or the advancement of some ingenious theory.

The "sayings" of Parliament are most voluminous. Its "doings" may be comprised in a space as minute as that which would enclose the equipage of Queen Mab. This system we desire to be reversed; we would have senators talk less and do more. Not that we advocate rash experiments or restless legislation, but we should like to see a general concert among members of Parliament of all parties, with a view to effect something practical, which should do service, if not to the million, at least to some fraction of the State, so that the reproach of a session of uselessness should be no longer a reality. Parliament can act as well as talk upon some occasions. Be the question one of the imposition of a tax—the perpetration of a job, or some "wheel-about" manifestation of a tyrant majority, and the thing is performed with the rapidity of lightning. Why, therefore, should it not be equally alert when there is an opportunity to prevent discontent, to remedy some great evil, or to make some addition to the comforts and happiness of the poor and desolate?

We repeat that we do not expect Parliament to please everybody, or to establish perfect concord, prosperity, and confidence. But, nevertheless, we believe that if it would honestly apply itself to devise remedies for the anomalous state of things of which we have given a brief and imperfect sketch, something might be effected to sustain the boasted pre-eminence of England. Not a week passes but details are given of fearful crimes emanating from poverty, and during the last month there have been cases of actual starvation. Such things ought not to happen in a great nation, nay in any country which affects the least degree of civilization. If English operatives were properly employed—if Parliament made any attempt to place them in the position which they deserve, from their intelligence, their industry and their honesty—there would be no need of Emigration Committees, nor would it be necessary to waste long speeches upon the question whether there ought to be any interference with the labour of the people.

There has been dog legislation and dog-day legislation; our senators have applied their energies to a most extensive range of subjects. Nothing seems to go amiss to them. "Seneca is not too heavy, or Plautus too light," and they have indeed been everything by turns, except, perhaps, sensible and honest philanthropists. Scarcely a man but has some favourite partiality or antipathy, and the hobby is ridden to death. There are continual complaints of want of time, and yet the House of Commons is the only place where the value of time does not seem to be

understood. Chimæras, ay, and most dire ones, are the order of the day. There seems a continual effort to do impossibilities—for instance, there are daily attempts to take the "*sense* of the house." This would indeed be a task of the most Herculean character. The commodity, if compressed and volatilized, would, as far as appearances go, be a mere "airy nothing."

From past experience, therefore, we have not much confidence that what is called the "wisdom" of Parliament will be directed to objects of real utility. The Royal Speech will no doubt contain the usual generalities. Happily there can be the accustomed congratulations about the continuance of peace, and my Lords and Gentlemen will be requested to apply their attention to many subjects. Various measures also will be flooded, upon the usual Parliamentary grounds that they are brought in too soon or too late. The *ins* will do, and the *outs* will blame their doings. Promise will be lavish, performance scanty, and at length, after the session has wearied itself out, the members of the House of Commons will be thanked for the liberal provisions they have made, and again despatched to the intellectual enjoyment of grouse shooting and the other duties of country gentlemen.

The great mischief of modern legislation is its wholesale character. Every member has his measure, and it is generally a very long one. If the House would but concentrate its energies upon a few subjects, and dispose of them one way or the other, it would be a great advantage. It is almost an insult to say that Parliament cannot help the sufferings and misfortunes of the people. The very object of legislation is, or ought to be, to prevent them. Parliament cannot, we know, command success, but then it never tries to deserve it. We earnestly hope, however, that the evil system hitherto pursued will be changed; and that the session of 1845 will not be liable to the biting but well-founded reproach to which we have alluded, as having been applied to a former one. But there will indeed be a "reform" in Parliament if this be so, and men will be as astonished as Hamlet at the idea of the world, having grown honest.

If the Pleasures of Memory forbid the anticipation, let us call to our aid the Pleasures of Hope, in our imaginings for the future. In this spirit, though with some misgivings, we will venture to anticipate something like an *entente cordiale* in producing at length a session which may be distinguished for good. We have had Long Parliaments, Short Parliaments, Reformed Parliaments, Whig Parliaments, Tory Parliaments, and many Talking Parliaments. Let it be hoped, that the ensuing one will be an honest Practical Parliament. This is not actually impossible, if it be true that "there is a power of goodness in things evil."

Should the Parliament of 1845 deviate into an honest and useful course, we should greatly rejoice; and, as novelty is the order of the day, it would be an additional satisfaction to find a disproof of the assertion, that "party is the madness of all for the benefit of a few." The Parliament for the Million ought to do something good, and it will have effected a grand achievement if it could render "party" subservient to the benefit of *all*. Such a result, however, is astounding to think of. It would overcome the nation,

Like a summer's cloud.



TRAVEL AND TALK

GENOA.

BY LUKE RODEN, M.D.

NISMES.

We arrived in very reasonable time at Nismes—a town of such vast antiquity that all records are lost. It is said to have been founded by the Phocians, who were the first colonists of Marseilles, and has been, till lately, the dullest and most lethargic town even in France. It must be terribly surprised to be awakened from its ages of torpor by a railroad. The close apposition of the most ancient of buildings with the most recent of inventions is rather startling. A Temple of Diana remains, exceedingly picturesque, and a tall gawky gas-house chimney close by the side of it, a good indication of the change. There is a very extensive fountain, in terraces, with galleries, and innumerable columns standing in the clear water, all arranged with such perverse ingenuity that, although you hear the rush of a considerable body of water, you cannot catch a glimpse of a cascade from any point. Here, in this fountain (if I may believe the hideous old crone who acted as cicerone), Diana's nymphs used to bathe. Perhaps even the goddess herself sometimes took a splash, if there ever were such a goddess, if not I beg her pardon!

High up above the fountains rises a steep rock covered with the richest pine firs, winding walks, bordered with roses (resembling those of China, and now in full bloom), lead to the summit, on which

stands a tower of imposing size and height, and of unknown antiquity, surrounded by an orchard of olive trees; I gathered some of the fruit, which was so ripe as to have become of a deep purple colour.

Often, in trying to reconcile my palate to the olives we have at table in England—often have I wished to taste them fresh from the tree, and before they had been subjected to the vile pickling process which makes them no longer a fruit. Alas, for my ignorance! The olive, when first gathered, is so intensely bitter, that, not till after many months of steeping in salt water, can it be endured in the mouth. No danger of olives being stolen; these orchards would be safe from the depredations even of English schoolboys.

Went next to see the grand Amphitheatre, a very splendid ruin, still retaining its form, and affording a vivid conception of the amusement which required these gigantic structures. Here, could three-and-twenty thousand persons sit at their ease and enjoy the delightful spectacle (enhanced by the feeling of their own security) of human beings torn to pieces by wild beasts. This Amphitheatre was built by Julius Cæsar, and the devastations it has suffered are much less the effects of time than of the zeal of the new religionists. The early Christians were the prototypes of our own Reformers in the days of Henry

VIII., and of the followers of John Knox; they transferred their indignation from the abuses of an establishment to the buildings, which they considered to have been desecrated by them, and, like children, beat the stone they had stumbled over.

The last object which attracted my notice was the famous *Maison Carrée*, but I was so thoroughly disappointed at its diminutive size that it was only the fear of the police which prevented me from taking it up and putting it into my trunk; seriously, it is a pretty ornamented little baby-house, and might be put into the smallest Church in London.

Slept at Nîmes, and, next day, came back by railway to Beaucaire, where we again took boat and descended to Arles, and, after a night's rest, set out to explore the town. Not far from the hotel was an obelisk, the only one ever made out of Egypt, of a single block of granite sixty-six English feet in height, considerably dilapidated, however, and showing the marks of a climate less favourable to the preservation of monuments than that of Egypt. On inspecting the noble Amphitheatre at Arles, I inadvertently brushed the nap of local patriotism the wrong way, by remarking to my guide that it was not so large as that at Nîmes.

"Pardon, Monsieur, it is larger."

I still doubted.

"It is acknowledged to be larger."

"No," said I, "my eye cannot deceive me so much, it is smaller, decidedly smaller."

My guide's wounded honour could bear it no longer, and, in a tone of voice gradually rising till the climax, he exclaimed:—

"It is larger, Sir; I would wager my head, Sir, that it is larger; the whole world allows that it is larger; larger by—by—by six inches!"

Now, considering that the building is only 515 feet in length, one half longer than St. Paul's, one cannot wonder at his indignation at my disparaging curtailment of its proportions, so I began to brush the other way, and succeeded in appeasing his sensitive feelings. The fact is, the walls are so much thicker, and there is so much larger space allotted to the seats, that the area is materially diminished, and it happened as it has happened many times since the affair of the shield which the two Knights had viewed from opposite sides—both parties were right. He was thinking of the outside and I of the inside. I remember a case in point which did not, however, end in a quarrel, but a laugh; "I understand, perfectly," said one gentleman to another, who was describing a piece of timber, "one end was smaller than the other." "No," replied his antagonist, drawing himself up, "I say again, Sir, that one end was larger than the other."

Our hotel once formed part of the ancient Roman Forum, and a portion of the front is left in its original architecture; very extensive crypts exist at the back of the house, now turned into wine cellars; perhaps it was their original destination in the days of Horace and Virgil.

Posted from Arles across the country through Salon, St. Cannat, and Aix (en Provence), to Marseilles, and this step was taken in deference to Neptune, who had sent one of his most powerful winds to blockade the mouth of the Rhone, and prevent all steam-boats from passing out to sea—the position of Marseilles and the mouth of the Rhone, being some-

thing like that of Ramsgate and the mouth of the Thames.

Having no carriage, we were obliged to arrange for French post-chaises, the public conveyance having ceased to run in consequence of the inundations. Oh for the pen of Walter Scott, or the pencil of Hogarth to depict them! When Mrs. Meg Dodds, of the Aulton St. Ronan's, thinks her "leathern convenience" no longer consistent with her dignity, let it be dispatched to Arles, where it will "take the shine" out of all its competitors. I doubt if, in any part of England, there is a baker's cart of pretensions so humble. They were, however, in the first style of fashion, if you adopt the natural classification, and *begin from the beginning*! We paid threesous a mile for the use of these elegant vehicles, so that in sixty miles travelling they must have earned more than the fee simple.

MARSEILLES.

And now, having emptied my brain of recollections, let me say a few words on this town of Marseilles, or, as it ought to be spelt, *Marsaille*. It is a much larger and finer place than I had anticipated—the streets very wide and well built—and the whole town generally regular. Some of the public walks are exceedingly handsome, with noble trees forming an abundant shelter, which it is evident must be necessary in summer, for I observe that all the little vegetable gardens in the suburbs, are divided by plantations of bamboo, and the aloe grows on the rocks—distinct indications of a great change of climate since we left Paris. The streets are thronged with Turks, Greeks, Albanians, and other Levanters, whose gay and picturesque costumes contrast strongly with the sober dresses of the native population. These, with the multitude of soldiers going and returning from Algiers, baggage-waggons, cannon and ammunition, give a bustle and activity to the place, very unlike the half-alive appearance of almost all the other towns of France. Woe to the man who should advise the abandonment of Algiers—if he come to Marseille he will be treated like the *Marechal d'Ancre*.

To-morrow, we embark on board the *Charlema*, a French steamer, for Naples, but shall be compelled to make the whole circuit of the head of the Mediterranean, as these boats are the means of communication with Nice, Genoa, Leghorn, Civita Vecchia and Naples—they sail every evening, and rest during the day at the respective towns, and thus give an opportunity for at least a peep at them, so that if Neptune be propitious and you can sleep on board, you perform the voyage itself in just no time at all.

My experience of steam-boats at sea, however, gives me horrible forebodings—and I feel something like a man who is going to be hanged to-morrow. The Captain assures me we shall have a splendid passage, but I look at the sky and take a furtive glance at the barometer—and fear the Captain's prophecy is uttered on the principle that actuates the doctor, when he tells a moribund patient that he will recover. In for it, however—there is no help. The road between this and Nice is broken up by the inundations, and several bridges are destroyed, so that we have Hobson's choice. I know that I am going to feed the fishes!—not with my body indeed, but in a way that delicacy will not allow me to set down.

One of the chief causes of our impatience to arrive at Marseilles, was to enjoy the luxury of the warm

sea baths, which I was assured would be found there in perfection. This morning I proceeded in search of them, and learnt that they were *only a few miles* from the town! and that coaches might be procured to take us there for a moderate price, but that it would be necessary to give notice by a messenger some hours before the time the bath should be required. Notwithstanding all these obstacles the luxury was too great to be relinquished for moderate trouble and expence, and we set off in a nondescript vehicle with two wheels. After about an hour of lumbering through the ruts and lumps of the public road, we turned down a by-lane, where the wheels were rendered almost useless by the depth of the mud, and arrived at a beautiful place among the rocks, with a large bath-house, a handsome saloon, and, what in summer must be delightful, a large space planted with trees uniting their branches so closely overhead as to form an absolutely impervious shade, where at the proper season a large company might sit out in the open air and enjoy the breezes of the Mediterranean, with a charming sea view. The accommodations for bathing in the sea are very perfect, and the absence of tide enables the bather always to have the same depth of water. Large squares are enclosed, and, when the weather requires and admits of it, are covered with a canvass roof; there is a very convenient separate accommodation for ladies, and as a place for summer bathing nothing in England can be compared with it; but the apparatus for warm baths was most wretched, and not at all adapted for winter. A brick bath covered with plaster, and one side formed by a solid stone wall, the main support of the building, the accommodations of a hen-roost, a broken stone floor, no curtains, and a door that, when shut, admitted of the hand being inserted between it and the door-post—certainly, on the present occasion, a convenience, for the outside handle was broken. I had scarcely placed myself in the bath, when the water became too cold to remain, and I huddled on my clothes again; heartily vexed to have taken so much trouble for worse than nothing.

On returning, I bought in the market a magnificent bunch of grapes, weighing, I think, nearly two pounds, for three half-pence; and took a ramble on the coast, to the left of the town, to see a large ship which had been stranded on the previous night; observed the coast completely covered with the little balls the size of apples, called "*Pommes de Mer*." They exactly resemble the round masses of hair taken from the ruminating stomach of the cow, and which are the produce of her own skin, licked off and swallowed. On examination, they proved to be the down of the Alga (sea weed,) rolled into these masses by the action of the water—a thing which could not take place where there was a considerable tide, as they would be carried out to sea and destroyed. They are very firm and elastic, and are believed by the common people to be the fruit of a plant at the bottom of the sea.

On board the "Charlemagne," Harbour of Marseilles, Morning, 24th December, 1841.

Here we are at last, on board. The captain is a fine specimen of a sailor, a bluff, jolly fellow, six feet high, extremely polite and well bred in manner, and with a countenance to inspire faith. The sun shines brilliantly, and the sea is moderately calm. He pro-

mises a remarkably fine passage, and I am trying to believe him. There is said to be no tide in the Mediterranean. I have heard the fact asserted and disputed a hundred times, and, on such occasions, concluded for the medium, viz., that there was a *very little* tide. At Marseilles, however, the thing is most disagreeably decided. There being no tide, all the filth of the town runs into the harbour, and, instead of being carried away at the ebb, remains stagnant and putrid, giving out the most horrid compound of villainous smells that ever offended nostril. The harbour waits for clearance like the old Scotchwoman with her threshed corn waits for "just a dispensation o' wind," which shall force into it so large a quantity of water as to make a strong ebb out again when it subsides, and thus clear away all the accumulation of dead dogs, cats, rags, and other unnameable filth which lies near the shore, for the especial benefit of the doctors. The sight of it is enough to produce vomiting, and the stench is inconceivable. Fortunately we are anchored at the mouth of the harbour. Had we remained near the shore I should have been seriously ill; indeed I am even now suffering from something very much resembling cholera morbus. If this be the case in winter what must be the effect of the stagnant mass in the heats of summer? The harbour, which is admirably protected, and has two entrances, exhibits a very lively scene; the vessels of so many nations, and the grotesque form of some of those from Turkey, Algiers, &c.; the incessant activity of the Government in sending out troops and ammunition to their new colony; the number of vessels returning with invalids, make a bustle greater than that of Liverpool, because *here* are no docks to transact business quietly. Silence is a Fruchman's horror.

One o'clock, P.M. We were promised to sail at Eleven (*French punctuality*), so that we may be off by two, perhaps. My writing-case shuts with a spring, and I am ready in a moment to jot down my thoughts as they arise, if Neptune forbid it not.

Half-past Four—off Toulon. "So far into the bowels of the land" without let or impediment. The whole coast, hitherto, is the most dreary that can be conceived. Rocks of grey stone emphatically sterile. Toulon is curiously situated; a deep recess of a mile or two, quite straight, as if cut by Art, forms a bay, at the bottom of which lies the town, strong by its fortifications, no doubt, but apparently unprotected. The high mountains which line the coast have not even the merit of being picturesque to compensate their sterility, for all the edges are worn off by the effect of the weather on the soft stone, and they do not, apparently, bear even moss or lichen. We have been creeping all the way close to the shore, which has a narrow strip of land on its border, the alluvium of the hills, up which climb a few olive trees, and there is a range of beggarly villages at the base. We are just now entering the channel between the mainland and the Islands of Hyères, the only place in France where the orange flourishes in the open air. The smooth water comes very apropos to enable us to enjoy our dinner, which is abundant and *recherché*. An occasional deep sigh from the passengers had been for some time past giving notice that the whole party was becoming *sentimental* (the first stage of sea-sickness). A few more miles of rough water and the dinner would have gone away untouched. No one has yet exhibited any of the degrading symptoms of

this most prosaic and humiliating of maladies. By-the-by I know no exhibition of superiority so intolerably offensive as the condescending compassion of those who are exempt from this infliction.

Six o'clock. The breeze freshens, but we are all so fortified by a good dinner and good wine, that we talk boldly; the wind is right astern, which makes us roll a good deal, but not enough to prevent the enjoyment of a glorious sunset, which casts a purple mantle over the mountains, and invests their bare heads with regal splendour. The sea looks intensely blue, and the curl of the waves is like frosted silver, slightly tinged by rays of the setting sun.

Strange! that one should look on a mass of waters with more interest because it is called the Mediterranean, than if it were named the British Channel. An unbounded expanse of water is an unbounded expanse of water, and nothing more, and whether it be the Pacific, the Atlantic, the British Channel, or the Mediterranean, it is exactly the same to the eye, but to the eye of the mind how different! My knowledge of Italy is, as yet, confined to the northern and eastern portions, the Mediterranean I had never seen, but it has been so often the object of my thoughts and longings that there is a kind of satisfaction that it is at last accomplished. The intense blueness that prevails at this moment I have never seen before, except at the lake of Geneva, where, you may remember, it is often seen the colour of a watch-spring. Our vessel is very large (160 horse power), and, as a matter of course, English engines.

Our party is rather numerous, and composed of Russians, Prussians, Italians, French, English, Americans, and Portuguese. The frost of reserve is melting away with all but the English, whose unsocial habits I have often occasion to notice and avoid. A couple of them, however, a lady and gentleman, recently married, are sitting on the sofa, apart, and are a world to themselves. God forbid we should interrupt their happy illusions!

The Americans on board seem perfectly English in tone of thinking, and I should not have recognized the peculiar nasal accent, had I not insensibly called to mind the ludicrous exaggeration of it in Mathews' representation—so firmly does association connect a caricature with the original; just as Monk Lewis's beautiful ballad of "Alonzo the brave and the fair Imogene" adheres so tenaciously to his own burlesque of it, "Giles Jalap, the grave, and the brown Sally Green." I found them well bred, well informed, and as conscious of the blessings of peace and as anxious to promote it as if the desperate "Press Gang," which disgraces their country, and earns its dirty bread by vilifying all that is good and honourable, had ceased to exist.

If you have not read Botta's "History of the Revolution of the United States of America," I recommend you to take the earliest opportunity of perusing it. To be acceptable in an English garb, it would require to be much abridged—it is a very clear and impartial, though rather prolix, account of the causes, progress, and consequences of the American War of Independence, which the writer shows to have been absolutely inevitable. The extent of the metropolitan authority over colonies had never been ascertained—there were neither precedents nor analogies to form a guide—one half of the English nation aided the insurgents, and a miserable Government carried on

the contest so foolishly and so wickedly, that the justice of the matter changed hands, and that which in the beginning was a revolt became a legitimate rebellion. "All worketh together for good," says St. Paul, and no doubt this great event, though brought about by human means, was decided by the Divine Will, and tends to ultimate good.

One of my fellow travellers interested me much; a fine, florid, good-looking man, with mustachios perfectly white; he was very gentlemanly and dignified in carriage, and his remarks, more especially concerning the wars in Portugal and Spain, were evidently from not merely an eye witness, but from one who had held a high position.

I said, "You have been so long abroad that you have acquired a slight accent?"

He replied, "You compliment me, I am a Portuguese."

"Then," said I, "you are a man whose name is found in one of the brightest pages of our history—you are the Marquis S——?"

He said, "yes"—and was not displeased at a compliment which was certainly sincere. He gave me the history of the separation of Brazil, where he was Governor of one of the largest provinces, and Commander-in-chief. He was strongly urged to accept the post of Viceroy, but refused, unless they would allow him to lay the foundation of the separation by amicable negotiation and compromise. He remarked that I was one of the Englishmen who had a correct notion of the struggles in Portugal, their nature and origin—which are, certainly very different from the popular belief in England.

In answer to my praise of his English, he said, "I learnt it with ease, for I had a beautiful tutor, and I was 18 years of age—I married her eight-and-twenty years ago—she has borne me eight children, and I am devoted to her now as fervently as in the first year of our union. I am going to Genoa to meet her."

A young Genevese, not more than twenty years of age, deputed by some of the ardent patriots of his conceited little Republic to commune with other choice spirits of the Peninsula on the regeneration of mankind, made himself very conspicuous at table by his loud boastings of the success of their recent revolution!—awful word! The mighty empire contains as many inhabitants as a fourth-rate parish in London—twenty-three thousand! He had been fighting with his musket and bayonet, and had, no doubt, killed his man or men. He expatiated largely on the glorious results of the outbreak, which had put down the aristocracy of watch-makers, chain-makers, brooch-makers, schoolmasters, and professors of the university, and left the people—the mighty sovereign people!—to make laws for themselves. No doubt the three-hooped pot shall, in future, have five hoops, and a true millennium be established for ever.

"One result of your bloody revolt," said I, "it requires no great sagacity to foretel. You have given the *coup de grace* to your trumpety little town, and the very word revolution ridiculous."

I am no friend to the extension of the power of France, but should certainly see with pleasure this contemptible little caricature of a government put down by a regiment of French soldiers, and no longer suffered to annoy their gigantic neighbour by establishing a place of refuge for rogues, smugglers, swindlers, and vagabond apostles of sedition.

Nine o'clock, P.M.—I have been walking the deck for some time under the influence of a most brilliant moon. The water is beginning to be "*moutonneuse*" as the French call it—that is, the tops of all the waves are curled into foam and give the sea somewhat the appearance of being covered with sheep. The moon is nearly full, adding additional beauty to the foam. How I envy those who are exempt from sea-sickness—it is becoming too rough for me, so I am going to turn in and try to forget my rising qualms.

Christmas-day, eleven o'clock A.M. We had a splendid sun-rise. I was up early and refreshed, to take advantage of it, watching the very interesting coast, almost a continuous line of houses along the shore, the ridge of mountains rising a short distance behind them, with noble country houses in picturesque situations half way up the slope, and on the intermediate little monticules. We are approaching the suburbs of Genoa, and the coast becomes richer at every moment. Behind the ridge of mountains already named, there rises the snowy line of the Apennines, forming no bad substitute for the Alps.

And now we enter the harbour of Genoa—*la superba*—and well it deserves the name. Palace after palace, house above house, church above church, and convent above convent, surmounted by imposing fortifications, rise in succession to the summit of the vast semicircular amphitheatrical site of this noble town. Mixed with the buildings are gardens and terraces, with here and there a sort of minaret. The gardens are full of evergreens; I cannot distinguish the kinds, but they tell me that they are olives, myrtles, arbutus, and orange trees.

The bells are ringing for church, and the sound is echoed and re-echoed from the mountains; the sun shines with a brilliancy which is strangely out of harmony with Christmas-day, and none the less welcome for that; and the sky is of the deep and varied blue so often talked of by the poets, and tried to be represented by the painters, but the glories of ultramarine and cobalt are poor imitations. The *mother-of-pearl variations of colour* cannot be represented on canvass. It is the first Christmas I have ever passed on this side the Alps; when last in Italy we had the cloudy skies of the latter end of autumn.

What a lovely scene is before me. I have brought up my writing-case to jot down the little events as they arise, not because they are worthy of record, but because it will give pleasure to those I love to follow my steps as they read my letter, and recollect what they were doing at the same moment.

It is, indeed, a joyous spectacle! The sound of the bells, the buzz of the multitude like the swarming of bees, "*ronzava conesciame*." That kind of elastic atmosphere which makes one pleasurable conscious of existence; and added to all this, the holy *sabbath feeling*, a compound of so many emotions.

Some one remarks that the word *fast* in England means the *addition of salt fish to a good dinner*; so Christmas-day, which in the Catholic countries of the south seems truly a *festival of the heart*, in our more prosaic clime is generally regarded as a *festival of the stomach*. Both are good things in their way, but of the two let me have the former, if the union be impossible.

I sit here with an open book before me, as if I were copying from it. This stratagem serves like

the fowling-piece to the peripatetic traveller, to furnish a legitimate excuse for idleness and isolated amusement. This hint, by-the-by, is worth notice. It has sometimes enabled me to take down a conversation in a public room without exciting suspicion.

"But what is that immense piece of black drapery," said I to the captain, "extending all the way across the street, and from the roof to the ground? Surely that cannot be one of the modes of manifesting joy in this country."

The captain could not see it, although it was a most conspicuous object. An American and a couple of Frenchmen joined in my wonder, but some Genoese on board were as blind as the captain.

"Surely I cannot be mistaken—there it is—a large piece of black drapery, apparently of the richest cloth. It must be one of the preparations for a funeral."

At last the vessel was conducted to her anchoring-ground, and my brilliant broad cloth, seen from a different point of view, turned out to be a shadow!—a shadow thrown by one house across the street on another. I don't know that I could give you a better idea of the intensity of the light which could thus by contrast make shadow seem a substance. Yet this is winter!

Five o'clock P.M. at the Hotel, and preparing for dinner. This most interesting and impressive ceremony, for ever new and pleasing, will yet be delayed half-an-hour, so to beguile my impatience I will describe our occupation since we landed, which was not for nearly two hours after we entered the harbour; the Captain had a great number of formalities to fulfil at the Custom-house, and the police, to take especial cognizance of our persons. For this last object, they trotted us all round the deck in single file, to count and examine our physiognomy, and the first essay not being satisfactory, or the officer not being an adept in arithmetic, we were all trotted round a second time; I cannot say that this process tended to put us in good-humour, but Sardinian police is not a thing to laugh at.

We have been walking round the town, looking at churches, which at this season are very splendidly adorned; some of the collections of artificial flowers on the altars were most superb; the dresses of the priests, who on this occasion wear their richest habiliments, the silver and gold ornaments, the blaze of jewels, and innumerable tapers of the altar, the marble columns, the twisted porphyry pillars, the noble statues, the beautiful ceilings, the rich and costly paintings on the walls, each enough to immortalize a modern artist; then the perfect performance of the most exquisite music, by some of the finest voices and instruments I had ever heard, and added to all these a very numerous and devout congregation;—altogether were enough to create an enthusiasm which I fear excited a feeling nearly allied to contempt, for our bald and jejune Protestant service. I cannot forgive our reformers for their rejection of all those helps to devotion, which even when the mind has been fitted to our tame ceremonies, are felt by the best educated man to be innocent and legitimate. It would seem as if we thought anything good enough for the house of God, and the *music* we offer up is a desecration of the faculty of hearing.

As I stood on the raised steps of the sanctuary (the space that encloses the altar), and turned back

to look at the *sea of faces*, all directed towards one object, and all strongly illuminated by the gorgeous profusion of lamps and tapers, such a multitudinous mass of countenances all under the influence of devotional feeling, formed a *coup d'œil* of infinite interest. To see a vast number of human beings all actuated by one sentiment, whether we approve or condemn—whether of the higher intellectual character or of mere animal instinct, the enthusiasm of admiration or the dire spirit of vengeance—in any of these moods a mass of popular impulse is a sublime and exciting spectacle. How much more when the feeling is one of religious fervour; this sentiment when not excited by controversy (it contaminates it with the least elevating of human passions), but by the tranquillizing influence of ceremonial devotion, gives the noblest of all expressions to the countenance. How often have I seen the face of a young child, which at another time had the meaningless character of undeveloped intellect, instantly irradiated with exquisite beauty when pouring forth its innocent prayers.

Each form of service, however, if sincere, must be acceptable to God. There is a beautiful illustration of this by some writer, whose name I have forgotten, in a parable of an affectionate father who went into a distant country, and when his return was expected, each of his children set about testifying his love by a present; one had saved money to buy him a watch, another had made him an easy chair, a third a cushion for his feet, and the others in proportion to their ideas and means, the youngest a mere child, had *gathered a daisy*! Was the father less gratified with this little flower than with the expensive presents of the elders? Every father's heart will say oh! no!—no!

Eleven o'clock, P.M.—The day had been so warm that we had all our windows wide open till dinner was over. Our hotel had been a palace, and our rooms were five-and-twenty feet in height, and at least thirty feet square. We happened to have the only saloon which had a fire-place, and could do no less than honour the day with a good blaze, without which Christmas would not be Christmas; so a noble crackle of vine branches set light to a regular *yule log* (query, is not this a corruption of *noël log*?), and, with spiced wine, we drank a merry Christmas and happy New Year to all friends in Ultima Thule. You need not give yourself the trouble to calculate the time from the longitude, to know what you were doing at the same moment, but may take for granted that we were thus employed from eight o'clock till ten.

I must scribble a few words more before going to bed, lest we should be too much occupied to-morrow.

It was a remark made by myself, by my companion, and by half-a-dozen of our fellow-travellers, who were in Italy for the first time, that we had suddenly changed the race. We had left in Provence a set of yellow-skinned caricatures of humanity, who could only by courtesy be called women; and we were come amongst a people so emphatically handsome that it was rare to meet a face that was not an object of interest. The ladies had that mild and tranquil air which distinguishes our own countrywomen; and they had the same neatness of dress, the same freshness of complexion, and the same placid expression.

The lowest class of women here seem to be descendants of the Saracens—at least a considerable proportion of them: they have the black eyes and hair, the yellow skin, and the genuine gipsy countenance, and they retain the oriental taste for gaudy colours: they wear a very broad scarf of printed cotton over their shoulders and head—the regular chintz pattern, with flowers as big as plates, and green, red, blue, and yellow griffins, and other monsters. The thing is ugly enough, but the effect of great numbers of people thus dressed, and massed into groups, is exceedingly picturesque.

Although the race here is so fine, we observe a great number of cripples and deformed persons. A medical eye instantly recognises the effect of bad nursing, bad feeding in childhood, ignorance of physical management, and, by consequence, rickets and soft bones. Such, however, seems to be the excellence of the climate, and such the natural superiority of the race, that, as I have above stated, the general character that impresses one, in spite of these exceptions, is that of health, vigour, and beauty.

We have all remarked to-day the large proportion of *gentlemen* we meet in the streets; that is to say, countenances indicating refinement and education. The Americans are particularly animated in expressing their admiration. Among the Ecclesiastics, who are here very numerous, this characteristic is still more remarkable; I saw amongst them some of the noblest heads in the world; they look like the best of our own clergy, who are certainly a more than favourable average of the English race. We all, however, looked with strong disapprobation on the great numbers of idle and slovenly monks who were mixed with the crowd, and apparently treated by them with the greatest contempt.

Sunday Evening, 26th December. We ought to have remained at Genoa only one night, but the intervention of Sunday, when no business is transacted at the custom-house, compels us to stay till to-morrow. We have thus had abundant time to view, at least, the exterior appearance of the town, and I admire it more and more. It is true, the streets are generally narrow, and, as Sterne says of Paris, it *would* be a satisfaction were they a little wider, because of the comfort of knowing on which side of the street you are walking, but the open spaces are exceedingly handsome, and there is one street especially (the *Strada Nuova*) which is entirely composed of houses as handsome as the Reform Club-house in Pall-Mall, all built of white marble, and covered with sculpture; indeed the coach entrances to houses in most of the streets are of the same material, splendidly embellished with figures; marble forms, at least, the front of most of the houses. High up on the roofs, or on the wings and porticoes, less elevated than the body of the buildings, are gardens full of orange trees loaded with fruit and roses, and jessamines in blossom. The Queen's marble arch at Buckingham Palace would cut but a poor figure at Genoa. They are building an immense range of arches, forming a covered arcade, with shops, the whole length of the sea front; it is of admirable architecture, of unpolished white marble, with just the mark of the chisel, and the top is to form a splendid promenade, also paved with fine marble, affording the noblest views of the city, the mountains, and the sea. Altogether, I am more than

pleased with Genoa, for it more than fulfils the expectation I had formed of it. When we look back to its ancient and heroic history, we cannot wonder that its inhabitants should have considered themselves unjustly treated in being transferred to the King of Sardinia, and made thus a dependency instead of a nation. It is to be borne in mind, however, that they had long been united to France, that they were made into an integral part of that Empire under Buonaparte, and that they only separated therefrom in April, 1814, when his sun had set, so that, according to the rules of warfare, they had no peculiar claim to forbearance; certainly, when they surrendered to the English fleet it was with the *claim* of independence, but it was not to be expected that such a claim would be allowed at the Congress of Vienna, when there was power to enforce whatever arrangement might be thought most consistent with the permanent advantage and general interests of Europe (of course no Sovereign attached importance to his own!). One can more readily sympathise with their disappointment than acquiesce in the reasonableness of their hopes. The town contains about 150,000 inhabitants, and looks as if it deserved to be the capital of a kingdom. It is very flourishing, and rapidly increasing in wealth.

It would be useless to give you descriptions of individual objects, as there are so many guide books, and any information I could offer would necessarily be inexact. It is interesting, however, to compare the present state of the town with its situation when Lady M. W. Montague visited it exactly a hundred years ago; she says, "The Genoese keep coaches as fine as the Speakers of the House of Commons, their liveries are all plain, nobody is allowed to keep more than two horses," &c. It is evident that "the Genoese," in her estimation, were a few wealthy and influential families, and that what is now called emphatically "the people," was, in her days, looked on as the manure, by means of which the pine-apples of society were raised to perfection.

I have never yet seen, heard of, or read of, a nation where the numerical majority were well informed, wise, temperate, and forbearing, and there is little hope of such a thing, however rapid the march of intellect. The only valid reason for acquiescing in the government of the majority would seem to be the avoidance of a physical contest: as the 100 would (*ceteris paribus*) beat the 99, it is agreed that the 99 shall (in the duelling phrase) "consider themselves horsewhipped." In the great contests of Italy, two hundred years ago, the generals in like manner spared their troops the mischiefs of gunpowder. Whenever, by dint of manœuvring, one of them had got his adversary into such a position that, if he fought, he would be almost certain of defeat, it was agreed that the latter should "consider himself beaten," and retire, and thus prevent useless bloodshed.

It is curious, however, to observe the severity of the laws in a Republic, and the positive tyranny acquiesced in, without murmur or remonstrance, when exercised by the temporary and fluctuating majority. If the same amount of tyranny were attempted under an arbitrary monarch he would be assassinated forthwith. For example, formerly at Genoa no one was allowed to wear an ornament of gold or silver, nor clothes of any other colour than black; and, in the "conceited little Republic" of Geneva no citizen was

permitted to keep a carriage of any kind. What would be thought of an Emperor of Russia, or of Austria, enforcing a similar restriction; like the wife of Sganarelle in the "*Médecin Malgré Lui*" of Molière, "my own husband *shall* thrash me if he pleases, what business is it of yours," my own majority *shall* tyrannize if I please; I have seen more of minute and vexatious arbitrary power exercised in one week in the Canton de Vaud, which has the perfection of theoretical Government (Annual Parliaments, Universal Suffrage, and Vote by Ballot), than if spread over a year, would be tolerated under any of the absolute Governments of Europe.

The only reflection which seemed to console the minority under this Jack Cade system of legislation was, that by-and-by they would be able by electioneering stratagem, or the course of events, to reverse the respective numbers and tyrannize in turn. This glorious see-saw seemed to be a sufficient compensation for a childish dependence on the Government for direction and controul in the most trivial and minute actions of their lives, and they submitted to it with the resignation with which we submit to earthquakes, storms, and inundations.

On board the steam-boat, 28th December. What a strange Noah's ark is a large steam-boat at sea; I don't mean to carry the comparison to the extent of saying that it contains *all sorts of beasts*, nor even "all sorts of people" which Sancho Panza says "are necessary to make a world"—a wise saying, by-the-by, which sometimes tends to reconcile one to very odd sorts of people, if the reflection occur to the mind. The world could not exist as God intended it, did it not contain all the varieties of humanity—there must be the vain and the silly, to excite the ridicule of some, and the compassion of others—the improvident and the unfortunate, to exercise the benevolence of the good—positive injuries, or there could be no pardon—sins, or there could be no forgiveness. But not to make a transition into a gloomy moralizing sermon; I will cite my friend Sam Weller, senior—there must be disease and death, or what would become of the doctors and undertakers—"there is a dispensary in these matters," says he, and on being told that he ought to have said "dispensation," replies that "it is always writ up *dispensary* where they give you physic for nothing in your own bottles."

Our dinner party consists of persons from almost every nation in Europe: and as the expensive voyage and the mode of travelling are not adapted to the common business purposes of life, the general character of the guests is that of station, wealth, education, and refinement. The incognito allows all men, whatever may be their rank, to engage in familiar conversation, and when they find the interlocutor to be "a foeman worthy of their steel" there is the freest possible interchange of sentiment, if Neptune be in good humour. I do not know a more delightful mode of passing the day. Etiquette soon fades away, and every man shows to advantage, when free to state his opinions without danger of being reminded, like an M. P., that contradictory sentiments of his are recorded in "Hansard" or the "Mirror of Parliament."

The general, though not universal, exception to this free intercourse, is on the part of Englishmen; which is the more to be lamented, as (with the single ex-

ception of Russians) they are the best educated, and the clearest headed men in the world—

Pride in their port—defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by.

The mixture of aristocratic pride and bashfulness which distinguishes the higher classes of Englishmen is much to be lamented, for it makes the homage paid to the national superiority an ungracious debt instead of a voluntary gift.

A well-bred and well-educated Englishman, who to the advantages of birth and fortune adds a graceful person, and that freedom of thought which always stamps itself on the countenance, and who by travel and intercourse with mankind, has overcome the failing, is the noblest and most admirable object in the world.

Among the many men of rank and education present, was a Russian nobleman, who honoured me by his especial attention. In putting these letters into print I am necessarily compelled to cut out a large part of our very interesting conversation, and omit with regret some details of great value. I have always entertained a great respect for that Government, whose conduct during the last thirty years has been uniformly noble, forbearing, and magnanimous towards this country; ours, on the contrary, has long made a cruel use of our impregnable position, and seems to have triumphed in its exemption from responsibility towards other nations.

We spoke of the Roman ruins I had been recently examining, and I remarked that when London in its turn should share the fate of Babylon and Thebes, there would only remain a few bridges and public monuments to show that it had once been the centre of a mighty nation.

He exclaimed, "If all the monuments of England were swallowed up by an earthquake, there would remain to the end of time a thousand of the noblest memorials of her greatness—in the colonies she has founded—in the civilisation she has spread from one end of the world to the other—in the liberty, the free institutions, the power of self-government, she has bestowed on so many nations sunk in ignorance and superstition—in the arts she has cultivated—and in her noble and pure literature, which must now be eternal; for England exists all over the world, and neither physical nor moral revolutions can destroy it. No, no, Sir," said he, "these things are a thousand times more glorious than monuments of stone, bronze, and marble; they defy time and climate to efface them."

Now, considering that the conduct of England to Russia has been one of unvarying jealousy and opposition, and that our newspapers are constantly filled with diatribes of the grossest kind, not only against that Government but against the people, that they are reproached with not instantly adopting in *their* imperfect state of recent civilization, those free and extravagant liberties which we who have been accustomed to them for centuries can scarcely manage—that *we*, the conquerors of India, the invaders of Afghanistan and of China, accuse them of AMBITION, and call upon all the world to sympathize with us;—considering all these things, I do think that the compliment I have just described was real magnanimity.

Certainly the most extravagant vanity of patriotism that can influence the breast of an Englishman

must be fully satisfied with the way in which his nation is looked up to by all others (at least among the educated classes) and even the furious opposition of the French (who prophecy our speedy expulsion from India)—even *their* violence is only the national mode of manifesting jealous admiration.

"Every year," said a German gentleman to me, "we are told of the approaching downfall of England; that she has reached her zenith, and must necessarily decline like her predecessors; when, in the midst of these lamentations, we hear of some stupendous exertion of her power, and she shoots a-head again with apparently more vigour than ever. All nations that can do it, adopt her institutions as the nearest approach that man has yet made towards perfection."

And now let us return to Rome, and try to imagine that we have entered it under more favourable auspices than in the dragged condition described in the first chapter.

Once more I visited the beautiful Sala Regia, represented in the last paper, where the artist has made a transposition of titles, and subscribed it "Ceremony in the Sistine Chapel," of which more on another occasion.

Further description of Rome must be deferred to a future period, on our return from Naples. We shall proceed with our narrative, and diverge at any moment from the main subject to any new topic, ancient or modern, which may be suggested by anything; fulfilling at every step the announcement in the title, "Travel and Talk."

Naples, January 10, 1842.

At last the time arrived for quitting the Eternal City, of which I have seen so little that I should be in despair, but for the expectation of staying there some time on our return. We, on this occasion, did not venture on posting, but adopted the old mode of taking the *Coupé*. I thought that (as the children say) all the rain in the sky had already come down, but no; a sufficient supply remained above to serve us all the way from Rome to Naples, and to give no little annoyance at the Custom Houses. I had been told that only two were to be found, namely, Terracina, the last town in the Papal Dominions, and Fondi, the first in the Neapolitan territory; the ingenuity of the Neapolitan coachman and guard, was, however, exercised in finding out several others, where under pretext of the right of examination of baggage, the officers, or men pretending to be officers, demanded money for not doing their duty "*Per non far la Visita*." We had given more than once what the conductor told us was usual with "persons of our importance," that is to say, a crown for the two; but our patience beginning to be exhausted, at last we refused, and told them to examine the baggage if they pleased, and they would have nothing but the labour for reward; for there was not a single article of contraband.

"Then if you won't give anything," said the man, "I'll examine your trunks in the rain."

This was no slight threat, as there was really no shelter. I paid therefore *under protest*, gave him a few of my newly-acquired execrations, in short took the opportunity of airing my vocabulary of abuse, and swore like Ancient Pistol, to be "most horribly revenged"—but I ate the leek—and have not, and shall not, I

suppose, put in execution my solemn promise to complain to the Ambassador; and thus it is that abuses are continued in all countries. We can afford to expend words, but not time, in removing evils to which we do not expect to be ourselves again subjected; as for the public—why—"each for himself, and God for us all." Perhaps it is no better in England. We know the annoyances to which we are subjected as foreigners in another country, but we know not those to which foreigners are subjected in our own. I remember once meeting an Italian gentleman just going off to Oxford by the coach from the Post-office, in St. Martin's-le-Grand, who was disputing with a hackney coachman, demanding seven shillings for bringing him from Charing-cross. I told the coachman to call on me for the money, which he wisely abstained from doing. Had he put down in his journal that all English hackney coachmen are thieves, perhaps he would have been as nearly correct as myself in saying that all Neapolitan Custom House officers are rogues.

In leaving Rome I was much interested by the many gigantic remains of aqueducts and other buildings, which are seen outside the gates as we pass along the Via Appiana, a sketch of which was the head-piece of a former Pope's monument. The large square of brick-work near Albano, said to be the tomb of the Horatii or the Curiatii is remarkable; we must not examine too curiously into these matters; whether it was erected to commemorate that celebrated contest, or, as others say, to the honour of Hermes, son of Porcenna—to Pompey, or to anybody else, is now "nothing to nobody"—nor is the thing of great importance, could it be ascertained, for it is a plain mass of bricks, little more imposing than the square heaps we see piled up for burning in a brickfield.

Albano, the Gravesend of Rome, visited by all its cockneys, is a town of about five thousand inhabitants, its situation is excessively beautiful, but we could obtain but a few peeps in consequence of the rain. The next place which attracted my attention was Riccia, where a picturesque old castle on the top of a very steep hill, stops the way, and compels you to pass through it, when out of the gate we enter a beautiful park of fine trees disposed in natural order, a rare thing on the Continent; the road descends winding round through the charming dell, and resembling the best arranged park in England.

Arriving at Velletri to dine, I walked out a little to look at this ancient capital of the Volscians, which stands on a mountain close to the Pontine Marshes. I have often noticed how small an elevation is sufficient to guarantee from the effect of marsh miasmata.

The little village of Greenhithe, on the banks of the Thames, is very subject to ague, and the inhabitants have only to go on the bank about forty feet high to get cured of it; so, if I am to believe the landlord of the inn at Velletri, his town is remarkably healthy, though surrounded by the poisonous atmosphere of the adjoining swamps; not that much dependence can be placed on the report given by an inhabitant, for there is a curious modification of patriotism on such occasions, which makes every man feel his own dignity compromised by any disparaging observations on his native town, or even on the town he has chosen for a residence. I have no doubt that an aboriginal inhabitant of Walcheren would contend for the salubrity of his native island.

"More than that, sir," said the landlord, "this town of Velletri does not contain a single thief nor a single pauper."

Happy Volscians! Unfortunately, however, I picked up from among the loose papers lying about, a few written reports of the police, which show that if there be no thieves there are at least not a few open robbers. One or two of these reports are worth translating, as showing that in the Roman states, as in others, there are always persons ready to take advantage of a state of confusion, and lay the blame of their frauds on "the robbers." A man who is sent by his master to carry a bag of money to the next village, if he can manage to delay his journey to the evening, is tolerably sure to be "attacked by robbers." The money is gone, and the police are sent on a bootless errand after the "assassini." It is only when the real culprit is tempted to make a premature use of his ill-gotten wealth that he is detected. These "police reports" give several curious examples of this kind of fraud.

In passing through Mola di Gaeta, I was struck with the dreadful faces of flaccid yellow skin, which were all but universal. Well do I remember the countenance, having had under my care great numbers of the miserable survivors of that disastrous expedition to Walcheren; an expedition planned in folly and ignorance, and directed by imbecility. Had justice been executed on the real culprits, some of the ministers would have been impeached, the commanding officer cashiered, the physician-general prosecuted and disgraced for incompetence, and not a few of the commissaries mulcted of their ill-gotten gains. For a millionth part of the criminality, Byng was shot; but at that time "the people," had leisure to attend to public affairs, whereas at the time of the fatal expedition to Walcheren—at least at the time that its fearful results were beginning to be known—the many-headed monster was otherwise occupied. It was the time of the famous O.P. row at Covent Garden; night after night the whole energies of the British nation were concentrated in that theatre. For seventy-five days the important national object to be decided was, whether "free born Britons" were to pay 3s. 6d. or 4s. for admission to the pit. Nothing so ineffably ridiculous has appeared in the French newspapers respecting the "Soufflet," the "slap in the face" given by England to France in the affair of Syria, as then filled the columns of the broad sheet. In vain did some patriotic individuals endeavour to draw attention to the great calamity that had befallen the finest army England ever sent on the Continent—the public, the "enlightened public"—the People (majestic word!) the people were better occupied. He who could "sing a song of sixpence" (as the nursery rhyme has it), was alone worthy of being listened to; and the "songs of sixpence" were innumerable. More wit was employed on this splendid subject than one could have conceived to exist in the nation. Great occasions call forth great talents, and the O.P. row was versified in all imaginable ways; week after week did the hubbub continue. If an unlucky editor ventured a political discussion, his paper was cast down with indignation that he should be indifferent to the great national struggle at Covent Garden. And then the pure and moral people contrived to mix up with *the great question of the sixpence*, another object of the deepest interest. The wicked

proprietor had erected a number of private boxes—think of the awful word!—*private* boxes. How suggestive of iniquity! To what base purposes might not these *private* boxes be turned, Horatio. The pure-minded people did not waste their virtuous indignation on the numerous brothels which surrounded the theatre; on the myriads of little, filthy, half-naked girls, who paraded the streets in open day, setting decency at defiance, and uttering expressions of loathsome obscenity in the ears of modest women, with an effrontery that cannot be conceived in the present day—thanks to Sir Robert's Police. No, not even the shameless abominations of the saloon could (in those virtuous days) attract a moment's attention. The sixpence!! the sixpence!! "Think of that, Mr. Brooke;" and then, horror of horrors! the *private* boxes!! Why, who could satisfy the pure and virtuous people, when they saw a lady and gentleman in a private box, that they were lawfully married; and what free-born and high-minded Briton could listen to the play till his conscientious scruples were put at rest? The morality of the second tier of boxes is, in these degenerate days, of little consequence; nor, in fact, was it of even so much importance at the time of the Walcheren expedition; it was the introduction of *partitions between the boxes* which gave the alarm to the sensitive delicacy of Englishmen. From the vivid manifestation of public virtue, which then did so much honour to this moral nation, one could expect no less than the commencement of the millennium: but alas! the fire of indignation soon burnt out, when they had gained the victory of the sixpence, and we returned to all the iniquities of the past time. Meanwhile the ministers were safe, and all the concoctors of the expedition had time to prepare some other diversion for the public mind. If they had not encouraged the O. P. row they were greater fools than I take them for. Six-and-thirty thousand of the finest troops in the world were sacrificed—I say sacrificed, for a large portion died at once, and of the remainder scarcely a few hundreds ever recovered sufficient vigour to make their future existence endurable; but what of that; children were born by thousands daily; once born, they were sure if they lived to become adults. We could be at no loss for new soldiers; food for gunpowder was a drug in the market; but then consider the loss of accoutrements and "materiel."

I've lost my wife, my mistress, and my horse,
My wife she was a scold,
My mistress was grown old,
I'm sorry for my horse.

I'm sorry for the gunpowder and clothing. Well, at any rate it must be a consolation to every high-minded Briton, that the grand triumph of morality was secured, the private boxes were abolished—and—*we saved the sixpence.*

On how slight a cause depends a great event. At the time of this fatal expedition the ingenuity of modern chemists had not yet invented quinine. The irritability of the stomach which accompanied the Walcheren fever would not permit the use of bark in substance, which produced immediate oppression, and was soon rejected. Had we then possessed the new remedy, that noble army might have been kept perhaps in a state of efficiency, and the whole course of the war might have been different. "Your would-have-beens," says Thomas Carlyle, speaking of the

death of Mirabeau, "your would-have-beens are mostly a sham; the course of events neither could, would, might, or should have been anything but what it was." I cannot agree with him.

After this long digression, I return to Mola di Gaeta, whose beautiful orchards of orange and lemon trees shone brilliantly against the clear sky. The dark and narrow streets we passed through looked miserable enough, and the ground floors, or rather cellars, in which the lower class of people live, seemed to contain all the conditions necessary to aggravate and intensify the effects of malaria from the marshes.

From Mola di Gaeta to Capua,—dull dismal Capua, where Hannibal, after the terrible battle of Cannæ, in which the Romans were so effectually defeated, made his famous *Pause*, (the worst of his *faux pas*) and saved the empire, by giving his enemies time to rally. We praise the Boxer for not striking his antagonist when down—but nobody praises the General for doing exactly the same thing. The country was almost entirely covered with lupines now just coming into blossom—not intended however to blossom, but to be pulled up for cattle-food—for which purpose, I am told, it is superior to almost all other vegetable substances: the portions already bared in this way were under the active cultivation of long rows of labourers, who with a very long-handled spade reaching above their heads, were turning over the deep black soil with great ease, although the instrument seems almost the worst that could be used for the purpose, having no cross piece, and no place for the foot. This district is called emphatically "*Terra di lavoro.*" Every division of the fields is indicated by tall pollarded trees, and the top branches cut into the shape of a tulip; one or two great black twisted snakes of vine stems, climb every tree, and from the centre of the tulip cup send down a shower of small stems, which reach almost to the ground; these in the proper season are covered with grapes, which are so abundant that every passer by helps himself as freely as to the blackberries in England; all the hedge rows (where there are divisions of fields), are formed of vines, trained from tree to tree, and even in the public space bordering the roads, when they plant an oak or a chesnut they invariably accompany it with a few cuttings of vines.

Grapes thus grown without cultivation and without manure, cannot be expected to furnish very fine wine, but as a fruit they are excellent; with grapes as with apples and pears, those which are good for eating are not fit for the beverage, and the pears, apples, and grapes which make the best perry, cider, and wine, are exactly those which are not agreeable to the palate as fruit.

From Capua we pass on to Aversa, where is the great establishment for lunatics, brought to its present state of comparative perfection by my late friend Dr. Vulpes, one of the few who had the courage to break the chains of habit and prejudice, and treat the unhappy victims of insanity as beings worthy of compassion instead of punishment. I can easily conceive that when madness was considered "possession by an evil spirit," men should endeavour to scourge it out of them; the evil spirit being supposed to *feel* through the body of his victim, which he had made his *home* for the time. By making the tenement an uncomfortable lodging, it was a legiti-

mate inference that the devil would be induced to change his quarters, and though this never "answered," yet the logic was so clear that the practice was continued long after it had been found to be ineffective. For a long time it was believed that the devil was insensible to any but severe blows, and they were therefore sometimes inflicted with such severity that he was *effectually* driven away, for the patient was killed. It was, however, some consolation to the surviving friends to know, that when the lunatic was put to death in the process of driving out the devil, that old gentleman's authority ceased immediately, and he had then no power whatever over the soul—and how slight was the punishment of flogging to death, compared with the mildest of the pains of purgatory.

But I cannot continue this banter and irony. The very soul heaves with indignation, similar to that we feel at the atrocities of the Inquisition—which

were generally practised in simplicity and good faith, with the pious hope that the torments of the body would expiate the sins of the soul. I doubt if either Inquisitors or mad-men floggers will be allowed to plead their good intentions in the day of final account.

At last, at a late hour of the night, we arrived at Naples, passing through an imposing barrier. The formalities of the custom-house, having been much diminished by the application of influential friends, we were soon relieved of all responsibility, and allowed to proceed to the hotel, passing down very steep and wide streets, some vast buildings looming large in the vague light of the lamps, and giving an impressive idea of the grandeur and importance of the town we were entering; after at least a mile and a half of streets we arrived at the edge of the water, and found very sumptuous accommodation and a superb dinner.

TO AN INFANT SIGHING IN ITS SLEEP.

BY CAROLINE WHITE.

THOU with the scraph brow!

And cheeks that look as if thy last repose
Had been amidst the brightness and the glow

Of fallen blossoms of the summer rose,
And fairy hands on either dewy cheek
A glowing leaf had pressed in graceful freak,
Why art thou sighing now?

Thy meekly closed eye

Trembles with sweet significance of life
Beneath its folded lid that languidly
(Like a drooped leaf with dewy moisture rife)
Bends downwards in most touching impotence;
What mean thy dreamy quiverings, and whence
Thy faint, but frequent sigh?

Too delicate thy hue,

Too like the unsunned freshness of a flower,
Newly unfolding to our curious view

Exotic tints from some Elysian bower,
Art thou, fair child. Not yet hath earthly strife
Mingled its cross-threads with a web of life
So stainless and so new.

Why then thy transient sigh?

Hast thou a consciousness of grief to come,
A whisper of the shadows ever nigh
The sunshine that surrounds an earthly home?
Hast thou already felt love's eyes are wet
At its own bliss, and can'st thou feel regret,
Thou lovely mystery?

LINES TO A ROBIN.

THE bleak north's chilling breeze
Howls through the leafless trees,
And brings the winter's gloom;
And yet, though cold and drear,
I find thee, Robin! here,
As if it all were bloom!

II.

But say, how canst thou bring
Thy little heart to sing
Amid these withered bow'rs?
Thy breath, too, is more sweet
Than when thy trembling feet
Played through the summer flow'rs!

III.

Say—hast thou learned when all
Thy rosy dwellings fall,
To hide in music's strain,
Thy blighted hopes—thy fears—
And (if thou hast them) tears
Wept in thy memory's pain?

IV.

Sing on sweet bird! like thee,
When 'midst the cold—the free,
If sorrow should be mine:
I'll sigh not o'er the hours,
Gone—withered like thy bow'rs—
My song shall be like thine!

W.

A LITTLE GOSSIP ON THE OLDEN TIME

BY MRS. POSTANS.

If one were asked what formed the character of the present times in England, the answer would be, *change*—restless, ceaseless, progressive, improving change; in some matters, leading to such new, unexpected, and valuable results, that the mind dare not venture forth its thoughts to anticipate their effects upon the future; and in some cases again, seeming to return, in a search after much that was forgotten, to drag it forth from its concealment, and to try how far it will fit into a niche of modern customs. The Imitative Arts, which are the earliest forms that improvement and intelligence take when moving over the great chaos of barbaric life, become gradually less esteemed, as men progress in civilization, and intellect asserts its power over mere materiality, teaching as it does the arts of government, of social life, and of religious influence; and consequently we find, that as nations grow in civilization and intelligence, they love truth rather than fiction, action rather than abstract contemplation, while the arts of poetry and the drama, gradually fade into insignificance, and remain unsupported by popular taste, while science alone seems worthy of occupying the minds of men. Again, as we progress into civilization, the amusements and usages—which, after all, were but a remnant of those barbarous ages, when in lieu of laws to defend the weak from the aggressor, every man sought to gain by might, that which he found cause to covet, having his physical power and the rude art of war, a defence for himself and his followers, a shield under which he might safely commit every description of offence—must of necessity gradually give way before the more enlightened views of men; and thus it is that the boxer, the duellist, the gamester, find themselves not despised creatures of old time, a preter-pluperfect tense, as it were, of social life, troublesome and dangerous, and men are uneasy until they have shaken them off, considering such now as they really are, but unhealthy things that sprouted in a corrupt state of society, and are now rotten excrescences, with little enough to support them, but the want of moral courage to lop them entirely off; and thus it is with many other things to whose folly and unfitness we awake daily, wondering as we do so, at the benighted condition of our ancestors, and yet sorely puzzled ourselves, how entirely to rid ourselves of the evil.

Olden times, however, leavened as they were with the idle pastimes, left us by our Roman, by the military brutalities bequeathed us by our Norman, and by the rude trials of strength taught us by our Saxon conquerors, have left a record of manners so full of jest and entertainment that we cannot but smile upon them as we censure; and there really was so much wit and wagery, so much actual enjoyment, and so much absurdity of thought and custom about the people, that it is impossible not to be entertained by a comparison between their manners and our own, and the necessary inquiry leaves us a certain consciousness,

that although we may be a much wiser people now-a-days, we are but a very dull, heart-sore, over-toiling, misery-manufacturing race after all.

The reader may perhaps be amused to glance over some of the most distinct and entertaining characteristics of the past, and where the comparison can exist, observing how far we may have altered from, or how rapidly we may be returning to what was matter of jest with us, concerning the manners and customs of our ancestors, and will be perhaps amused to trace in what much that we now enjoy, as rational recreation and modern fashion, really originated.

Our theatres and public exhibitions first attract attention, the first of which seem so rapidly flitting from before our view, that it is well to note them as they pass; the truth indeed being that the Drama, our greatest imitative art, born in barbaric times, and nursed into strength by a mixture of luxury and refinement without intelligent civilization, must needs find that old age and death are at hand, when taste points to the real rather than the ideal, when life has become too short for the engagements of its possessor, when busy thought and the physical sciences occupy the minds of men, and when we all seek to press more power of action into a limited space, rather than to wile away the days of the years of our life in sport, pastime, poetry, and the mimic arts.

We borrow farces from the French, and cannot possibly understand their gist, because they hold the mirror up to a nature that is not ours, while we find our own comedies dull and unbearable, and endeavour even too often to conceal an ill-suppressed yawn, while sitting before the acted tragedies of our highest master: we complain of a want of dramatic authors, a want of actors of sufficient talent to satisfy us that the times of Garrick and Siddons are not absolutely passed away, but the truth is, that unless we retrograde, the drama will linger unto death, for neither men's leisure, the character of their thoughts, nor the kind of occupation which now proves all engrossing to the mass, will leave inclination for the dramatic art, nor afford to it the necessary support of zealous encouragement.

The Greeks began their dramatic entertainments in the cart of Thespis, but we of Old England by "Miracles" in our churches. The first play of this kind was written by the Abbot of St. Albans, in the time of Richard the First, who intended him to become a schoolmaster to the monastery, but he wrote his play of "Catherine," it seems, instead, and used the sacred vestments to adorn his actors. These miracles seem to have been dull matters after all, for they had no spice of villany about them, either to create sympathy in the evil-disposed, or enthusiasm of opposition in the good, and therefore the mysteries followed, in which antagonist principles were introduced, and Beelzebub, with a whole troop of merry devils in his particular employ, served

the purpose of a modern jester. It was still dull, however, to witness the martyrdoms of saints, the casting out of devils from Mary Magdalen, and the conversion of St. Paul, performed for days together; consequently, "Moralities" followed, reasonings in praise of good, and condemnation of evil, taking events of history for its plots, and on this was founded our modern plays. Beelzebub, too, changed his character for the worse as far as he was concerned, for instead of being a mere tumbling, grinning, mischievous Punchinello, as he was in the mysteries, under the head of "Moralities," he took the form and title of "Vice," attired in a long coat, and flourishing a wooden dagger; as Ben Jonson says "I would not give a rush for a vice that has not a wooden dagger to snap at every one he meets;" and in an old stage direction, the vice is directed to lay about him, and tumble the characters over one another with great noise and riot, "for dysport sake." These mysteries, moralities, and miracles, were all ecclesiastical dramas; but some profane jugglers, minstrels, and jesters, got up secular plays, and although they were intended only for the vulgar, yet there was quite enough racy matter about them to delight the rich; and neither the courts of England nor the banquet halls of her barons were thought too refined for the exhibitions of these itinerant players; and they gained so much, these jesters and minstrels, from the free bounty of belted knights and lovely ladies, that the monks and churchmen, never able to resist the means for the acquirement of wealth, thought fit to turn actors also, and tried to bring the poor bourdours (jesters) into disgrace, preaching against their levities and evil practices, which sermons the good monks no doubt composed over their venison pasties and good sack possets; but it would not do, the mirth of the minstrels conquered the envy of the churchmen; and as the bold barons of merry England loved well the coarse jests and antic pranks of the minstrel and jester bands, the churchmen who dared not go the same lengths in immorality, were found so dull that they were forbidden to continue the exercise of their talents, and abbots were instructed not to permit the brethren of monasteries to become mimics and players.

Theatres were never thought of in these times. The itinerant actors played at the upper ends of baronial halls, or even in the churches, when the wardens required funds for their repair, and as late as Queen Elizabeth's time, on scaffolds in the street.

Regular plays, however, soon followed these rude exhibitions of mere buffoonery, and theatres were erected. The law classed the jestic band as rogues and vagabonds, and sought to render them extinct, while nothing lived in peace, but the old vice of the moralities, who reappeared as Punchinello, ancestor of our modern Punch.

There were then puppet-plays that delighted people amazingly, and continued their attractions to the commencement of the last century, rivalling even the regular plays of the large theatres. Powell, who is mentioned in the "Spectator," seems to have been very great in this way, and is merrily described as putting the Opera House in danger by the cleverness of his entertainments. In 1794, the amusements of London seem to have been at a low ebb, being confined to the Opera House in the winter, and the Little Haymarket in the summer; but, previous to this,

shows, gardens, and fairs were in high repute among all classes. The Pantheon, in Oxford-street, was opened in 1772, after being splendidly decorated after the designs of Wyatt. But its appearance was very different then to what it is at present; there were no pretty wares tended by neat-handed demoiselles, well skilled in the persuasive eloquence of their trade; no picture gallery, affording proof that it is not necessary to be an artist to put colour upon canvass; no warm air bath, uniting the ornithology of the tropics, with the botany of England; but the Pantheon to which two thousand people crowded to see its opening was the most splendid edifice in London, containing fourteen magnificent rooms, and a spacious rotunda with double columns running round it, with recesses decorated with Grecian bas-relievos, and lighted by a vast dome, around which were statues of the heathen deities.

The amusements at the Pantheon seem to have been varied; masquerades were given there, and remarkably well conducted, so that either they were more suited as amusements to the respectable classes than such things are with us, or, that the license of the times was greater, which allowed ladies of rank and fashion to participate in them, for certainly all London were to be seen there.

The first great commemoration of Handel also took place at the Pantheon in later times, and the first balloon arose from it.

Poor Mrs. Cornly, a German by birth, and the great supporter of fashionable amusements in Queen Anne's time, is a sad and painful instance of the readiness that society has to become ungrateful to the ministers and caterers of its pleasures. Originally possessed of great elegance of mind, and knowledge of the public taste, Mrs. Cornly, at an expense of two thousand pounds, embellished the celebrated Carlisle House in Soho-square, and from its magnificence, the patronage of all the persons of rank in the country, and the skill she possessed in originating novelties for their amusement, ventured to imagine she could rival Italian influence in the then flourishing Opera House, but she failed, was imprisoned for debt, and after some years of incarceration—(by that terrible old system of removing an unhappy debtor from all chance of paying his creditor by placing him bound hand and foot, as it were, where the most strenuous endeavours or honest intentions are fruitless, and where the able and industrious man, growing imbecile in mind and diseased in body, might linger on a weary victim to the law's tyranny, until he died a pauper's death, forgotten and alone)—Mrs. Cornly at length was freed, but finding herself without a shilling in the world, and her place long since usurped by some new minion of fashion's votaries, the poor foreigner shrunk into some miserable hovel in the neighbourhood of Brompton, and for some years supported a wretched existence as a vender of asses' milk, until, again a debtor, Mrs. Cornly entered the grim portal of the Fleet prison, where she died unnoticed, and was buried in a prisoner's grave.

I saw a curious account a short time since of a masquerade given during the period of her celebrity, at Carlisle House, by the gentlemen of the Tuesday's Club, held in 1770, at the Star and Garter Tavern, in Pall Mall. The characters had much oddity about many of them, and their selection proves a singular species of waggery to have prevailed, rather

difficult, one would think, to be sustained with credit. One of the characters, for instance, represented a Bedlamite run mad for "Wilkes and Liberty;" another, was in the costume of "Somebody," a third, of "Nobody," and a fourth, who seems to have created infinite amusement, and not only to have been merry himself but the cause of mirth in others, was seen as a "double man, half miller, half chimney-sweep." At this masquerade appeared all the rank and fashion of London, but the humour of the entertainment was such as would now only suit the festal shades of Greenwich, or the thronged haunts of Epsom. There was little order, however, observed in the public amusements of those times, as we find that the custom of having sentinels upon the stage was abandoned in 1763, in consequence of one of them laughing at the character of Sir Andrew Aguecheek until he fell convulsed upon the stage, and narrowly escaped dying of laughter in its literal sense. Then, again, we have proof of what was ventured in that day by the celebrated hoax at the Haymarket in 1749, when some wits tried the credulity of the public by announcing that a man would enter a wine bottle on the stage, and sing in it any song the public called for. The house was filled to overflowing, but the entertainment did not proceed. Time passed, the audience grew impatient, and then violent; the manager appeared and besought their patience, an alteration he said had taken place, and the artist would now enter a pint bottle and sing a glee! the audience believed, were satisfied, and peace restored; but at length even the credulous audience of the Haymarket found it was nothing less than "a school for dupes," and, maddened with rage and disappointment, they tore up the benches, made bonfires of the scenes, and nearly destroyed the theatre, while the wags escaped in safety, laughing heartily at the success of their jest, and not caring much for the troubles induced by the old reading of "Quid pro quo" on the manager of the Haymarket.

In 1776, one of the principal amusements of the metropolis was Mary-la-bonne Gardens, situated on what now forms the upper end of Harley-street; and one idea of the proprietor seems to have been particularly attractive. The large saloon was surrounded by boxes, and by the means of these he succeeded in conveying a notion to his visitors of the Parisian Boulevards. Each box was filled with all the trinket trumpery, the mischievous perfumery, the very indifferent music, and the very tooth-destroying confectionary, which renders this great boast of our Parisian neighbours so attractive even in modern days, while each shop was surmounted by the name of the owner, made ingeniously to correspond with his trade; the shopkeeper, attired in most grotesque array, and in tolerable French, requiring the patronage of the crowd. There was Crotchet, a music seller; Newfangle, a milliner; Tête, a hair-dresser, &c., while some glittering cafés were well provided with sweetmeats and refreshments, and booths afforded opportunity for the display of half the buffoons of London; the best performances however being called the "Egyptian Pyramids," where, after the manner of our modern feats of strength at Astley's, eight men supported themselves one on the other, until the form of the whole resembled so nearly the monuments described, that the crowd with a little imagination might have fancied themselves at Ghizeh.

Mary-la-bonne Gardens seem to have succeeded, in the favour of persons of rank and fashion, to Bartholomew Fair, which, however low it may now be in public estimation, was then regarded as the most delightful recreation in London. The proprietor was a man of considerable enterprise, but he was nearly ruined in 1762 by his expenses in erecting gilt boxes and handsome booths, in engaging fire-eaters, posture masters, Dutch mountebanks, dancing horses, and so on, quite as interesting then as are the Ojibbeway Indians, and General Tom Thumb. Sir Alexander Stevens, the great wit, however, has given the best description of this celebrated fair at its zenith of attraction, and the reader may be amused as I was by the concluding lines in the showman's invitation:

Here's Whittington's cat and the tall dromedary,
The chaise without horses, and the Queen of Hungary;
Here's the merry-go-rounds; come, who rides? come who
rides, Sir?

Wine, beer, ale, and cakes, fire eating, besides, Sir.
The famed learned dog who can tell all his letters,—
And some men as scholars are not much his betters.

Then there was White Conduit House, first opened by a professor of musical glasses, who delighted all London by his dulcet sounds; and the donkey races at May Fair; and then the Tottenham Court Fair, that was always crowded by the nobility; with "morrice-dancing dogges," in 1664, and tricks performed by horses, a thousand times more wonderful than anything ever seen at Astley's or Franconi's.

In fact the people had leisure, and they had also little learning. They sought to be amused, and they were so; our population was not so thick then as it is now; our wars had been fewer, our taxes less, our country gave more occupation to the agriculturists, and we were not so hemmed in by the signs of civilization, tall houses, and great chimneys; we had fewer towns and more villages, less learning and more food; so the people, instead of working in factories in the country for as many hours as they could work without falling under the machinery, or soothing the pangs of hunger by Chartism, or burning down the farmers' ricks to quench in vengeance the agony kindled on their own bare hearth, by the sight of their gaunt wife and starving little ones, sought amusement in the open fields by sports of all sorts, the remnant of those left behind by their various conquerors, and the world of London refining on these homely things, and bringing pampered vices to bear on them, introduced into simple jests and usages that which in the fact while giving them a more barbarous character, seemed to increase their relish.

At one period the people loved to dress themselves in the skins of animals, and then to imitate their vocal sounds and general habits, a sport evidently derived from the Roman Saturnalia, and the origin probably of the modern masquerade. Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, in the ninth century, preached against the habit, but in his time it was but a simple matter among the country folk, while in later times the luxury of the city gave it an aspect well causing it to be the subject of animadversion for the clergy. Mummings, again, a class whom our forefathers derived so much amusement from, were of Danish origin, and the common folk simply made them an occasion of mirth and frolic, but the evils that arose in London from the masking of men's faces and their dancing about the streets, were such, that King Harry the Eighth was compelled to ordain that no persons

should appear abroad like mummers under pain of imprisonment, and a fine of twenty shillings was enforced against all persons who kept vizors in their houses for the purpose of mumming.

Horse-racing, also, which in our days of civilization has become but a recognised occasion for the amateur and professional gambler to enter on a trial of skill as to which can be guilty of the most dishonest practices, was in olden days necessary to a man of fashion, as they approved him capable of understanding the nature of a noble animal, and of practising his knowledge simply for amusement sake. To the Saxons we were indebted for this sport, and as it is now in the East, the Princes of the House of Capet considered the exchange of swift horses as the worthiest presents for kings and monarchs. Racing, however, two centuries since was pursued only as a liberal pastime; in proof of which it was always compared to hunting and hawking as a manly sport, and opposed to dice and card-playing, instead of being grievously united, both with them, and every other species of disgraceful gambling, as it is with us. Old Burton, however, complains in his time, that men began to gallop out of their fortunes, and in King James the First's reign, races were run for a silver bell, altered to a cup by the merry monarch, who, while living at Windsor, appointed races for his sport, in the pretty mead at Datchet. Progressing as we are, the time, though ripening fast, has not yet power to cast off the blot of racing from our national customs, but the regulations which will render it less attractive to the common people, and the evil practices which will make it less patronized, we hope, by the higher classes, must tend to do away with a sport, which, having originated in a barbarous period of our history, has become but occasion for disgraceful gambling among the more enlightened of what is called *civilized* society. Gaming is not generally, however, though it is so in this instance, the accompaniment only of civilized habits; for with Saxons, Danes, and Normans, it was ever a prevailing vice, while in later periods, its prevention has ever occupied the serious attention of the Legislature, and even in the Christian army of Richard the First, decrees and edicts were published against it, which, while they permitted the monarchs their own stakes, rendered their attendants liable to a three days' whipping, if they presumed to be as vicious as their superiors.

Thus then have we perverted those customs of our ancestors which time has left us, but some there are to which it were well we could return, so that their real spirit and simplicity might be retained with them. Dancing, for instance, with our forefathers was a healthful, innocent relaxation; they had no Polkas, it is true, but the state and graceful dances of the nobility were considered as necessary to the accomplishments of persons of both sexes, while the young workwomen and servant girls of London danced before their masters' doors in the evening, such jigs as good health and good spirits taught them, and we doubt not they were all the happier and the better-minded for the exercise. We cannot help thinking, also, that a change in this matter would be a proof of a higher state of civilization among ourselves. Our climate, it is true, is not so fine as that of France and Italy, and therefore out-door recreations do not form so materially a part of the happiness of the general population. A great deal, however, is laid to

the charge of our climate, and that often with little justice: we have quite bright and sunny days enough to carry mirth to honest hearts, quite calm and pleasant evenings enough in which to seek the fresh air, rather than linger in close chambers whose atmosphere is rendered foul by greasy lights and want of cleanliness. Our forefathers found the climate good enough for their out-door dancings, their merry games, their pageants, and their open scaffold theatres, and why is it not good enough for us? We would it could be tried; we would that, near every town and village in the land, even in mighty London, with all her furnaces and chimneys, patches of green sward might be found, to which a poor workman from the iron toil of the heated manufactory, in which during the long summer day he has bent over wheels and shuttles in a closed room, inhaling an atmosphere made up of the effluvia from bad water, oil, and cotton, could come forth to fan his poor wan cheek in the healthful breeze, and exercise his cramped limbs on the beautiful sward with which God has covered the free earth; a patch of green land could be found to which the poor sempstress might escape from her task-work, to gain, by wholesome exercise, a hope of that sweet and refreshing rest, which, though not denied to the veriest drudge in the animal creation, the gentle, graceful, tender slave of fashion and her fellows, has long exchanged for two hours passed in the fitful slumber of exhaustion, even then not daring to cast from her the garments that heat and oppress her frame, so valuable is every moment's rest to her giddy, aching head, her sore and weary fingers; we would that this might be, and that the rest from toil and healthful exercise so given to those on whom we cannot think, but a blush rises at the blot that is upon us, might afford the means of labour to the thousands who cry aloud for bread; that the sounds of mirth might be heard instead of the wailing of the famished, and that the eyes of those who labour might be bright with contentment, rather than weak from hunger, or glaring with the fierce passion of despair.

The idea of the manufacturer, however, brings with it a recollection of the dress of our ancestors, and of what a rich, graceful, courtly thing it was! No Parisian stripes then at four-and-nine-pence the full dress; no Tweeds at fifteen-and-six! Poor women with anxious hearts did not then stand and pray and wait, to have the joy of making shirts at three half-pence each that the shopman might get his profit of a half-penny! but we had brocades and Pauduasoyes, embroidered satins, and slashed velvets, point lace and diamond buckles, the worth of one of which would purchase the wardrobe of a score of modern beaux. And people were paid for their labour too, and the stitching and cross-stitching necessary, occupied months in the manufacture of a garment: for the linings with striped silks, so much in vogue then, as they now are with the ladies of Syria and Constantinople, the edgings of gold and silver, the embroiderings, and waddings, were not easily arranged; and yet notwithstanding the costliness of the materials, and the expense that attended their making up, the fashions changed from time to time as with us—not so often, certainly, for we, copying our Parisian neighbours, find weighty objections now-a-days to the sleeves and garnitures of six weeks' fancy; yet caprice then seemed fully gratified, particularly in male cos-

tume, which underwent many more alterations than at present, each however of equal richness, an idea of which may be gained by the description of suits lost and advertised for in 1714, and which consisted of a scarlet satin suit, laced with gold lace, lined and faced with blue; a fine cinnamon cloth suit, with plate buttons, the waistcoat fringed with silk fringe, and a rich yellow satin flowered morning gown, lined with cherry-coloured satin; a costume affording a great contrast to the dull-coloured broad-cloth fashion of to day, and its graceless form. Our changeable climate had doubtless much to do with our winter and summer fashions, as at present, which including, as a necessity, the use of both the lightest muslins and the warmest furs, it follows of course that the make and character of the garments must also undergo a change. The men's dress also, as it was more rich, occupied attention more, and the lace and embroidery of a beau of 1700, gave him quite as much care as the furbelowed jupe does a modern belle.

The old newspapers afford the best idea of the costumes of our forefathers that can be obtained, in consequence of their system of advertisement, which was remarkably full; and all articles lost or found were described with a care and accuracy which showed that public news and interests took up a much smaller space than they do at present; for as it is shown, that if one attempted to read the whole of the *Times* newspaper every day, so one would be several papers in arrear at the year's end, for we know not what supplements and second issues might not be required, were descriptions admitted of a similar character to those which helped to fill the pages of the *Protestant Mercury* of 1700. Red-Lion-square, dull, dark and dirty as it is in our time, was then a place of fashionable residence, and I found a notice the other day of a loss sustained there by the family of Sir George Heneage, which gives some idea of the general costume of the period. The advertisement is "for a *Head*, with very fine looped lace of great value, a Flanders lace hood, a pair of double ruffles and tucker, two laced aprons, one point, the other Flanders lace, and a large black scarf, embroidered with gold."

Wigs, or "heads" as the term was, odd as the fashion seems, were in great request, both among the beaux and belles of Old England, and if we may take other nations and their tastes in proof of the assertion, as well as our own, all semi-barbarous people seem to have affected the use of false hair; we have in the British Museum a well-preserved wig of an ancient Egyptian, and even the Simalees, whom I have seen at Aden, wear either wigs of which they are very proud, or dye their hair red, in imitation of that which they so much admire.

The *Protestant Mercury* of 1700, which I have before alluded to, relates rather a romantic story connected with the subject of wigs, which proves both the affection of the heroine, and the value of the article in fashion. An Oxfordshire lass of great beauty was beloved by a young man of considerable merit, but far too poor to wed a dowerless bride. The girl travelled to London, sought a chapman in the Strand, and entreated him to purchase her hair,

which was light, silky, and of great length, at the usual price. The bargain was struck, the wig-maker gave her three pounds an ounce for the hair, which weighed twenty ounces, and the errant damsel returned to Oxfordshire, to wed the poor knight of her affections.

Wigs indeed appeared as necessary to every body as their clothes, and people seemed to consider, that character as well as wisdom was to be found in the wig. The wits asserted that a barber's block might stand for a Cæsar, if well wigged, and that fine gentlemen were often like the pots of the apothecaries, decorated and empty. Every class, therefore, had its wig. The apprentices wore a minor bob, as it was called, of horse hair, short in the neck; the gentle cit, a bob major, with three tiers of curls; an apothecary, a bush like a snow ball; the "Physical Sirs," a wig with depending knots: then there was the "scratch," to imitate natural hair; and the "white and all white," covered with little curls. In 1720, a campaign wig was introduced from France, that cost fifty pounds; it was full curled, and eighteen inches in front, with drop locks, and this wig was exhibited in Sidney-alley, Leicester-fields, at a shilling entrance, as a great curiosity, being made without sewing or weaving.

The fluid for dying hair, now considered as a modern invention, was however known in 1710 as the Tricosian Fluid, and gained great repute. The introduction of hats, too, caused great amusement to the wits, as a change in male fashions, for one, in describing the innovation, says, "that between the hat and the eyebrows a piece of forehead appears like a sandy road in a surveyor's plan," and again, that the only difference between the beaux of St. James's and the beaux of Moorfields, was, that the one wore their hats on their heads, and the other under their arms. When hats were first introduced the wearers were so charmed with them, that it was difficult to persuade them to take their favourites off, even when etiquette required it; and at the court of Nassau, in Dublin, a gentleman was indicted for wearing his hat in the court. The Attorney-General moved in favour of the defendant, that the indictment was falsely laid, for it was expressed that the gentleman had his hat upon his head, and his attorney had clearly proved his client not to have a head.

Our present female fashions bear a strong resemblance to those of the belles of 1760; the long bodied gown, the hoop, and the cardinal of black silk, differed little from our modern costume in its most modish style. Flowered silks, too, were much worn, coloured aprons trimmed with lace, and "black silk furbelowed scarfs," as they were called in the *Post Boy* of 1709. Our fashionable bonnets, too, are little more than hoods, and quite gay enough to raise the wrath of the spectator. I fear, however, that the reader will now be tired with my comparisons and recollections of the past and present, and as a contradiction to one therefore old and received opinion, soon I hope to grow obsolete, that "when a woman once begins to talk of dress, she knows not when to leave off," I beg to conclude my "Gossip on the Olden Time."

MIRVAN:

A TALE OF THE MOORS OF GRENADA.

CANTO I.



1.
THE sky is delicately fair
As beauty's face in pensive thought,
And night through its transparent air,
Appears so soft, so lightly wrought,
As 'twere a canopy
Far floating 'twen the earth and sky—

II.
Amid that scene which speaks of rest,
Of drowsy night in slumber hushed,
Of hope by happier visions blest
Than ere the waking sense surveyed,
Of holy peace to spirit crushed,
And pallid cheek and aching head—
Why from you casement streams the lamp,
Its star-like wakeful ray?
Are watchers there by sickness' bed,
Would terror's thought the night evade;
Or does the mind, of holier stamp,
In secret silence pray?
Yet hark! some wandering zephyrs nigh
Soft music's mingling tones conveys;
Or is't a gently grieving sigh
Hath stolen joy's soft voice away?
It comes again, and now more clear,
And words and thoughts are hovering near,

And night amid her silence caught,
Through all her dreamy soul is wrought
Suspensively to hear.

1.
And wilt thou come when all is peace,
And wilt thou keep thy vow to me,
And prize the tender hour of bliss
That joins our hearts in constancy?

2.
Still wilt thou find this bosom thine,
Though love to thee should work its death,
Then be thine own the pledge to mine,
And time dissolve ere break our faith.

3.
Should other charms thy heart assail,
Should other eyes essay to win,
Should other tongues pour forth the tale,
To list to which thy vow makes sin.—

4.
Ah, heed not thou the newer face,
Let time her first impression prove,
And truth will add a holier grace,
And tell how dearer Zehra's love.

Nor deem us changing passion's foil,
To be a fleeting hour's carest,
Thou know'st not half the strength, the soul
That swells in constant woman's breast.

6.

The drooping head and crimsoned cheek
May ruined virtue's anguish tell ;
The broken heart more fit shall speak
How slighted Zehra loved too well.

IV.

The strain had ceased, and o'er her lute
A lady hung with pensive brow,
But though her passion'd voice was mute,
Her inward thoughts tumultuous glow.

V.

On high her silver lamp was hung,
And o'er the roof and walls it flung
On gilded arabesques its light :—
Full on the maid the lustre shone
And o'er her airy form was thrown,
Sparkling amid her rich attire,
From gems that multiplied its fire,
A glow of brilliant spars ;
In that full glow, more softly bright,
She seemed a rival queen of night
Amid her clustering stars.

VI.

While still her pensive head declined,
And o'er her face the feelings wrought
Which half had called her love unkind,
And half on hope still seemed to dote,
A voice invades her watchful ear,
And stifled steps approaching near
Salute the silent ground.
" 'Tis he ! " She started from her seat,
And rushed impetuous to meet
The wished and welcome sound.
But scarce the casement had she gained
With one glad bound, to reach his breast,
Ere, full upon her view confest,
A warrior of her own dark creed,
With haughty brow and turbaned head,
Her heart's wild joy restrained.

VII.

" Ha, Jussuf, you ! " The panting maid,
With looks of dread the chief surveyed,
And would have fled, but that surprise
And fear at once had fixed her eyes,
And made her tremble to the heart.
" 'Tis I," he said, and seized her hand,
And drew her shrinking form more near.
" Speak then, what would'st thou here demand?
I like not that imperious air."
He laughed : " Fair maid, thine ire controul ;
'Tis now the hour when lovers roam,
Kindly forbear the censor's part
In pity to thy stranger knight,
For he hath come a weary way,
Unblest by candid light of day."
His voice waxed harsher as he spoke ;
His eye flashed fiercely forth its ire,
Which from some late carousal took
A more licentious look of fire ;

And sternly with his foot he smote
The ground ; nor was an answer slow :
For instant at his side a slave,
Obscquious to his master's sway,
With ready hand, to mischief taught,
Stood eager to obey.
" Here, Cāah, bear this lady hence ;
Yet, tell me, hast thou dug the grave ? "
" 'Tis ready." " Ha ! thy recompence
Shall fitly match such faithful trust :
Take hence this maid." Scarce had the chief
The prize resigned, ere swift relief
Ends brief possession of his prey,
A blade, with deadly vengeance fraught,
His menial levelled to the dust.

VIII.

Dark Jussuf started at the sound ;
And more his soul was startled yet
To see the prize with all its charms,
On which his heart was madly set,
A captive in another's arms,—
Her will without a struggle bound.

IX.

Fierce as the bursting thunder's wrath,
His rapid arm and flashing blade
Deal forth their strokes ; and in the death
The madness of his ire essayed
He deigned not to avoid that maid,
But through her breast had struck a blow,
So eager bent to reach his foe.

X.

That foe recedes : 'tis but a step
To save a life prized o'er his own,
Which never yet had sought escape
Where daring most in danger shone.
His dark alboanozo* thrown
Around the maid, prepared he stood
Brave as the Moor in equal mood
The strife of hatred to decide.
And fast and well their flashing steel
Contest the palm of hate and skill,
And make the gloomy eyes of night
To sparkle with impetuous light.

XI.

As thunder-clouds together driven
A deeper frown o'er darkness thrown,
And each with other's lightnings riven,
While silently the moon looks on—
So rushed those chiefs with gleaming steel,
So stood that maid in mute suspense,
Nor seemed her breast with life to swell,
So much her mind was more intense ;
But while these foes still rise in strife,
As streams their winter torrents roll,
Within her eye enough of life
Is passing to engross the soul.

XII.

Ha ! out upon the slippery ground,
Now dabbled with that menial's blood !
Her hero falls, and on his breast
The Moslem's knee's exulting prest.
The lady may no more survey
With form transfixed the direful feud.

* African mantle worn by the Spanish Moors in winter.

Swift as the Moor his sabre raised,
 Swift as his eye its triumph blazed,
 His arm with frantic hands she bound.
 "Fool! from the tiger tear his prey,"
 He fiercely said, as in the air
 He reared and dashed away the fair.
 But in that instant to his feet
 As sudden sprung the prostrate knight,
 And showed the combat but begun,
 And hate its vengeance still to win.

XIII.

But briefer is that second strife,
 The Moor more reckless seems of life;
 As if he sought in mutual death
 At once to vent his bursting wrath.
 Each blow is dealt with deadlier rage,
 And clashes on the steel-clad breast.
 The mail their sabres cannot stay,
 But piece by piece is hacked away.
 Few in such desperate feud engage
 Who care to live, or hope to wrest
 A trophy for the victor's crest.

XIV.

With foot to foot so close they stand,
 Each arm feels fettered by its brand,
 And its free range restrained; but who
 Will yield the space for freer blow?
 No, closer still they strive and press,
 And more each baffled arm distress,
 And round and round—there mortal wound
 Must win each inch of beaten ground.
 They grapple—close: but still no sign
 Of 'vantage may the end define.
 Now they throw off each iron grasp,
 And stand an instant still, and gasp
 Apart; and now again they pour
 The fatal sabre's thickening shower.
 The furious Moor must learn, at length,
 To seek more hope in skill than strength.
 Forced for an instant to recede,
 He seeks by wearying to defeat.
 Now back the Knight in turn is prest,
 And parries each fierce blow address;
 But notes too late the wall behind,
 'Gainst which impelled he stands confined.
 The Moor throws all in one dread stroke;
 But, ah! too keenly overdealt,
 That envious wall receives his shock.
 His sabre's shivered to the hilt;
 And to the hilt as swift the Knight
 Has plunged his poignard in his side.

XV.

Back falls the Moor a senseless weight,
 But with such burning eyes of hate

As if his soul, mad with despair,
 Sought in that basilisk-like glare,
 To spend itself in vengeance; yet,
 Struck from the tempest of his heart,
 It burst at once in one fierce dart
 Of lightning to his struggling hate.

XVI.

But little cares that victor now
 His flaming eye and scowling brow.
 As fair a brow, as soft an eye
 As ere the sunniest smiles had lit,
 Reward the hard-won victory;
 And, like the sunbeam on the cloud,
 Smile o'er the tempest's darkening fit;
 While tenderest accents thank aloud,
 And fonder thanks in blushes glow,
 Such as love only can bestow.

XVII.

"Ah! Zehra, dost thou think me changed?
 Yet so I am—but not to thee.—
 By fate, by death, alone estranged,
 May falsehood never make me free.
 No! though upon life's desert cast,
 With scarce a blossom o'er the waste
 To warm the sympathetic breast,
 Or charm its nobler powers;
 Thy love was still a fountain there,
 A crystal streamlet gushing fair,
 In the savannah of my soul—
 A blessing jewelled in a flower
 That could my wildest mood controul,
 A talisman of Eden's bower,
 With all its pristine charms arrayed;
 Thou, in thy beauty flourishing,
 Wert still a garden of the spring,
 To which my fainting spirit turned,
 When parched, and wearily it mourned
 To find the freshness and the shade!"

XVIII.

"And thou," she answered, "What hast thou,
 My absent Mirvan been to me!
 A cedar on the mountain's brow,
 To which my fond and fluttering heart,
 Like some poor timid peaceful bird,
 Hath clung and sought to build its nest,
 Happy in thy sheltering breast—
 But say what sound disturbs my brave?"
 "Ah, 'tis a signal from my slave
 Of danger. I must say farewell,
 Though I have much of love to tell.
 Yet fear not, here I leave my heart,
 Whence vain were ought but death to part—
 One more embrace—farewell! farewell!"

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FUDGE.

BY JOHN LASH LATEY.

VERILY, this is the age of philosophy. Nothing, now-a-days, is above or below its all-pervading influence. Men philosophise on every thing, from a stone to a star. The wonderful is made plain; there is now no mystery, "neither in the heavens above, nor in the earth beneath, nor in the waters under the earth;" all is matter of fact; and science is so simplified that he who runs may read. Persons talk as glibly of suns and solar systems as though they had a hand in the making of them, or as though they were no more than so many raisins stuck in a Christmas pudding.

It was said of Socrates that he called Philosophy down from heaven to dwell with men. But we have improved upon him. Our very children have become philosophers—thanks to the pap-meat philosophy diluted down to their juvenile powers—able to give you the *why* and the *wherefore* of everything in nature and art too. They suck in wisdom with their mothers' milk. The fairy tales of former times have given way to food for the intellect. "Jack the Giant Killer" is superseded by a Catechism on Geology. "Puss in Boots," "Cinderella," "Jack and the Beanstalk," and a host of others of a like nature, where are they? The nursery-room knows them not. Any child can tell you that they are *fictions*: they have given way to Elementary Treatises on the Sciences.

There are few things that philosophy has not had a finger in. Thus, for example, we have the "Philosophy of Clothes," the "Philosophy of Food," the "Philosophy of Dreams," and a long list of other philosophies, "too numerous to be mentioned," as the advertisements have it, "in the narrow limits of this paper." May we not add another to the list? Let us try.

By-the-by, there is the Philosophy of the Fiddle—what say you to that? "Fiddlestick!" Nay, not so disparagingly, gentle reader. Even a fiddle, depend upon it, has its philosophy; and as every system has its special expounder, its high-priest, so the fiddle has had its Paganini. What! has the fiddle, say you, no philosophy of its own! Is it merely so much catgut and wood! Ask Mori, Patey, Blagrove, and the rest of them; or, if you like it better, try for yourself. Perhaps you are like the man in the story, who, on being asked whether he could play on the violin, said "he didn't know, for he had never tried." You may fancy there isn't much in it. Then try for yourself, and you will find that it has depths beyond your sounding, that "in the lowest deep, a lower deep still opens to receive you." No philosophy in the fiddle!—tut! it hath a magic all its own, which toe and heel cannot resist. Transport yourself with me to some village wake. See yonder blind fiddler standing on a barrel; he strikes up; straightway every foot is in motion, beating time—such time as it is—to his time; see, couples incontinently form; two long rows from the top to the bottom of the room spring up as by magic, every lad

standing opposite to his lass; the fiddler stamps his foot, and off they go like things mad; all is dizzying confusion; the blind man seems inspired; the echo of so many bounding steps gives him fresh power; he throws his soul into his instrument; and the whole room is carried along with him in his musical ecstasy.

Thus much by way of parenthesis. Now for the subject with which we set out: THE PHILOSOPHY OF FUDGE. Strange that so important a subject should have been so long neglected. Dim revelations of it have, to be sure, appeared from time to time; but there has been no attempt, that we know of, at its systematic exposition; it has never been laid fully bare to the world's gaze. The reader will perhaps more readily forgive the feebleness of the present attempt, if he bear in mind that it is not the writer's fault that the subject has not been taken up by abler hands.

Perpetually before the world, directing the operations of society with a power as mighty and as far-spread as the attraction of gravitation, it has been as little heeded as was the latter before Newton, prompted by the fall of an apple, caught at the idea, and traced it into a universal law. Persons, ordinarily look more at effects than at causes. Thus, generation after generation of mankind, with their eyes wide open, had seen apples fall to the ground; but they never thought of inquiring into the reason. They were content to be pinned down to the earth by the aforesaid power, without knowing anything about it. Even so, people like to be humbugged—only it must be after a certain fashion, suited to the idiosyncrasy of each individual—submitting to it quiescently, like persons under a mesmerising process.

Fudge is to a man what the lever is in mechanics: it enables him to do that for which his own powers would be insufficient. Archimedes said—or is reported to have said, which will answer our purpose just as well—that, had he a place whereon to rest his lever, he could move the world. Fudge does this effectually. "Soft sawdure, and a knowledge of human nature," ay, that is it, Jonathan Slick: here are lever and fulcrum combined, by which the world is daily, hourly moved.

A certain Mister Burchell (vide "The Vicar of Wakefield") had some insight into this matter, if we may judge from his monosyllabic ejaculations in the memorable scene in which one Lady Blarney and a Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs had much to say; which conduct of Mr. Burchell gave, it is said, great offence to all the party; and indeed rightly so; for only consider, if his example were generally followed, what would be the consequence. How exceedingly awkward—not to say indecorous—it would be, wherever we were—at the tea-table, in the ball-room, in Parliament, at Court, even in the Church—to have "*Fudge!*" perpetually ringing in our ears.

Fudge has many aliases, of which the one most

current at present is Humbug; it is a perfect Proteus in its way of adapting itself to everybody's taste; its name is Legion, its scene of operation is world-wide. One Tom Little, it would seem, knew some of the family at Paris.

Now, touching this system of *feelosophising* Education which now-a-days obtains among us, and to which we have before briefly adverted—is there not some suspicion of fudge about it? Has it always for its end and aim the giving “a sound mind in a sound body”? the teaching children “*how* to think, rather than *what* to think”? With its mere matter-of-fact instruction, in its repudiation of any flight of fancy, so captivating and graceful withal in the very young, is there not a sacrificing of some of the powers of our nature? Has the human mind no poetry in its composition, which needs being administered to and fostered with delicate care, requiring only to be directed into proper channels, not to be dammed up at its fountain-head, and converted into a sealed well? Is not man something more than a mere calculating machine? If not, Babbage was a veritable man-creator. Can our very young, in sober truth now, be supposed to know what they are talking about, when they rattle forth so glibly, with such an off-hand jauntiness of manner, such a pert volubility, about suns and solar systems—measuring you off with a draper's exactitude, to the fraction of an inch, the orbit of every planet in our system, and the distance of every fixed star? Is there any real information, we ask, in all this? Do the children indeed know what they are prating about? Can truths whose vastness startle and bewilder the comprehension of the maturest intellect, weighing it down with a sense of its own insignificance, opening to us prospects far stretching on every side into an immensity, of which all we can ever hope to explore is but a speck indeed—can truths such as these be conned over in school exercises, or crammed into the brains of childhood by dint of rod and birch? Does not the schoolmaster here overstep the bounds of pedagogy? Thinks he that he has given *ideas* to the children in his charge? Words! words! nothing more! The schoolroom too often is but a cageful of parrots—albeit of the genus *homo*—pouring out a flood of learned lingo, to them a meaningless, idealless jargon.

Education! what a word of import, when rightly understood! How deep its significance! How comprehensive, yea, all-embracing is its sphere! Yet how narrow is the meaning commonly annexed to the term. Many folk think that they have given their children a good education, or a good schooling, as the phrase is, when they have had them taught writing and ciphering. The rich man, who looks down, possibly with scorn, upon this pittance of school education, thinks full surely he has hit the mark: has he not given his son a college education? and has not the youth acquired a smattering of sundry languages, besides what he may or may not know of his vernacular tongue? Now, writing and ciphering are doubtless very well in their way, and much is the poor man to be respected who has stinted himself to give his children thus much; but alackaday, this is not education. Nor is a knowledge of divers languages a whit nearer the mark, unless it be carried out to some practical purposes. What boots it that I know the languages of Greece and Rome, if I do not avail

myself thereof by enriching my mind with the perusal of their poets, their philosophers, their orators? Am I the better in that Demosthenes and Cicero spoke, and Homer and Virgil sang, if I make no use of my newly acquired powers? The knowledge of languages is indeed the master-key wherewith we may unlock and enter at will the storehouses in which genius and science, in past ages and in other countries, have laid up their rich hoards of thought: of invaluable worth if so employed; but, unused, of no conceivable use—*dead languages* then, in very deed! The possessor of which may not be unaptly compared to a miser, having vast treasures in his possession, but valueless because unused. Nay, he is in a worse condition; for when the miser dies, his heir will probably scatter the hoard with a profuse hand, and so the community may be benefited; but the other's treasure dies with him, useless to the owner, and therefore useless to mankind at large.

Milton, in his “Tractate of Education,” has some pertinent remarks on this head. Thus writes the poet-sage:—“Language is but the instrument conveying to us things useful to be known. And though a linguist should pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft the world into, yet, if he had not studied the solid things in them, as well as the words and lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteemed a learned man, as any yeoman or tradesman competently wise in his mother dialect only.” And, again, treating of the injudicious system which then obtained, as it still obtains, at public schools and at the universities, and against which, in another form, we have been protesting:—“A preposterous exaction, forcing the empty wits of children to compose themes, verses, and orations, which are the acts of ripest judgment, and the final work of a head filled, by long reading and observing, with elegant maxims and copious invention. These are not matters to be wrung from poor striplings, like blood out of the nose, or the plucking of untimely fruit.”

School education, at the best, is but a small part of our training. Every scholar must be to a great extent his own teacher. We must educate ourselves into right-thinking, right-acting men. Nor are the means for this few: they lie scattered around us in abundance. The world—life itself—is a great school, meant, as has been quaintly observed, “to try what we are fit for.” Books may do much; but observation and thought will do much more. It is deep thinking, and not deep reading, that makes the wise man. Reading can only teach us what others know; thought may make us ministers of delight and instruction unto others.

Having entered more lengthily than we had intended into what we consider the fudge of education, we will close our remarks upon this branch of the subject with another quotation from Milton as to what education should be. Listen to the master-mind:—“I call, therefore, a complete and generous education that which fits a man to perform justly, skillfully, and magnanimously, all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war.”

Some men have a singular knack of humbugging themselves as well as others. Thus in the Christian world, how often will you see a man wrap himself round and round in formalities, and fancy, good easy

man, his goodness is a-ripening fast for heaven, whilst enveloped—nay, incarcerated—within this garment of external decencies, his soul, like a plant, shut up from light and air, dies within him. He lifts up his hands and eyes with pious horror at the recital of crime from which his frigidity is his only safeguard. Thus encased in soul-armour, he stalks about like a knight of old, impervious to the fiery darts of temptation, which so afflict veritable creatures of flesh and blood—dying at last, the likelihood is, of suffocation. He lives by rule: he eats, drinks, and sleeps—and prays, by rule. He thanks God, with the Pharisee of old, of whom he is the precise counterpart, that he is not as other men. He was never known to commit a crime, not he. Has he ever done a virtuous action? Has he clothed the naked, fed the hungry, visited the sick? Has he mourned over penitent error? Has he lifted his voice at any time against wrong and injustice—stood forth the champion of injured innocence—stoutly battling for “God and the right”? Had he no talents committed to his charge—not one—or are they all hidden? All dead and buried: his own cold formal heart the grave of his virtues. What, then, is the broken reed on which he leans? What a question to put. Goes he not to church regularly on the sabbath day, joining audibly in the responses? Is he not a stickler for “Church and State as by law established;” and, moreover, pays he not his way as every Christian should? What though he omit “the weightier matters of the law—judgment, mercy, and faith”—gives he not “tithe of mint, and anise, and cummin”? Has he not filled the offices of overseer of the poor and churchwarden, with much honour, and no inconsiderable profit? And is he not looked upon by all parties as a pillar of the church? Do not his neighbours point to him as a pattern of a well-to-do, comfortable Christian, who goes to heaven his own way, and lets everybody else go theirs—there or elsewhere, as they think fit? What would ye more? Listen! Burchell is at our elbow. “*Fudge!*”

Poor man! he is indeed to be pitied—“having a name to live, and yet being dead.”

But what shall we say of those who tempt the thunder of the Most High, changing his temple into “a den of thieves”—buying and selling the cure of souls as you would a case of pickled herrings? The avenues of the Church are thronged by a crowd of eager aspirants; it is a genteel profession; though, God help the journeyman-parsons, for gentility is well nigh their only reward. The army or navy, the bar or the pulpit—it is often a toss-up of a halfpenny which it shall be; but the Church, being the easiest, generally wins; and so the lad, who is come of a troublesome age, is clerically disposed of. Perchance he has a patron to help him to some snug living, or there is one in the gift of his family—else, woe betide him.

Yes, humbug dares (what will it not dare?) to scale even the pulpit. See yon pert popinjay of a stripling skip gaily into the pulpit, rattle over his sermon, and then skip gaily down. Look again, behold that “smooth, fat, oily man of God”—But why particularize? Has not Cowper described them all in his vigorous life-painting? Burchell, here is requirement indeed to give thy lungs full play. Let us draw in a deep inspiration, and shout for thee—“*Fudge!*”

Heaven be praised, all are not such. Not a few are to be found earnestly engaged in their holy mission, fulfilling its duties with sacred zeal; shepherds indeed, caring more for the flock than for the fleece. Prose is insufficient; we would fain have recourse to verse to celebrate their praise:—

1.
The PARISH PRIEST! O noble name!
O sacred calling! dear to fame—
Not the vile breath to heroes given,
Which tyrants seek and villains claim—
At once their glory and their shame;
But that which forms the good man's aim—
Th' immortal heraldry of heaven!

2.
All honour and all glory due
Be paid to those the righteous few,
That to their solemn office true,
From pomp of worldly fame remote,
Their lives to works of love devote;
Who more than merely pray and preach,
Who act the gospel, and thereby
In conduct practically teach
Us how to live and how to die!

3.
“Salt of the earth!” Illustrious band
Of bloodless heroes! Lo, they stand
With sword and olive-branch in hand,
Marshall'd beneath their Lord's command:
Like polished mirrors bright
Reflecting heavenly light
O'er the dark corners of our land.

Blessings and praise be ever theirs,
And angels' smiles, and good men's prayers!
The tears of penitence,
Sighs hushed in poverty's abode,
And death-beds lightened of their load,
A moral frankincense,
From the heart's altar shall arise,
To heaven's High Priest fit sacrifice,
And call down blessings from the skies.

Shade of Burchell, what sayest thou?

The Law. Here surely, if anywhere, shall we find an exemption from fudge. Law—that mighty tribunal which secures to us our property and our lives! Law—the bulwark against oppression, the protector of the helpless, the terror to evil-doers, the rich man's curb, the poor man's strong arm of defence! “*Fudge!*” Yes, even upon the bench, and into the jury-box, that palladium of English liberty, fudge has worked its way. Alas! for human infirmity! what place shall we hope to find exempt therefrom, when even in the pulpit its grimaces are to be seen! We are constrained to acknowledge—painful as the admission may be—that the law is not what it should be; in its administration we do not always find that even-handed justice meted out to rich and poor which we have a right to expect. Some noble-minded judges, however, even this generation can boast. Thank Heaven, we have at least a Denman!

Not the least sagacious, certainly, among the wise men of old was he, who, in reply to the question as to which was the happiest state, answered, “That in which the law is supreme.” Bad laws are a fearful evil, but a bad administration of the law is still worse. Rigorously severe or contemptibly stupid laws may be borne, if they press equally on all; but when justice is perverted, when that which is law to the poor man is not so to the rich—when that which

is law to the Catholic is not so to the Protestant—when party-spirit pollutes the very justice-seat and jury-box—then farewell to peace and order; insubordination is sure to be rife, and men will take, as they have done in Ireland, the law into their own hands. A reverence for the law, and, above that, a deep trust in its impartial administration, are essential ingredients in the well being of any people. The inequality of punishment—so monstrously disproportionate—often dealt out in our police-courts for the like offence, to wealth and poverty, is a serious evil, demanding instant redress. Woe to that people among whom the cry is echoed and re-echoed through the streets—“There is one law for the rich, and another for the poor!” That feeling, deeply seated and widely spread, is the most prolific ground of revolutionary outbreaks.

Yet ever and anon does the English law redeem its character, and challenge the admiration of the world. Wealth and rank do not always shield the “great bad man;” soaring high in his “pride of place,” the law pounces upon him, and offers him up a victim to its offended majesty. What juries have done to stay the strong arm of power, when put forth to crush freedom of thought, of speech and pen, we all know—are not their deeds recorded in the Chronicles of State Prosecutions? O that juries were always awake to their duties—their high responsibilities—and capable of discharging them aright! O that every judge were a Denman!

Physic. This is indeed the stronghold of fudge. Here it is enconcealed in all the plenitude of plausibility. We speak not now of quack doctors and quack medicines ordinarily so yelped, but of the quackery which obtains throughout the profession at large. It has been said that an honest lawyer couldn’t get his living; with how much truth may not this be said also of the doctor: for what is his whole trade well nigh but a thriving upon our ignorance and folly? Few indeed would be the requirements for medical aid, were we but commonly prudent or commonly attentive to the commonest dictates of common sense; had we but a little more faith in nature’s restorative powers, and a little less faith in doctors’ stuff. The plan generally in use of paying medical men for their services, through pills and boluses, is an inducement for them to quack. How else can they pay themselves? They are called in, to wit, for some trifling case, and troubled with a long list of ailments, which often are nothing but the fidgets—the result of a do-nothing life of lazy luxury. What can the poor doctor do but put on a sympathising face, feel the pulse, and look at the tongue, shake his head very sagely, and mutter mysteriously about something being wrong in the system; and so, laughing in his sleeve, or lamenting over the folly of his patients and his own doubtful position (as the case may be), sends in a slightly aperient powder or two, with a phial of *aquæ puræ* doctored up just sufficiently to hide its true nature. And he must do this, mark you, not only in order to pay himself for his time, but also to save his reputation from ruin; for woe betide the doctor who cannot sympathise with the thousand and one nameless ailments of his patient, the result of sloth and fancy. He knows how trivial is the complaint, what is its cause, and how easy is the remedy; but dare he name them? He is at once the victim and the victimiser.

Need a word be said of the fudge of trade? Is it not written in characters so glaringly conspicuous that all who run may read? And yet “Ruinous Sacrifices!” and “Fifty per Cent. under Prime Cost!” have their victims even now. Alas for poor gullible human nature!

Doth not Humbug lord it with a high hand in the Senate? and chuckleth he not with exceeding glee at the polling-booth and on the hustings? There, with the mind’s eye may he be seen, squatted in one corner like an imp, taking sights, now at the several candidates, and anon at the “free and independent electors,” who suffer themselves to be bought, and then wonder when they are sold. To a spectator who has never been behind the scenes, an election is a magnificent moral spectacle. Nothing, to his view, can be freer or more unconstrained than the electoral body in the exercise of their right; tyranny or compulsion of any sort would seem to be altogether out of the question; no lying to one’s conscience—no hypocrisy; no voting for one candidate while the heart and understanding are with another; each elector walks with the dignity of a free-born Briton to the polling-booth, and there, unawed, unchecked, unbribed, breathing the atmosphere of truth and liberty, he gives his vote to the man whom his reason approves. “*Fudge!*”

Freedom of Election! Purity of Election! Free and Independent Electors! Sounds sweet to hear—how much sweeter to realize!

Candidates and voters bamboozle each other. “Church and State” is the watchword of one party; “Reform” is the war-cry of the other; and at it the worthy electors go, tooth and nail; unsavoury missiles fly in all directions; the Queen’s peace and her subjects’ heads are broken apace; rancorous enmities spring up between neighbours; and all for what? “*Fudge!*” The Church and State man wins the day. Possibly he has bribed somewhat higher than his opponent; or he may have had more scope for intimidation with the shopkeepers; or the town, perchance, is some snug pocket-borough; or mayhap, the people have some good old-fashioned prejudices left, and won’t be wheedled into change of any sort, content to let well alone. Whatever the cause or causes, there he is, M.P. He goes to Parliament loaded with pledges and promises, which he soon robs, one or more at a time, as his convenience suits or circumstances require, for the old saying that likens promises to pie-crust sticks to his memory. He is pledged—solemnly pledged—to vote against the New Poor-law: at the beck of Ministers he votes for it, or conveniently absents himself from the division. He has promised to uphold the Church and the Corn-laws in all their integrity; and the “farmer’s friend” is found voting for Sir Robert’s sliding scale, and would himself cut the tie that binds Church and State together if the Premier bade him. The ten hours’ bill was his hobby—the hardships of the poor factory children was so nice a theme to work upon the feelings (possibly that and his Anti-Poor-law cry, another humbug of his, won him the few votes that turned the scale in his favour); but Ministers require his vote against the ten hours’ bill, or they may be ousted, and he is not the man to refuse them; his protégé factory children may go to him whose dust* is made into

* “*Devil’s dust.*” Vide Ferrand’s speeches.

"calicoes, "and shake themselves," for what he cares. The one business of his life—his sole end and aim, which stands him instead of honour, principle, respect—the "be-all and end-all of his existence" is to care for himself. All else to him is—*Fudge!*

Possibly none know better the use of humbug, or apply it to more purpose, than Ministers of State. They even put it into the mouth of Royalty itself. We all know and feel that speeches from the throne are made up of a meaningless jargon—that they are, in short, "*Fudge!*"

If, then, we find Humbug ensconced even on the throne and the altar, where may we not expect to find it? What of human can we hope to be exempt therefrom?

Military glory. Is not that a fudge? Is it not the veriest of all fudges? Talk of glory to a soldier on tenpence a day, who, if he dies, as likely enough he may, on the field or in an hospital, is stripped and shoved, with a heap of others who have met the same fate into one common pit. Bah!

It cannot be gainsaid, however, that there is much attractive humbug about "the pride, pomp, circumstance of glorious war;" it is dazzling in the extreme to imaginative and ardent minds. What a magnificent spectacle does a general review present! Troops, in regular succession, with their showy vestments, manœuvring to the sound of spirit-stirring music; the rapid evolutions of the cavalry, one moment merged in apparently inextricable confusion, the next, disentangled with the precision of thought; dense masses of infantry filing steadily onward, or formed into squares, and presenting on every side an impenetrable ridge of bristling bayonets; aides-de-camp galloping in every direction; trumpets sounding, and banners waving; altogether present such a scene of animated bustle and deep excitement, as completely to enthral the mind. So intense is the emotion produced by this tremendous development of human might, that all thought of consequences is lost in the excitation of the moment. The bright side only of the picture here appears: this is the fudge portion.

It is not borne in mind that those gallant troops may soon meet in some hostile field with their fellow-men as foes, and, outraging the holy sympathies of our nature, deal mutual destruction. Glance at the hideous background of the picture. Look at the battle-field; not when "the note of preparation" swells on the gale, and either army breathes proud defiance; nor when the murderous conflict is at its height; but when the fight is over, and the feverish passions that urged on its victims are sunk into sullen repose. The smoke of battle has cleared away. The roar of artillery is no longer heard. Tens of thousands who a few hours since were full of lusty life, now strew the plains; their mangled frames trampled on alike by friend and foe. The field of battle now wears its most hideous aspect. When the game of war was up reflection was stifled.

"There is something of pride in that perilous hour,
Whatever be the shape in which death may lower;
For Fame is there to say who bleeds,
And Honour's eye on daring deeds.
But when all is past it is humbling to tread
O'er the weltering field of the tombless dead,

And see worms of the earth and fowls of the air,
Beasts of the forest, all gathering there;
All regarding man as their prey,
All rejoicing in his decay."

Fit scene this for contemplation." Let Glory gaze upon the spot, and turn away with disgust! Let mad Ambition meditate in the charnel-house of its creating, and cease to be a scourge of the human race! Let the votary of fame, the hair-brained enthusiast, he who would seek "the bubble reputation" in the cannon's mouth, learn from hence a lesson, and return to his domestic hearth, with renewed zest for its quiet pleasures! Verily, there is no fudge here.

Glory to the common soldier, we have seen, is an empty name. What is it in the most successful commander? On what basis is it built? Does reason approve it? Does religion sanction it? It is fudge! all fudge!

History, too, has its fudge. In tracing the progress of nations, that portion which is not devoted to the description of courtly pageants is mainly occupied with accounts of battles, sieges, and massacres, as though it were the chief business of men to fight. All that adorns the human character, and exalts us in the scale of being, is but partially touched, or suffered to sink into oblivion. Inventions which enhance the happiness of mankind are left unrecorded. The arts and sciences flourish or decay with scarcely a passing comment. Institutions that have for their object the amelioration of the physical and moral maladies of our species dispense their bounties unnoticed. Men may associate to further the interests of humanity, to inculcate peace and good-will among mankind, and their efforts shall scarcely obtain a record to perpetuate their worth. But when fellow-creatures, who should be linked in bonds of brotherhood, meet in deadly hate, the conflict is particularized with minuteness, and portrayed with all the pomp of language. The philanthropist goes on his errand of love unheeded; whilst he who carries fire and sword through the earth—the blood-thirsty conqueror, the man-destroyer, the murderer of myriads—is hailed with acclamation, and worshipped as a demigod.

But the philosophy of history is beginning to be better understood. Besides the treaties and conflicts and relative changes of nations with each other, which may be termed their *external* history, there is in each an insensible revolution, a retrogression or progression, gradually carried on, which may be styled its *internal* history. As in all material bodies, superadded to their mechanical or aggregate motion—contemplated as a whole—there is an atomic motion, a chemical process, going on in the objects themselves; so in nations, is there an interior operation effecting the most radical changes; inasmuch that they differ not more from other nations than from themselves at different periods. To mark those intrinsic changes—to note the impulses that affect the social economy—to exhibit in strong relief how virtue matures nations, and vice precipitates their downfall—this is the peculiar province—this is the philosophy, as distinguished from the fudge, of history.

Even Patriotism is not without its fudge. Nationality sadly harkwinks the reason, and lulls the conscience by holding up the Good of Country to our eyes. Thus armies are sent forth, and distant tribes

attacked, and their lands taken from them. And this wholesale robbery and murder, for an extension of territory, is so oftened down that a Christian nation, in the year of grace 1844, shall not be shocked thereat; but shall suffer itself to be deluded into the belief that all is as it should be; that a nation is not to be judged by the same rule of right that is applied to the conduct of its individual members. "*Fudge!*"

All true science—all true morality—all true religion—are opposed to patriotism: they are essentially unpatriotic, they are anti-national, they are philanthropic in their character. Science, after ranging through the varied analogies of nature, and winging her flight among the stars, cannot stoop her eagle wing to the shackles of national prejudice. Morality, offspring of the affections and sympathies of our common nature, will not bow her neck to the yoke of patriotism: to her the white man and the black are alike: her country is the whole earth. Religion, twin-sister of morality, daughter of the skies, aided by her handmaid Reason, breaks down with irrepressible power the partition walls in which for ages fanatic zeal had encased her, and walks forth in the light of her heaven-derived beauty, regenerating the moral world; and, by infusing her expansive spirit of universal benevolence into the hearts and minds of men, would fain remove from nations the boundaries which their evil passions and ignorance and folly have raised around them, and binding all in one bond of brotherhood, thus assimilate earth to heaven.

Whigism (now transmogrified into Liberalism) and Toryism (coaxed into Conservatism), what are they but two huge humbugs, which have long swallowed up the State between them—living on lies, battenning on corruption? Every person and thing is looked at through the jaundiced medium of party, and judged of accordingly. A Tory can see no manner of good in a Whig, nor a Whig in a Tory; the Radical loathes them both, and is hated by them as cordially in return.

This should not be. It is high time that the virulence of party spirit should give way to kindly feelings and neighbourly regard. How many noble designs, both of a public and a private nature, have been frustrated by this accursed spirit of party! Why will not persons allow to others the same right of thinking which they claim for themselves? And, conceding that right (which, by-the-by, all are ready enough to do in words), what is there wonderful, that, with the diversities of taste and judgment everywhere abounding, different conclusions should be formed, and why quarrel with persons for so doing?

There are, however, signs of the times from which we augur the breaking up in a great degree of this party spirit—to look for its total extinction would be perhaps expecting too much from poor fallible human nature. In the mere change of names—in the substitution, by common consent, of Conservative and Liberal for Tory and Whig, which has taken place of late years, more significant and respectful as the present cognomens undoubtedly are—may be traced the dawning of a better spirit. Strong symptoms are discernible in many events of modern politics, of the downfall of the two great party feuds. More free will and independent action is now shown than was shown heretofore. There is not so much moving *en masse* in the political arena. Party is made more and more

to bend to principle. Thus, on the subject of the New Poor-law a great change has taken place in the relative position of parties, and a considerable intermingling of ranks has been the result. So, also, on the much-agitated, much-involved question of the Corn-laws (though, on this, self-interest has pretty much to do on both sides)—here, again, is a re-marrying of forces. Lastly, not to multiply instances, there is the ten-hours' limitation proposed by Lord Ashley in the last session: upon which, more than upon any other question, was a disregard shown to mere party—a manifest determination on all sides to view the subject solely on its own merits, irrespectively of the *ins* or the *outs*.

To us, who hold neutral ground, who have never ceased to lament over, and strenuously to protest against, the fierce intolerance of party-spirit, these are gratifying symptoms. The wedge is now being inserted, and we trust will be ultimately driven home. Out of the scattered fragments may a great national party be formed, with one will and one aim seeking the good of our common country!

The Press! sad perversion of its high and holy mission, caters it not also to the appetite for fudge, which increases with what it feeds on? Each particular section of the political world has its own organ, which thrives by touting to its follies and prejudices. It is in the advertising columns, however, that Humbug reigns paramount:—

"Roses for the cheek,
And lilies for the brow of faded age;
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald;
Heaven, earth, and ocean plundered of their sweets,
Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,
Sermons, and city feasts, and favourite airs;
Ethereal journeys, submarine exploits;
And Katerfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wondering for his bread."

So sung Cowper, and the times are not altered in this respect.

Money: Mammon worship. Not to make mention of this, one of the most frequent and most fatal of the fudges of life, would be a sad omission. Whatever may be said by romancing historians to the contrary, this certainly is the Age of Gold. The present is emphatically a money-getting, money-worshipping generation. Like the Israelites of old, we make to ourselves golden calves, and then bow down to and worship them: blindly mistaking the means for the end. At such painstaking are mankind to be self-fudged. One man, for instance, immures himself for life in the counting-house, adding up column after column of figures, and stores of wealth, until his very soul dies within him, and he becomes a mere money-making machine—poor in the midst of his riches: quitting work, it may be, at last, only to feel how unfit he is for the rational enjoyment of life; and so lingers along in fretful disquietude, sighing for the miserable spirit-bondage, which was become to him a second nature. Another, after having spent the prime of life in the same vain pursuit in some unhealthy clime, returns, with diseased liver, and, worse still, a diseased mind, to his native land, just in time to die, leaving his hard-gotten wealth to some thankless stranger-relation. The *millionaire*—if he be a mere man of money—is as poor, as much to be pitied, as the merest beggar who

in our crowded streets exists from day to day on the chance alms of passers-by.

Money has a wondrous might of its own; its power is little less than miraculous; it is the *open sesame* to all hearts. Test it for yourself, when you next walk out, on the first person you meet. Al! there seems a fitting object—that man yonder with the shabby dress—the victim, seemingly, of his own improvident, dissipated habits. You ask a favour, and in all likelihood receive a saucy answer—perhaps a sullen denial. But only hold a joey betwixt your finger and thumb, and what a change comes over the man. Pertness at once subsides into civility, and rudeness melts into an extraordinary desire to oblige. With money you are all but omnipotent. Like the centurion mentioned in Scripture, you say unto one man, Go—and he goeth; to another, Come—and he cometh; and to a third, Do this—and he doeth it.

“Money,” says the proverb, “is the root of all evil.” So in the earth all weeds and noxious plants take root; but yields not the earth also its sweet-scented, many-hued flowers; its herbs, good for man and beast; and its trees bearing fruit each after its kind? In like manner, money is the root of good as well as of evil, and much more abundantly; for, after all, the use exceeds the abuse. The end is not always swallowed up in the means.

In fine, there is no need of seeking the four-leaved shamrock in fairy dolls. It exists in this matter-of-fact world of ours in abundance. Money, rightly used, is the veritable four-leaved shamrock. Here, in the world about us, may we “play the enchanter’s part”—each according to his means. There is ample room and verge enough for the richest to “weave his spells,” and opportunities for the poorest—so that he be not poor in heart—of “casting bliss around.”

In some shape or other fudge rules every son and daughter of Adam.

It nestles snugly in the judge’s wig. I warrant ye, the putting on the black cap previous to passing sentence, horrifies the criminal almost as much as the judgment itself. The surplice and gown of the priest have their weight, depend upon it, with the strongest-minded among us. Would a sermon, think you, sound so well from a round jacket, or a swallow-tail coat, as it would from a priest in his full canonicals? Not a bit of it.

Fudge stands the recruiting sergeant in good stead: what would he do without it? The ploughman is fudged into a soldier. In like manner the civilian is fudged into submission, and often fudged out of his rights.

Smacks not Charity’s dear self somewhat of fudge when she puts her name in print, heading subscription lists, garishly attracting the world’s attention?

What is there that hath no touch of fudge in it? Even this article, some may think, is all fudge from beginning to end.

Having thus with feeble hand essayed to sketch some of the more striking lineaments of Fudge (to portray it fully would require a world of experience, and would be the task of a long life); having thus taken a swallow’s flight over the subject, merely skimming the surface, and occasionally dipping here and there a wing, leaving its profundity to be fa-

thomed by others possessed of shrewder skill in men and manners: it only remains for us to assign, if possible, some cause for the widely-spread power which Humbug exercises in this world of ours. A cause it surely must have: what is it? Is there anything inherent in the human mind which renders it of necessity a prey to Fudge in some one or more of its Protean shapes? These are questions irresistibly forced upon us, and which we will strive explicitly and briefly to answer. One word, if we mistake not, will explain the whole matter—IGNORANCE! Ay, this is it. This is the stronghold of Fudge; this is the soil in which it takes root; from which it draws nourishment; in which only it “lives, moves, and has its being.” Test the solution here given by plain matters of fact—by common-sense reasoning. Does not Fudge most abound in those things regarding which mankind are generally most ignorant? Medicine—the Law—Divinity (not the divinity of the Gospel, but a priest-made divinity)—how does ignorance and its concomitant fear operate through each of these upon the human mind, making us the ready dupes of Fudge! We feel that we have quitted the broad and beaten track of every-day life, and have entered unknown regions, into some one of whose many quagmires and gulfs one false step may plunge us: we grope our way blindly by the aid of guides, on whom we are forced wholly to rely: what a scope for fudge is here; and, sooth to say, seldom is the opportunity missed. Free the world of Ignorance, and Fudge, its offspring, will disappear along with it, as the shade follows the substance; the child cannot live for a moment apart from its parent—who conjured the monster into being only to feed on its own vitals. Those daring pretenders who from time to time have arisen in the world’s history to lead mankind by the nose, whence had they their power but in the credulity and fear of their followers! and are not these again clearly resolvable into ignorance?

So that we return to the point from which we first set out—namely that Ignorance and Fudge are linked together in the relation of cause and effect. He, therefore, who expounds to mankind one new truth, or renders clearer an old one—who in the least unshrouds ambiguity—who lets in one added ray of light upon us—who clears our mental vision of the slightest speck or film—that man, be he who or what he may, is a sworn foe to humbug of every kind. Fudge cannot flourish co-existently with knowledge; but will as assuredly flee before it as ghosts vanish at break of day.

There are, however, even in this fudge-abounding world of ours, things in which humbug has no share. Honest Toil working for its daily bread, gathering of the earth’s bounty, or traversing ocean to bring to us the products of other climes, or in crowded cities engaged in some useful craft: Science, smoothing the path of labour, annihilating space, conquering the very elements, and making all things subserve the profit and use of man: Genius, scattering with profuse hand its godlike gifts, awaking the soul to a sense of beauty, stirring up and fanning into a flame the embers of virtue which lie dormant in every breast. What has Fudge to do with these? Friendship, too, with its self-sacrificing heroism; and Love, so pure, so heaven-exalting (even these have their counterfeits, as all things good are sure to have);

though by the grovelling, low-minded worldling they may be considered humbugs—himself the while, with his want of faith in things pure and true, the veriest of all humbugs—yet are they not the less verities ; soul-elevating, heart-kindling verities ; prompting to heroic action, to generous self-abnegation ; whose universality would make of earth a “little heaven below,” and, lacking which, earth would be indeed a hell. Fudge, thou art powerless here also. Nor hast thou wherewithal to boast over him who fulfils his God-appointed mission, working with head and hand ; who by the sweat of his brow obtains a

virtuous independence ; whose soul strives strenuously after knowledge and truth ; whose heart, stored with Nature’s holiest instincts, glows with compassion, or kindles into righteous rage at the injustice done under the sun ; whose hand is ever stretched out to succour and save. What has Humbug to do with such a man ? He, in short,—whatever or wherever he may be—who does “his duty in that state of life to which it has pleased God to call him,” can have no part nor lot in

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FUDGE.

THE PAST, THE PRESENT, AND THE POSSIBLE ; OR, PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A COSMOPOLITE.

INTRODUCTION.

“SHAME on you !” said a friend holding an important official situation — “Shame on you, to be thus giving up your whole mind to the mechanical progress of your country, while the fate, the very existence of that country hangs trembling in the balance, and in a short time you may have no country.”

The adjuration was startling. My friend was no boy, full of enthusiasm, no party politician anxious to vituperate his opponents, but a grave man of statistics, whom not even Macculloch could controvert — one who proved to demonstration, that perseverance in the existing system would leave England shorn of her power—would convert into a mere satellite of some rising nation, the fixed star which had through so many centuries served as a beacon light to the world.

My friend was excited by disappointment at the small measure of freedom conceded to trade by the Legislature, and, above all, by the obstinate determination to keep up the artificial monopoly price of food. I was much struck with his earnest passion, free from all personal admixture, in behalf of human progress, and as earnestly I promised him to think seriously upon the “English Future.”

To do this, it was requisite for the mind to travel back into the past ; to trace the steps by which this land, this centre of earth’s civilisation—at the outset only the haunt of skin-clad savage hunters—came to be a land overspreading other lands with its power, and grew to be a world’s wonder, bearing the aristocracy of the human race, the elements of

“The Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World.”

THE whole system of the world appears to be based on the principle of continual progress from inferiority to superiority. Everything seems capable of improvement to an indefinite amount, or to an amount beyond our limited vision, whether in the animal,

vegetable, or mineral kingdom. And this improvement seems co-existent with man’s will. If he wills for awhile that progress shall be arrested, it stops ; even a retrograde movement partially exists. But there seems to be a power within him, ruling his will and, impelling him, in spite of himself, to go onwards with fresh energy after every retardation, and wherever progress comes to an entire stop in any given direction, it seems to be only for the purpose of intenser concentration for some more important purpose.

The quality in man which induces this progress, is the highest of all qualities—WISDOM, *i. e.*, the dominion, lordship, or domination over knowledge. There seems to have been a time in the history of all nations, when knowledge was of the lowest possible amount, while the mass of knowledge accumulated by some modern nations appears gigantic. Yet there is no evidence that the quality of wisdom differs from, or excels in, the present day, the wisdom of individuals of the earliest ages ; for wisdom is a quality of individuals, and not of nations, or of races. Habits and customs belong to various nations, but the wise ones of the earth, are they who give birth to the rules which produce habits and customs. From the workings of their own minds they generate the rules, and fit them to the circumstances of the human beings they guide. Wise men existed in Ancient Greece ; amongst the red men of America ; and they exist amongst the men of modern Europe ; and, perchance, amongst the black men of Africa, and their offshoots.

The quality, *i. e.*, the power of turning knowledge to account, is the same in all ; but it differs widely in amount. The greater wisdom may be designated as benescience, or well-knowing, producing benevolence, or well-willing, and resulting in beneficence, or well-doing. The lesser wisdom may be designated as intellect, which turns knowledge to account as an implement of power—not for the benefit of the human race, but for a low, selfish advantage, gained over the comparative ignorance of fellow-men, who are prone to bend before the shrine of power, the offspring of intellect, producing malevolence, or ill-willing, and resulting in maleficence, or ill-doing. Christ and Plato are amongst the few examples of

the greater wisdom. Heroes and conquerors innumerable, of all times and nations—Alexanders, Timours, Cronwells, and Napoleons; kings, queens, and ministers of state, without number; royalists and republicans, aristocrats and democrats—all furnish their quota to swell the ranks, and range under the banners of the lesser wisdom. By the power of sitting in judgment upon their acquired knowledge, they have triumphed over the resistance of opponents, of judgment inferior to their own, even though, in many cases, the amount of knowledge possessed by the opponents may have been far greater than their own.

If we define wisdom to be, the power of exercising judgment, the greater wisdom will be that which exercises dominion over intellect, or the qualities of the mind; the lesser wisdom, that which sits in judgment over all the lower range of human emotions.

Christ is the most perfect type of the greater wisdom, sacrificing self for human advancement. Napoleon is the personification of the lesser wisdom, sacrificing all the world to self. Cold and passionless, playing with mankind as puppets—a charlatan on the great scale—he became the ruler of a large portion of the earth's surface, by blinding mankind to his motives, and dazzling them with the changes he wrought. Like the elating alchemists of old, who made the baser metals look like the most precious, the crowd gazed on him in wonder; but as knowledge grew, the cheat was exposed; the conqueror of Europe was stripped of his artificial plumes, and caged up, for the safety of others, with as little remorse and as little sympathy, as though he had been a four-footed beast of carnage. He had been useful to the world, but much in the same fashion as a hurricane, which dispels a pestilence caused by stagnation. He earned no reverence; and his name, even at this short lapse of time, is dwindling down to the mere mark of an epoch in European history, exercising as little influence on human actions as Bajazet or Barbarossa.

Meanwhile, from year to year, wider spreads the influence of the founder of Christianity. That high spirit no changes could overthrow, for it is the spirit of human progress. Not even the atrocities committed by those who have taken its name in vain, could overlay it, and the most convincing testimony of its eternal truth is furnished by daily evidence, that vicious men of all classes find their greatest impunity in hypocritically shrouding themselves in the robe of Christianity. The wolf, taking the clothing of the sheep as his best protection against the hunter, gives tacit testimony to qualities which the whole world have agreed to respect.

Not in Christianity only, but in all other systems, the founders of religions have established the most permanent results. Conquerors and their dynasties have passed away, but nations retain the impress of their spiritual guides amidst all other changes. It is evidence of the silent domination of the higher mind over the lower—the greater wisdom over the lesser.

But the highest human wisdom can only produce effects proportioned to the materials it has to work upon, and the circumstances in which it is placed. It is quite evident that certain portions of the earth's surface are adapted to develop certain qualities in animals and in plants, the opposite of other portions.

The sheep, which is covered with fine wool in the temperate climates, becomes hairy in the tropics. The furry animals inhabit the snowy regions—the hairy animals generally are found amidst warmth. The juiciest fruit, the pulpiest vegetation, is found beneath the warmest suns; while the resinous juice, and hard, shelly fibres of the pine-tree are the type of the wintry clime.

It is quite true that man, by his art and skill, can modify these circumstances, and transplant the production of one climate into another, and propagate it therein. He can change the development, but he cannot change the nature. He can change the thistle into an artichoke, but he cannot make it produce figs. He can change the crab into an apple, but not into an orange. He may even produce an edible fruit from the pine, but he cannot make it grow coco-nuts. He can get hair from the shawl-gout as delicate as silk, but he cannot produce silk from the worm as perfect as cashmere; nor can he make the cotton-tree produce silk, though he can improve its quality manifold by culture. There seems to be one quality pervading nature throughout, which sets a limit to man's endeavours, and which has been designated *race*, or *root*.

We can trace the links of creation through numerous gradations; scarcely able to pronounce where the stone ends and the vegetable begins, or where the vegetable ends and the animal begins. We run through the tribes of worms and snakes, to which feet are denied as well as limbs, till another step is gained in the lizard, and onwards through the four-footed tribes, displaying various grades of intellect; all eclipsed by that of the four-handed race—the monkeys. In the birds of the air, and in the fishes of the waters the same gradations may be observed. Last comes man, the ruler of all the rest by his faculties of reason and speech, and the concomitant processes whereby he is enabled to hoard up knowledge from time to time, and accumulate it into a capital, the true uses of which it is the province of Wisdom to point out.

Minute as are the gradations through this varied range, there seems to be no change in race. In the horse tribe, the Shetland or Java pony and the Flanders horse, samples of the dwarfs and giants of their race, are still horses; and no contrivance of man can change them into zebras or asses, though probably his art, continued through long periods of time, could breed down the Flanders horse to a pony, or breed up the pony to become in its posterity a Flanders horse. Innumerable are the varieties of the dog tribe, from the smallest lapdog up to the mastiff or deer-hound, possibly to the fox and wolf; but no art of man could convert the woolly poodle into a sheep.

And thus with man himself. No art can make him other than man, though artificial cultivation of his lower appetites and passions can degrade him to the likeness of a beast. And thus cultivation of his higher faculties can develop qualities which liken him to a divinity. Either species of cultivation, continued through a long course of centuries, would generate a corresponding aptitude of the physical frame. Climate and other circumstances would materially assist this; and the varieties thus produced are by some naturalists divided into the three great *races*, or *roots*, which they have mostly agreed to call

the Caucasian, the Mongolian, and the Ethiopian—i. e., the white-skinned, yellow-skinned, and black-skinned. But there is no evidence to prove that they are not all from one original stock. On the contrary, there is strong natural evidence in favour of the latter presumption. Throughout the animal tribes, the offspring of animals of distinct races—where offspring exists—is hybrid. On the contrary, the offspring of every variety of man's race, however intermingled, is endowed with the power of propagation; and thus the whole race—white, red, and black—is capable of an amalgamation as perfect, as though no distinction had ever existed. The distinction, however, is more than skin deep.

The Caucasian variety, from whatever cause it has arisen, is unquestionably the noblest in all attributes, moral, intellectual, or physical. This is, regarding it in the general mass. The Mongolian follows next in succession, and the Ethiopian comes last.

The colour is a general distinction of the varieties, but not always an individual distinction; and it may happen that individuals of the Mongolian variety may be whiter than some of the Caucasian varieties. The most important distinction lies in the formation. In the Caucasian variety the intellectual faculties of the highest kind are found, as well as the attribute of wisdom; and in that variety also is found the highest beauty. For beauty is not a mere question of fancy, as has been sometimes asserted. Its true designation is harmony of external form, indicating harmony of the intellectual powers, as well as perfection of the physical attributes.

In the Mongolian variety the intellectual powers are less strongly developed, and chiefly under the influence of the more savage passions, revenge and sensuality. And even under such stimulus the Mongolian fails to achieve his ends as perfectly as the Caucasian, who brings cool reason to his aid.

In the Ethiopian variety, mere animal enjoyment is the most prominent characteristic. A temperament very hilarious, constant animal spirits, with indisposition to industry, occasional ferocity, and general torpidity, are the qualities chiefly displayed, whether in the state of barbarism or of slavery—the two conditions under which the black variety is chiefly found.

The Caucasian variety is remarkable for a love of justice, and submission to fixed rules. The Mongolian variety shows chiefly an impulsive temperament, as uncertain as that of the tiger, tyrannous even in kindness. The Ethiopian variety is essentially dependent, and grateful and submissive for protection.

The Caucasian is the originator of progress. The Mongolian is the disturber of progress. The Ethiopian is the servant of either, whether for good or for evil. The energy of the Caucasian never flags, never ceases from its onward march; it is

On on for ever

The energy of the Mongolian is fast and furious, and rapidly dies out,

Like light straw on flame—
A fierce, but fading fire!

To the Ethiopian, consecutive energy is a quality unknown.

But though such are the characteristic distinctions of the three varieties, it must not be forgotten that

circumstances may tend to degrade the variety favoured by nature, and to uplift the less intelligent. The priests who ruled over ancient Egypt were men of high powers, and they made willing servants do their bidding, and wear the external characteristics of civilisation. A dark-skinned variety, or a branch of the dark variety, built up a powerful nation, ruling over the then civilised world. And the converse of the process which lifted up a dark branch, would abase a white branch; circumstances aiding a barbarian ruler to overthrow knowledge.

But, apart from the consideration of the influence of rulers and teachers, the three great varieties of the human race are subdivisible into many branches, varying in their qualities. Amongst the African tribes some are furious as Mongolians, and some are more intelligent than some Caucasians, such as the Egyptians compared with the Esquimaux. Amongst the yellow races also there are some branches destitute of ferocity, as the Indians of Peru, while others are possessed of considerable intellect, as the subtle speeches of many of the North American Indian orators give proof. Again, great ferocity is displayed by branches of the Caucasian variety, as the Moors and Arabs.

The two great branches into which the Caucasian variety is divided in Europe, are the Celtic and Teutonic. The Celtic branch appears to assimilate more to the Mongolian; the Teutonic branch is the opposite of the Mongolian. The Celtic temperament is choleric, the Teutonic is phlegmatic. The external physical appearance is at once indicative of the difference between them. The Celt, in his purest state, is known by the elongated dark eye, high cheek bones, black straight hair, wide mouth, spare flesh, narrow forehead, ex-sanguine complexion, and slight physical strength. The Teuton, on the contrary, in his purest state, has brown hair, approaching to the red, large blue eyes, rounded face, well formed mouth, muscular person, ruddy complexion, and great physical strength.

The Celt possesses an irritable temperament and wild imagination without judgment. The temperament of the Teuton is torpid, and he has little imagination, but his judgment is sound. The Celt, always active, gathers facts innumerable, which, if accumulated, would form a knowledge capital; but, destitute of judgment to understand the uses of knowledge, he throws away his treasures as fast as he gathers them. He perceives, but does not know. The Teuton, on the contrary, is slow to perceive, but what he does once perceive, he knows, he makes his own, because his judgment enables him to understand the uses it may be applied to. Therefore, good guidance on the part of teachers and rulers may enable a Celtic nation to make rapid progress, but it will as rapidly retrograde when left to itself. But the progress of a Teuton nation, though slow, is sure; what it has once acquired it keeps firm hold of; good teachers may cause it to progress faster, but the deprivation of good teachers will not cause it to retrograde.

The true distinction between the civilised man and the savage, as regards social progress, is, that the savage is ever ready to sacrifice, for the sake of present temporary animal excitement or enjoyment, a future permanent good. The civilised man, on the contrary, is ever ready to sacrifice the temporary to

the permanent, the present to the future. In this sense the Celt is commonly a savage, while the Teuton is civilised. With the Celt, labour is a pressing necessity, endured, but not pursued. With the Teuton labour is a pursuit "never ending, still beginning." The Celt has no plan; the urgent want of the moment alone induces him to work. The Teuton has a plan in all he does, more or less perfect. For this reason, wherever the Teuton plants his foot, the Celt slowly recedes before him. As population thickens, the competition becomes stronger, and when rations become scarce the Teuton provides first for his own wants, and leaves the chance crumbs to the Celt. The Celt may rage and outrage, may even shed the blood of his stronger brother, but it will be all in vain. It is a law of nature, that might is right in the large sense, whether in plants, in animals, or in man. And in direct proportion as might increases, *i. e.* as intelligence spreads, so will increase the protective influence of the strong over the weak. The negro would wither before the red man in America, were it not for the protection of the white, just as the red races have themselves become powerless to withstand the whites.

The question that here arises is—Are then the Celts doomed to perish from the face of the earth, leaving the Teutons alone to possess it?

This would be no desirable result. The most useful arts are not always the most pleasing; and there are higher wants of our nature than those which concern the nutriment of our bodies. For these purposes, the Celts possess qualities which are denied to the Teutons. Valuable as he is for progress, the pure Teuton is a most unpleasing, gruff kind of companion. He partakes of the qualities of the hedge-hog, he is rough to the touch. Not so the Celt. His mercurial temperament renders him socially pleasing. The Teuton will tame the forest, build the house, till the field, blaze the hearth, and spread the board; but the Celt will furnish the song, the dance, and the ornament both of house and person. He has the quality of refined taste, which the Teuton lacks. He will furnish new ideas for the Teuton to sit in judgment upon, and compound progress will be the result.

It would seem that the cause of the distinction must lie in the nervous temperament. Like the Æolian harp, the nerves of the Celt are susceptible to the gentle impressions, while the nerves of the Teuton are like a drum, requiring beating to induce a response. Susceptibility to impressions resides in the nerves; and whatever be the *quantity* of brain, indicated by the external form of the head, it is clear that its *quality* must depend upon nervous susceptibility, as well as nervous energy. Good quality is even of more importance than large quantity.

It follows, therefore, that the close union of the Celtic and Teuton branches, by intermarriage, will produce a better general result than the mere dwelling of the separate branches in the same land. To this intermarriage there is a constant tendency: the refinement of the Celt is attractive to the rougher Teuton. The women, especially, of Celtic race, have gentler manners, softer voices, more of the qualities understood by the term endearing, than those of the Teutonic race. An Andalusian peasant girl is more graceful, and more attractive in her manners, than the Teutonic peasant girls found in Britain; though

in the qualities constituting "good housekeeping" she is very deficient. Neither must it be forgotten that the silky gentle nature of the Andalusian, like other Celts, is capable of being roused into appalling ferocity: yet energetic passion is in itself a good thing; it is only an evil when misguided. The Maid of Saragossa, when shedding the foeman's blood in the defence of her native land, against oppression, commanded the admiration of the world: the same energy displayed in shedding the blood of her own people in private quarrel, would have been greeted with universal execration.

Some one has described the French people as a "nation of tigers and monkeys." This was after the outbreak of the revolution, in the saturnalia of sudden freedom. It is but saying in other words, that the Celtic branch, which comprises the greater portion of the population of Paris, is capricious in its nature. Of this there can be no doubt. In Paris will be found the most exaggerated Celtic nature, showing at times almost like the artificial imitations of a theatre. I chanced to be in Paris at the time when the news arrived from Africa of the energetic defence of the Fort of Maragran, by a few scores of French soldiers, against an army composed of many thousand Arabs, during a protracted period. A reinforcement of troops had been sent to their assistance, little expecting to find any alive. On their arrival, they found that the defenders had suffered but little; and the greeting they met with was, "Go back again; we want nothing but bread and cartridges." Their only thought was—

The fewer men, the greater share of honour.

All the print-shops in Paris were filled with pictures of this scene of carnage.

A square walled fort was surmounted by French soldiers shooting downwards on the hosts of Arab assailants, represented in all forms of absurd rage; some spurring their horses to the foot of the walls, others shooting from horseback, others planting sloping poles against the walls and trying to climb up them, others flinging their pistols and sabres upwards at their foes, but all apparently as impotent as the rage of a tiger enclosed with strong bars. Some were biting their own weapons, like wild beasts, as if to revenge themselves on them for not killing Frenchmen; their long black hair, bronzed visages, and flashing eyes, strongly resembling the demons of fable. But the remarkable thing was that the artist had given nearly the same physiognomy to the French "heroes;" and but for the military uniform on the one hand, contrasting with the varied picturesque costumes on the other, the innocent bystander might have been induced to ask, "Which are the civilised people, and which the savage?"

One could not avoid the reflection—"What useful purpose is achieved for the human race, by people working hard in France to pay taxes, and maintain African slaughtermen to provide feasts for the vultures."*

We fall back upon the reflection that all things have their uses; and the conquering propensity so remarkable in the French, is valuable to the world. They perform the needful work of destruction, in

* It has been since stated that the episode of "Maragran" was a mere fable, a pure invention, to please the Parisians, and gratify their appetite for *la gloire*. But the illustration is not therefore the less forcible, as a sample of national character.

breaking down the stagnant despotism of vicious systems of government; they are the pioneers of civilisation; they perform the same work in removing the obstacles to national progress, that our Irish labourers do in removing the obstacles to building progress, who pull down the unsightly encumbrances and clear the ground for the erection of better edifices. The ancient Gauls were powerful agents in dismembering the torpid mass of the overgrown Roman empire, and the modern Gauls will be equally efficient in breaking up the petty despotisms of Africa.

Throughout Europe, there are certain districts where the Teuton branch approaches the nearest to purity, and in which its defects are the most exaggerated. And there are other districts in which the Celtic branch exhibits its exaggerated defects. In many other districts, amalgamation has taken place, some in equal and some in unequal divisions. And it would seem to be a rule that, *ceteris paribus*, the greatest human progress has been made in those districts, where the most equal and complete amalgamation has taken place between the two branches.

In the cultivation of the animal tribes and the vegetable also, man proceeds by the progress of what is technically called "crossing the breed." He arrives at the results he wishes, but there is no doubt that in many cases he errs widely in his philosophy, as to the really desirable results. In many cases he produces monsters and deems them perfection. There can be little doubt there exists in every species a natural standard of perfection, when circumstances

permit the true development. Of this nature is what is called "pure blood" in the horse, and we may assume the finest specimens of the Caucasian variety in man, to be the pure-blooded human being. In many cases the horse has been deteriorated, and in many cases also, man has been deteriorated, *i. e.* his body has been so altered by circumstances, that the development of his mental faculties has been impeded. It is probable that as the true uses of animals and vegetables become better understood, the art of man will, by crossing, cause them more and more to approach to their natural perfect standard, whether that be a standard originally existing, and from which they have been degraded, or a standard, the germ of which has been planted in them for man to develop by his reason. Tradition and facts seem alike in favour of the least perfect plants and animals having existed on the earth at the remotest periods, but there is nothing to show that each was not at the outset perfect in its kind. Of man himself, the records of elder Greece give glorious testimony. It may be that the perfect union of the Celt and Teuton, with all favouring circumstances, through a period of years, is all that is needed, to restore the perfect Caucasian type—the pure blood of man. It may be, that as human improvement advances, and human drudgery lessens, the whole human race may blend into this type; the knowledge peculiar to the highest philosophers of the present day, having become the common staple of mankind, while the philosophers of that future time, may have acquired a proportionate increase, beyond our present imagination.

(To be continued.)

THROW NOT ASIDE THE LYRE.

THROW not aside the Lyre,
If unto thee be given
The poet's word of fire,
That blessed gift of heaven!

Oh, throw it not aside,
When grief hath o'er thee power,
Nor in the time of pride,
Nor in joy's triumphant hour.

And let not friendship's smile,
Nor even love's command,
With sweet seductive wile,
Beguile it from thine hand.

It may bring nor fame nor thrift,
But heed not thou the wrong,
Is the race unto the swift?
Or the battle to the strong?

Thou hast seen the streamlet rushing
From its birth-place on the hill,

In its narrow channel gushing
A meagre streamlet still.

It may never pass in glory,
The gorgeous city's side;
It may be unknown in story,
And all unheard may glide.

But *the spot wherein it springeth*
Is as fresh, as green, and bright,
As where the proud stream bringeth
Its waters to the light!

And like that favoured spot,
Fresh, green, thine heart shall be,
For worldliness dwells not
With heartfelt poesy.

Then throw not by the Lyre,
If unto thee be given
The poet's word of fire,
For, 'tis the gift of heaven!

CATHERINE PARR.

THE SONG OF THE IMPRISONED COUNT; OR, THE KNIGHT AND THE FLOWERS.

(From the German.)

BY LEWIS FILMORE.

I KNOW a flower, of flowers most fair,
For which my heart in sadness pines;
Fain would I seek that flowret rare,
But, ah! my step this chain confines.
The sorrows of my captive state
Press on me with more grievous weight,
When thinking how, with freedom blest,
I clasped that blossom to my breast!

Here, from these steep descending walls,
My weary eye for ever roves;
But never from my dungeon, falls,
Upon the gentle flower it loves.
Who brings to me that blossom bright,
Or lowly serf or belted knight,
Whoever brings that flower to me,
My fastest friend for life shall be.

THE ROSE.
I hear thy voice! Behold, I grow
Thus close beneath thy prison grate;
'Tis for the ROSE thy sorrows flow,
Thou noble Count of hapless fate!
A soul of pride, a lofty will,
Abide within thy bosom still;
And 'tis the Queen of Flowers alone
Is worthy to be called thine own.

THE COUNT.
Thy hue is rich, thy form is fair,
In bud or bloom, wherever seen;
Thou canst as well Love's message bear
As ring or gem of costliest sheen;
Twine but thy wreath for beauty's brow,
And, bright before, 'tis brighter now;
Yet, queenly flower! no spell is thine
Can make me wish to call thee mine.

THE LILY.
The Rose is proud, and seeks o'er all
Her sister-flowers her crest to raise;
I, too, from those who love can call
A voice to speak the LILY's praise.
The hearts that dwell within the shrine
Of breasts as white and pure as mine,
Go! ask of them: thou wilt be told
That they the Lily dearer hold.

THE COUNT.
Free is my heart from spot or stain—
I harbour not a thought of ill;
Yet captive here must I remain
In solitary anguish still!
Thou seem'st to me the symbol sent
Of Purity with Beauty blent;
Yet do I know one flower would be,
Oh! dearer far than thou to me!

THE CARNATION.
And I will be that dearer flower,
Here in thy Keeper's garden fair;
My varied beauty, every hour,
That old man tends with ceaseless care.
Long as the flowret-life I live,
My perfume to the breeze I give,
And from my blossom's silky rings
A thousand coloured glory springs.

THE COUNT.
I may not light the Flower esteem,
That hath such careful tendance won;
They set thee soon in morning's beam,
And soon they shut thee from the sun;
But that which gives my spirit joy
Has beauties that no art employ,
A flowret that with quiet grace
Springs humbly in a lowly place.

THE VIOLET.
I spring unknown and self-concealed,
Nor am I willing now to speak;
But will, to thee to be revealed,
My deep and cherished silence break.
If thou should'st choose me forth as thine,
How I shall grieve no power is mine
To waft thee from my noteless bed
The sweetness I around me shed.

THE COUNT.
The VIOLET soft! I love thee well;
In sooth thou art a gentle flower!
Yet for my griefs thou hast no spell,
They ask a charm of deeper power.
Fair are ye all! but fairer yet
Is she on whom my heart is set,
Nor is it on this mountain peak
That I may find the flower I seek!

There wanders by the Brook beneath
The truest WIFE the world contains,
And many a heavy sigh she'll breathe
Till I am freed from these my chains;
She plucks a small blue flower and sighs,
And oft "FORGET ME NOT" she cries;
Though prison walls between us be,
'Tis thus I know she thinks of me.

Yes! there's a love no chance can blight,
The love that links a wedded pair;
That love amid my dungeon's night,
Yet gives me hope of days more fair.
When sinks my heart beneath my lot,
I only say "FORGET ME NOT,"
Peace to my soul these words restore,
And give me back to life once more.

THE ADVENTURES OF A SCAMP;

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY; CONTAINING MY BIRTH, PARENTAGE, EDUCATION, AND FORTUNES AMONG SUCH PEOPLE AS WE SEE EVERY DAY, AND MY TRAVELS AMONG SUCH PEOPLE AS HAVE NOT HITHERTO BEEN SEEN BY MY FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN; DIGESTED FROM MY DIARY, AND OTHER MEMORANDA, BY ME,

GEORGE AUGUSTUS DELABOUE BAGGES.

CHAPTER X.

TREATS OF A VERY LITTLE MORE LAW, AND A LITTLE LOVE.

I FOUND my first day's observation and my conversation with Willis and Norton a tolerable epitome of the practice of Mr. Dredger's office. A man, as they said, might get on if he liked, or rather, if—contrary to the tendencies of his age, and of the example before him, and the total absence of any incitement or direction out of himself—he could. In the two or three years I spent, therefore, in the Temple, I picked up just such general and accidental notions of law as were enough to teach me by no means to trust to my own opinion on the simplest occasion. In one respect, therefore, I had achieved the wisdom of the Sage. I knew that I knew nothing. I became, as far as my discernment would go, a connoisseur in theatricals, as most of the men about me were. Be it remembered, that at sixteen or seventeen every youth in an Inn of Court writes and speaks himself emphatically "man"—it is the only designation. If you dine in the halls, ten to one if you know the names of your most constant messmates; "the man in the blue coat," or "the man with light hair," or "the man that helps himself to all the mutton," is the periphrasis which distinguishes many a future barrister. The hall hour of five was exceedingly convenient for attending the theatres in term time; the commons lasted just an hour—you could get a cup of tea and be at the doors, as a Templar should, at their opening. Consequently the third row of the pit, or the first of the boxes, generally presented to you the familiar faces which had sat near you at dinner. Those who absented themselves were the few who were really studious, such as Willis and Norton, and the by no means smaller number whose tastes and intellects did not come up to the measure of enjoying the performances of Kean or Miss O'Neill, whose respective powers were the subject of our white and red rose factions. And then there was Miss Stephens, whom every Inns of Court man loved alternately with the tragic heroine; for a night or so Mrs. Siddons reappeared; and there were not a few who upheld the glory of the departing John Kemble as a thing quite uneclipsed and uneclipsable

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by any new competitor. Besides Young and Charles Kemble, there were Liston, the very first of all artists in his kind, native or foreign, and Munden, Fawcett, Dowton, Emery,—it makes one's pen pause for breath. Who can forget Elliston, whose eye was a volume of fun, and whose voice was cheerfulness and roguery itself? W. Farren and Harley were beginners, and so was the present great leader of the Shaksperian drama, who has lived to reduce the art of acting to true principles on the stage, and to make it respected as an art elsewhere—to disencumber it, if but for a moment, of the pollutions which its pseudo patrons and trading masters had tacked to it as attractions, and to assert that an actor may be, in every respect, a gentleman! We found out Macready then. Young as he was, next to Kean and Kemble he was the man to whom the intelligent looked for intelligence.

It is wonderful how much of such refinement as it has, the law owes to the stage. I by no means wish to disparage one "profession" to enhance the other. The law has men who have won the civilization of literature from other sources—some who have never troubled themselves to win it at all, and yet a very considerable number, left from these, too, who will echo my opinion.

Will my readers wonder that they hear little more of Dredger? His was a legal life—that is, he had no life out of his law. He corrected declarations and wrote opinions, and received attorneys at consultations for fifteen or sixteen hours of the day for more than three hundred days in the year. It is true that he made a difference with the Sundays, firmly declining to see any one on business on that day: "For how," as he said, "could he else get through the arrears of business of the week?" Moreover, he did not always neglect to give his pupils moral advice, such as desiring them to refrain from seduction, and rather, if they must be dissipated, to make those they could not injure the partners of their follies, "because seduction took up so much of a young man's time."

In his office, I saw much of what may be called a heavy sort of comedy, and could trace out some instances akin to the tragic. Young men whose parents had scraped together as a

last effort the sum which was to place a son in a genteel profession, abandoning, for sheer want of direction, a pursuit to which they could hardly find the entrance; one or two becoming private tutors, with little hope of rising out of their eighty or a hundred pounds a year; some devoted, when they had been made most unfit, to the business they should have been at once attached to, and beyond which they had no possible capacity; one or two plunged into the vortex of mere dissipation utterly to perish;—and then, on the other hand, some solitary instance of real hope, of precocious perseverance, winning its way to the goal. I wonder if this picture of the office of a great special pleader has yet become untrue.

Submitting with the best grace to this ingenious contrivance, not for occupying time, but for keeping it unoccupied, it is yet clear that I must think of something, and well was it for me, notwithstanding all that I may tax myself with then and since, that my choice was no worse. I might have wallowed in the same filth in which I saw others immersed; or my own more ingenuous feelings might have saved me; but in all that I have done, and all that I have endured, I have to look back to one circumstance as giving me whatever spirit of controlling goodness has preserved me from sinking under the innumerable accidents of my life and becoming hopelessly reduced to their level.

It is wrong to say that I fell in love. Very few young men do that unless with some very accomplished and easy mannered woman, considerably above their own age—a being whom they at once admire, and who has experience and self-possession enough to set them at their ease. My passion was a very gradual one. I visited Mrs. Luttrell at her pretty cottage, as I had been invited to do by Willis, and I was not at first struck with her niece. I have considered since why I was not; a man of eight-and-twenty or thirty would have been enraptured. She was tall, of feminine proportions, of that order of forms which are called fine. Lissome and graceful as a greyhound, and with as little restraint in her bounding gait. Her complexion was pure; her hair rich and long; her blue eye large and full; her nose slightly, very slightly, aquiline; her face a true oval, with forehead enough for intelligence; cheeks earnest both in colour and in form; and a mouth of exquisite curves, such as Raphael loved to revel in, and a freshness like a young geranium. And with all this beauty, as soon as the first embarrassments of unacquaintance were passed, the habitual expressions were unconsciousness and benevolence. How I have wondered that I thought of her so long only as Willis's sister!

And really whatever was good in my nature seemed to develop itself at that fireside. I

sincerely regarded my old school-fellow; there was everything to increase, nothing to lessen our old school friendship. My own fortune I left to my father and his plans; I could, therefore, devote all my interest to Willis's. I could encourage him, and hear ten his anxious relations with the opinion of the whole office, that he was "one of the men that would get on." I warmly offered to lay bets that he would be on the bench by the time he was forty. I introduced him to Jawbone at my father's, and my friendship and his own manners made him an especial favourite in Grosvenor-square, the more justly so, as it appeared to my mother that he kept me in a course of reputable proceeding, and that the domestic kindnesses I witnessed at Bayswater, I in some degree infused into my own conduct at home.

Still the female parts of the families remained unacquainted. Mrs. Luttrell was much too proud to conceal that she was not rich enough to reciprocate invitations, and my father and mother thought the intimacy a very eligible one as it stood, and that it was quite as well to carry it no further.

"One may see the young man, and serve him, too, when the proper time comes, without being troubled with his aunt and his sister," observed my father.

"And, really, at George's age we cannot be too careful as to the young women we receive," replied my mother; "whoever visits here may be considered to have a sort of sanction."

"Quite right, quite right," replied my other parent. "George has his way to make, however we may sweep the path for him; and his choice of a wife is of the very first importance. Lord Dilbury has three or four daughters: he is poor, to be sure, but he has interest with the Ministry."

"Those Dilburys are as proud as old Scratch himself, and I hate them about as bad," said my mother; "never surely were such supercilious, disagreeable people; but what is proper for George, I won't cross, I'm sure. I hope I shall do my duty as a mother better than that."

The Dilburys became after this more constant visitors at our house; and that circumstance—especially as the Honourable Miss Jane appeared to take it into her head that I was appointed as her own particular property before my time, and treated me with all the peculiar disdain and exaction she might have done had I been her husband, that negative attraction, as electricians call it, drove me more than ever to Bayswater.

The idea that there was a matrimonial design upon me at home forced me to make comparisons. In these the little, rather meagre, affectedly artless, and forcedly smart Miss Jane, had but little chance with the real dignified Ellen Willis. I was put in mind of love, and

I loved; still I did not speak of it, even to her brother, though I often talked of her, and enthusiastically. I was content to follow her with my eyes wherever she went, to fulfil any commission however troublesome and trifling, which I could get at the knowledge of as acceptable to her; not to make her rich presents, for that would have revolted her delicacy; but, knowing her to be fond of flowers, all the most curious and beautiful that I could procure I found for her, almost unheeding the cost myself, but most careful to conceal it from her. If Mrs. Luttrell heard that a specimen of a new species must have cost two or three guineas from an acquaintance, and said as much, I wondered at it, for it was in my mother's conservatory, and she seemed rather glad to put it out of the way when I asked for it.

What would I have given then for any favourable accident that would make my mother and Ellen acquainted. For, with all her deference to my father's policy, and all her ambition for my advancement, I could depend on her heart. It would cost a struggle—possibly a severe one—but she would be constant to the truth of her sex, she would acknowledge the right of Ellen Willis to be loved, and the honour which such a being would confer upon any man by returning his affection.

But this was not to be. On the contrary, I was more and more openly urged to show attention to Jane, and pretty broad hints were given me that it was necessary to my father's plans that, at a very early age for such a step, I should become her husband. The lady was herself my senior by a few years; another reason, perhaps, for her already treating me as her vassal.

I have said that I never rebelled without I had positive reasons for doing so. In general, I found the other way answer better. I was not of a disputative turn, and very much preferred modifying my father's arrangements, or suffering them to modify themselves, or evading them, or neglecting them, which I did generally with perfect impunity. What was it to me, for instance, that I was a pupil at Dredger's, so called, when my time was really spent at Bayswater, or in the Parks, with Mrs. Luttrell and Ellen, or at the theatre; or, when I could not help it, in Grosvenor-square; or even, for a change, now and then in Dredger's office itself? "What is in a name?" says Shakspeare; and a name, indeed, was my pursuit of the law.

But a plump and plain contract of marriage appeared rather a different affair. I was not, in my simplicity, aware how far such contracts are in practice modified or evaded, or how very often they are neglected; and only perceived that on my wife's part all that I could imagine most unpleasant would be exacted. Besides, there was the absolute renunciation of Ellen;

of the only being in the world, except her brother, whom my heart had still, in the great poet's phrase, "sealed for herself." When once determined, I was assured enough; so, taking occasion at the next hint to bring matters to an issue, I did not demur, I refused altogether.

My father was really angry. I was not accustomed to think of him with too much respect; and the light in which fathers in general were considered in Mr. Dredger's office—as a sort of niggardly, unwilling stewards, or agents, very unwilling to "fork out" when required—had not increased my individual reverence. But there is something quite unmistakable about a man seriously in a passion, that puts a stop to any inclination for trifling, especially when that man can at all events cut you off with a shilling, or turn you out of doors without one. Besides, I was not without a sense of his good nature, and an habitual gratitude for his kindness and liberality.

"It is the one thing I have been toiling for, George," he said, in a tone which implied "and I mean to have it too." "Young men are not the ablest in the world to take care of their own interests, and you, perhaps, are not among the wisest or the most prudent even of them. You know I have not grumbled at your expenses, or your follies, or your idleness. I have let you go on in these things just as you pleased, because they had nothing to do with your future welfare in life; but in serious matters I must be allowed to think for you. I have laid a foundation, and I must see my building finished; or else I may happen to leave off altogether, and take up with another branch of my family where I may find the materials more to my hand."

It is wonderful how heroic I felt at that moment. I could have given up every thing for Ellen Willis, and have gone at once and told her so, and then wondered what on earth to do next, but my mother was present; she stopped me, and I had gained more and more deference and regard for her in merely copying Willis's manner to Mrs. Luttrell.

I suffered my father, therefore, to believe himself entirely victor in the contest, maintaining a sullen silence which he was at liberty to accept for an acquiescence, and which I determined to exchange for active opposition. He left me and my mother together. She, with the intuition which belongs to every daughter of Eve, young or old, on love affairs, had penetrated my secret. She turned the conversation on the Willises; drew from me enough to confirm her own surmises; and, avoiding the full confidence which I scarcely wanted any temptation to make, contrived to get rid of me by suddenly recollecting an engagement. I heard afterwards that she and my father had another

conference for nearly two hours, during which, as his own servant informed me, he was sure my name was very often mentioned. The Dilburys dined with us that day, but my mother was not present at the dinner-table, my father making some excuse for her which I scarcely listened to; but about nine o'clock the carriage brought her home, and she appeared in the drawing-room, where at first she seemed somewhat flurried in her manner, but soon after managed to resume her usual placidity. I little guessed what all this boded.

Replying to Jane's impertinences with rather more than usual sang-froid, or receiving them with more than usual inattention, that young lady was piqued into a higher state of sarcastic assurance than usual. However, a hanger-on of the family and of the firm, a bill-broker in the City, happening by some mistake in the invitations to be of the party, I managed to fix my honourable intended upon him, and his servility was flattered in being the butt of a scion of the house of Dilbury. That he engrossed her conversation for the whole evening, even if that conversation were at his own expense, was something to tell of next day, when Simkins and Watts, might happen to introduce fashionable conversation by reading the news of high life from the *Morning Post*. I sate, not "on a hill," but on a music-stool, "remote," revolving many a plan in my mind, and ending with the conviction that I was very determined, if I could only determine what to do.

Lord Dilbury and my father were earnestly conversing in another corner of the room. His lordship had undertaken to hint to the Minister the foundation on which my father desired to rest his family respectability. The Minister was far too astute even to look surprised. He did not probably think Bagges and the peerage so proper for an alliance in Debrett's record as my father would wish them to be, but he by no means directly refused. He even hinted that his Majesty might be inclined, considering the constant support which his Ministers had always received from my father, to bestow the dignity of Baronet. There was hope in this. My father smiled, but shook his head as it was mentioned. He would still be a commoner—he must still, if he meant to be anybody, submit to be bled by those horse-leeches at Swinestead. Lord Dilbury, with the utmost delicacy, hinted at the effect which the news of a proposed alliance with his own house had evidently produced upon the Minister. It had made the great man shake his head and smile still more, and there was some promise about that. It was not certain that my father would be a Peer. No, we could not say that yet; but it was quite as certain that he was not refused. He had applied, and been listened to, and at Court, as in love, that is considered

something, though I would rather take my chance in the latter case than in the former. Ladies generally reject more decisively than Ministers. One thing was quite clear, that to make the best of the chances, I must be married to Jane.

The result of my own musings was this: I could at all events, that is, if I could but muster courage enough to do it, avow my love to Ellen Willis, pledge myself never to think of any other woman, and receive her faith in return, if she should only be inclined to give it. Then came my next uncertainty. Should I speak to herself, or to her aunt, or to her brother? To receive a negative from herself would be more than I dared to risk. It may be absurd; but at this distance of time I can fully recal the sickening of heart with which I figured such an event to myself. Then I dreaded her aunt, she was so very good, and so very honourable and prudent, and would be so sure to ask whether I was fully authorised by my relatives. And Willis himself! To take any advantage of his friendship for me—to lead him to do anything out of that which he might afterwards accuse himself or me for doing, was an impossibility. I have some pride in remembering that I felt this. Well, then, I would talk to Ellen, if I could find ever so short an opportunity. I would tell her the whole truth. What I was to promise her to do if she should return my affection, was a matter quite beside my calculations; but I must not marry Jane Dilbury, and I was quite ready to be starved—ay, even without asking her to starve with me—which prospect not being consolatory, I kept it out of my own sight as much as possible by looking hard at Jane, and destroying one disagreeable with another.

Lest, however, I should not find courage or opportunity to speak, I sate up more than half the night to write, and had I not brought down my stationery to the last sheet, with the impossibility of getting another unless I should arouse the house, I might probably never have finished a letter at all. The necessity compelled me. Then "I flung myself upon my bed," as every true lover has long been said to do, or I more naturally crept into it, and lay literally restless till late in the morning. This was a process which did not add to the strength of my nerves.

With some simple trifles for an excuse, perhaps worse arranged than it would have been on any other occasion, I walked, about noon, at a pace which I would not permit myself to slacken, to the cottage at Bayswater. My arrival could be perceived, for I had to open a front gate which rang a bell affixed to it, and pass into a front garden before I came to the door of the house. Contrary to old practice, I saw that my coming raised an unusual stir.

A blind was hurriedly drawn down in the little waiting parlour, but not so quickly but that I could fancy I saw Mrs. Luttrell in the act of doing so. The servant who answered my knock seemed to pause in the hall, and when she opened the door, appeared surprised and almost affected. Neither Mrs. Luttrell nor Miss Willis, she said, was at home. I asked again, as if I had not heard. It was a cruelty to make the girl stammer the falsehood again, but she did so. Would you, gentle reader, have rushed past and insisted on speaking in your own behalf? If you would, you would have loved less than I. I knew that I was purposely denied access. I hesitated—asked

whether they would be at home soon—exhausted my own patience and the servant's: did not even leave my card, or desire her to say that I had called, but walked back irresolute, despairing. I did not know all that had passed, perhaps I guessed at more. I would go to the office and seek for Willis—yet how do that? My face was so flushed, my manner so little under my own controul, that all my companions would laugh at me. No—by making haste I might be at Dick's about his luncheon time, or, if he were not there, I might send in a note, or I could drink some Madeira myself. I could do no better. I went to Dick's.

(To be continued.)

RHYMING RECOLLECTIONS.—No. I.

NORWOOD HILL, SURREY.

I had passed the night at a masquerade, from which I proceeded on foot to Bromley, in Kent. Just as I had reached the top of Norwood Hill, the Eastern horizon seemed bathed in a flood of flame. I never saw the sun rise more gloriously. The words Gloria Patri came unconsciously to my lips, and upon that hint I wrote.

SUNRISE.

GLORIA PATRI! 'Tis the hour of prime,
And praise, and adoration. 'Tis the hour,
Father of mercies! when on wing sublime,
The spirit of the day shows forth thy pow'r.
Rising in joy and glory o'er each clime,
Shedding new life o'er creature, plant, and flow'r.
Gloria Patri! worm although I be,
I raise my spirit here in praise of Thee.

On the lone heath-hill, while the sweet bird's hymn
Commingles with my worship; and afar
Fades on the sight night's ebon diadem,
Wends to the vesper-wave each sister star,
Her pearly path, and struggling through the dim
Twilight where the pale moon's opal ear
Nature arises, fresh in dewy bloom,
Like renovated Beauty from the tomb.

Gloria Patri! 'Tis the hour of prime,
And peace, and purity, ere yet the sun
Looks down upon the scenes of care and crime,
Or man's sad task of slavery has begun.
Gloria Patri! 'tis the hallowed time
Most genial to the pure soul's orison
When every creature over land and sea
Should pour one universal hymn to Thee.

Blest hour of sunrise! O'er th' Atlantic wave
Oft have I hailed thy dawn when dawning youth
Flew o'er the sands and sought the coral cave,
Where Ellen's lip met mine in voiceless truth,
And hope, whose blossoms bloom beyond the grave,
And love unpierced by Falsehood's serpent-tooth.
Dawn of my life and love, though bowed and worn,
I breathe thy freshness in this vermeil morn.

And in my wanderings, spirit of the day!
How oft I hailed thy beamings on the Rhine,
Or glowing through the sable forest's spray,
Or fighting up the Jungfrau's brow divine,
While mountain, lake, and city 'neath me lay,
And Friendship's arm was fondly clasped in mine.
Rent in the dust my harp and heart must be
Ere cease their thrillings, sweetest hour, to Thee.

Gloria Patri! when th' unsetting sun,
The Sun of Righteousness comes forth in might
And mercy; when worn Earth her task has done,
And sin and sorrow vanish, as the night
Flees from the dawn. Oh! may each earth-lost one
Meet us where souls in ecstacy unite.
Pour the glad hymn of myriads blest and free,
Gloria Patri! there in praise to Thee.

NEW BOOKS.

A NEW VIEW OF INSANITY—THE DUALITY OF THE MIND. By A. L. WIGAN, M.D. *Longman, and Co.*

WHEN a new theory is broached upon any subject, it generally meets with opposition from the prejudiced and uninformed. They little reflect how much learning and profound thinking are necessary, even to shake the most slightly based opinions, held upon unimportant subjects, or that before you can advance a new system, you must be thoroughly acquainted with all its predecessors or contemporaries. This alone admits of the presence of learning, and should always entitle every one, known not to be a *charlatan*, to a patient and impartial hearing.

The title of this book, "**THE DUALITY OF THE MIND**," is itself sufficiently startling; but when the author (who so often has delighted our readers under an assumed name) states that it is proved by the Structure, Functions, and Diseases of the Brain, and by the Phenomena of Mental Derangement, and shown to be essential to moral responsibility, then indeed the investigation of his discovery becomes of the highest and most interesting importance. After an extremely modest preface—in which the following quotation from Swift is happily given: "It is with theories as with wells; you may see to the bottom of the deepest, *if there be any water there*: while another shall pass for wondrous profound when 'tis merely shallow, dark and empty"—the author, in one or two introductory chapters, acquaints the reader with the origin and nature of his work. In Chapter III. he gives a description of the Brain adapted to Non-Medical readers, its functions, &c.; a most essential piece of information to qualify and interest them to understand and admire what follows. In Chapter IV. he reveals his theory with the propositions to be proved, and the results if proved. But let him here speak for himself:—

I believe myself then able to prove—

1. That each cerebrum is a distinct and perfect whole, as an organ of thought.
2. That a separate and distinct process of thinking or ratiocination may be carried on in each cerebrum simultaneously.
3. That each cerebrum is capable of a distinct and separate volition, and that these are very often opposing volitions.
4. That, in the healthy brain, one of the cerebra is almost always superior in power to the other, and capable of exercising control over the volitions of its fellow, and of preventing them from passing into acts, or from being manifested to others.
5. That when one of these cerebra becomes the subject of functional disorder, or of positive change of structure, of such a kind as to vitiate mind or induce insanity, the healthy organ can still, up to a certain point, control the morbid volitions of its fellow.
6. That this point depends partly on the extent of the disease or disorder, and partly on the degree of cultivation of the general brain in the art of self-government.
7. That when the disease or disorder of one cerebrum becomes sufficiently aggravated to defy the control of the other, the case is then one of the commonest forms of mental derangement or insanity; and that a lesser degree of discrepancy between the functions of the two cerebra constitutes the state of conscious delusion.
8. That in the insane, it is almost always possible to trace the intermixture of two synchronous trains of thought, and that it is the irregularly alternate utterance of portions of these two trains of thought which constitutes incoherence.

9. That of the two distinct simultaneous trains of thought, one may be rational and the other irrational; or both may be irrational; but that, in either case, the effect is the same, to deprive the discourse of coherence or congruity.

Even in furious mania, this double process may be generally perceived; often it takes the form of a colloquy between the diseased mind and the healthy one, and sometimes even resembles the steady continuous argument or narrative of a sane man, more or less frequently interrupted by a madman; but persevering with tenacity of purpose in the endeavour to overpower the intruder.

10. That when both cerebra are the subjects of disease, which is not of remittent periodicity, there are no lucid intervals, no attempt at self-control, and no means of promoting the cure; and that a spontaneous cure is rarely to be expected in such cases.

11. That however, where such mental derangement depends on inflammation, fever, gout, impoverished or diseased blood, or manifest bodily disease, it may often be cured by curing the malady which gave rise to it.

12. That in cases of insanity, not depending on structural injury, in which the patients retain the partial use of reason (from one of the cerebra remaining healthy or only slightly affected), the only mode in which the medical art can promote the cure beyond the means alluded to is by presenting motives of encouragement to the sound brain to exercise and strengthen its control over the unsound brain.

13. That the power of the higher organs of the intellect to coerce the mere instincts and propensities, as well as the power of one cerebrum to control the volitions of the other, may be indefinitely increased by exercise and moral cultivation; may be partially or wholly lost by desuetude or neglect; or, from depraved habits and criminal indulgence in childhood, and a general vicious education in a polluted moral atmosphere, may never have been acquired.

14. That one cerebrum may be entirely destroyed by disease, cancer, softening, atrophy, or absorption; may be *annihilated*, and in its place a yawning chasm; yet the mind remain complete and capable of exercising its functions in the same manner and to the same extent that one eye is capable of exercising the faculty of vision when its fellow is injured or destroyed; although there are some exercises of the brain, as of the eye, which are better performed with two organs than one. In the case of vision, the power of measuring distances, for example, and in the case of the brain, the power of concentrating the thoughts upon one subject, deep consideration, hard study; but in this latter case, it is difficult to decide how far the diminished power depends on diminution of general vigour from formidable and necessarily fatal disease.

15. That a lesion or injury of both cerebra is incompatible with such an exercise of the intellectual functions, as the common sense of mankind would designate *sound mind*.

16. That from the apparent division of each cerebrum into three lobes, it is a natural and reasonable presumption that the three portions have distinct offices, and highly probable that the three great divisions of the mental functions laid down by phrenologists, are founded in nature; whether these distinctions correspond with the natural divisions is a different question, but the fact of different portions of the brain executing different functions, is too well established to admit of denial from any physiologist.

17. That it is an error to suppose the two sides of the cranium to be always alike, that on the contrary, it is rarely found that the two halves of the exterior surface exactly correspond; that indeed, in the insane, there is often a notable difference—still more frequent in idiots, and especially in congenital idiots.

18. That the object and effect of a well-managed education are to establish and confirm the power of concentrating the energies of both brains on the same subject at the same time; that is, to make both cerebra carry on the same train of thought together, as the object of moral discipline is to strengthen the power of self-control; not merely the power of both intellectual organs to govern the animal propensities and passions, but the intellectual an

tagonism of the two brains, each (so to speak) a sentinel and security for the other while both are healthy; and the healthy one to correct and control the erroneous judgments of its fellow when disordered.

19. That it is the exercise of this power of compelling the combined attention of both brains to the same object, till it becomes easy and habitual, that constitutes the great superiority of the disciplined scholar over the self-educated man; the latter may perhaps possess a greater stock of useful knowledge, but let him to study a new subject, and he is soon outstripped by the other, who has acquired the very difficult accomplishment of *thinking of only one thing at a time*; that is, of concentrating the action of both brains on the same subject.

20. That every man is, in his own person, conscious of two volitions, and very often conflicting volitions, quite distinct from the government of the passions by the intellect; a consciousness so universal, that it enters into all figurative language on the moral feelings and sentiments, has been enlisted into the service of every religion, and forms the basis of some of them, as the Manichæan.

While the structure of the brain is considered as the structure of one organ only, there is not much hope of any improvement in our physiology. We know so little of the respective uses of parts in so complicated an organization, that we can form opinions of its functions only by observing the consequences of morbid changes of structure, and the connexion between changes of partial organs and changes of function; but while we consider the integrity of the whole mass of both cerebra as essential to the performance of offices which are proper to each, it is vain to expect that we shall make advance in the knowledge of the separate uses of separate parts. Had we treated the eye in the same manner, we should have contended that opacity of the crystalline lens could not impede vision, because we saw that vision remained when one lobe or hemisphere (or whatever we might call it) of the eye was obliterated. How much stronger would have been this illustration had the organs of vision (the two lobes of the eye we will suppose) been concealed from our view by a bony covering, their axes directed to one aperture, and cataract only to be recognised on dissection, after other morbid changes had taken place tending to mystify and obscure the judgment. I can fancy some teacher of anatomy holding up to ridicule the doctrine that transparency of the lens was necessary to vision, and showing, in refutation of so absurd an assertion, one lobe of the eye completely opaque, yet the vision perfect to the last, when every one knew that the integrity of both lobes was essential to the performance of that function, and consequently opacity no impediment to vision. *Q. c. d.*

These propositions, of a verity, are tough things to handle. In Chap. V. the Doctor disclaims MATERIALISM in very energetic terms:—

Should any one, after reading the following pages, be inclined to suspect me of a leaning to Materialism, I protest beforehand against an erroneous inference, which must be drawn either from an inattentive perusal of my book, or from my own want of power to express my sentiments with clearness and precision. No one can entertain a greater repugnance to that cheerless and desolate doctrine than myself; if this world were the *be-all* and *end-all*, the sterile prospect would dismay the stoutest heart.

The author then clearly points out the distinction between the word Materialism as used by Atheists and metaphysical physiologists.

The following passage contains a most novel and interesting theory:—

The light of day, however pure and colourless, if it pass through a distorted or coloured medium, will be distorted or coloured,—through red glass it will be red, through yellow glass it will be yellow; and if it pass through several media of different densities, or be twice reflected, it will be decomposed and polarised. So with the *mind*, in the sense in which that word is generally used.

To me it seems that the provision of two distinct and perfect brains, for this object, is like the provision of two

ears and two eyes. In thought, as in vision and in hearing, each organ may suffice to perform perfectly all its appropriate functions, yet the two when in health produce only one result. We have only one sound with both ears, each of them hearing it at the same time. We see only one object with both eyes, each seeing it separately at the same time. We carry on only one train of thought in both brains, each thinking it at the same time; all this however is contingent, not only on the perfect health of the organs, but on their due exercise and cultivation. In disorder or disease, brain, eye, and ear, convey separate, distinct, conflicting ideas,—one, or both, necessarily erroneous.

The Chapter (VIII.) on False Perceptions, Errors of the Organs of Sense, &c., contains many most interesting cases of delusion; also instances of cerebral disturbance from diffused gout. The following anecdote is amusing as well as instructive:—

A gentleman of large hereditary fortune, having a very numerous family, chiefly of girls, resolved to lay down his expensive establishment, for the sake of making provision for them. He let his house, sold his carriage and his large stud of horses, gave his hounds to a friend, and retired to a house of moderate size, with one man-servant and three females, and, with a good library, he occupied himself in aiding the tutor and governess in the tuition of his daughters and younger children. His pride was much hurt on first encountering the change, for he was generally supposed to be a ruined man, and not a few stories were told of his shameless extravagance which had brought him to his present degradation, although in fact he had always lived much within his income. I mention these things to shew that he was a man with strong self-command and high principle. "I bide my time" was his consolation, and he often declared that he had never experienced real happiness till after his change of habits; yet he was morbidly sensible to slights, and had the change in his position been compulsory, instead of voluntary, I do not think he could have survived the vivid sense of degradation. When it was found, however, that out of his annual savings he was regularly investing large sums in the names of his daughters, that no interruption had ever taken place in his eleemosynary benefactions, and that he was even able to purchase portions of land, for the purpose of completing the form and compactness of his estate, public opinion entirely changed, and the man who had been so largely abused as a spendthrift, became as extravagantly lauded as a hero. He was simply a man of high principle and great self-command.

This gentleman came under my care with a long list of anomalous ailments, and it was not for a considerable time that I was able to form a decided opinion of their origin. It was one of the two

"monster ills that mimic all the rest"—

gout and hysteria—it was *gout*. Having always cultivated the practice of forming a medical opinion slowly, and adhering to it pertinaciously, I was not turned from my convictions by the many contradictory opinions of other advisers, in some respects superior to myself. I could not go through with them on every occasion the logical process by which I had convinced myself; for all the reasons were not always present to me in the same order and force, but I knew that I *had* investigated thoroughly and satisfied myself absolutely and that no other series of arguments, however consecutive, could produce a more absolute conviction. I therefore remained of the same opinion.

The gentleman gradually became bewildered in mind. He expressed occasional alarm at the excessive rapidity of his thoughts, and spoke of the difficulty of convincing himself that he had parted with his hounds; he repeatedly rang the bell for the keeper, and then, perhaps, before the servant could answer it, recollected, and was ashamed of the error. His expression was, "there always seems to be another person *thinking with my brain*, and telling me things that I know to be false, but which I have the greatest difficulty to prevent myself from uttering as my own." The slightest opposition to any absurd sentiment which he uttered under this impulse made him furious, but by affecting assent to his assertion or confused

attempt at argument, and by a tone of great sympathy and compassion, I could sometimes gradually and gently lead him to explain the two trains of thought which were passing through his mind, and I very much regret not having committed them to paper. They were, however, as completely unconnected as two trains of thought passing through the minds of two distinct persons; yet, in the midst of the confusion produced by this mental disturbance, he could sometimes, as he phrased it, "suddenly pull up and throw himself on his haunches." It went on in this manner till he became entirely unable to control his morbid trains of thought, and it assumed the character of positive insanity. His friends took steps to place him under restraint: a conclave assembled at his house, keepers and a strait-waistcoat were provided, and it was only by most forcibly pleading the frightful consequences of such a proceeding to the welfare of his daughters, and showing the obstacle it would create to their establishment in life, that I procured a little delay. Sometimes I could assign such reasons for my belief as seemed to me irresistible—more frequently I could only oppose my dogged conviction to the acute arguments of an able man, and I was *talked down*. There is something, however, so impressive on others, in an absolute faith like that which possessed me, that I succeeded for more than a week in procuring delay; at last, I was allowed four-and-twenty hours more as the very latest period they would consent to wait, at the expiration of which he was to be removed to an establishment for the insane. Happily, four-and-twenty hours were not required to prove me in the right (which was a matter of trifling importance), but to save him from a degradation which I firmly believe would have had fatal consequences. In the night he was seized with pain in the great toe, which in a few hours swelled to a great size,—all his delusions vanished, and his reasoning powers became extraordinarily acute, as is, I believe, always the case under an established fit of gout, however the temper may be spoiled.

Had this man waked from his insane dream to find himself in a strait-waistcoat, and surrounded by plebeian controllers of his actions, I think it highly probable that, with a mind so susceptible and a sense of personal dignity so acute, his indignation would have produced a revulsion which might have rendered his recovery hopeless, and the belief of the friends in my ignorance would have been confirmed.

Doctor Wigan in his Chap. IX. dips into the question of Phrenology, with which he professes candidly not to be thoroughly conversant, yet adduces some instances from the highest authorities of its agreement with his system. His quotations from Dr. Holland are decided proofs that he is not a solitary, vain speculatist, but one who has the opinion of a "profound thinker, able physician—a scholar, philosopher, and a gentleman," on his side. From these citations it is quite evident that the two learned doctors are of the same, or nearly similar ways of thinking on the subject-matter of Mr. Wigan's book, namely, that the brain is a double organ. In Chap. XIII. some additional arguments are brought forward, and the writer again speaks of Phrenology rather sceptically. From this, the work, for a considerable portion of it, consists of instances derived from very high authorities, followed by extremely logical "inferences," to establish the author's theory. He gives one case, upon the high dictum of Dr. Hawkins, which we subjoin:—

E. B., a young and hitherto healthy woman, the mother of two children,—in humble life, but not in indigence,—applied at the Hitchin Dispensary, in consequence of the most miserable feelings, accompanied by the strong and almost irresistible propensity (or temptation, as she termed it) to destroy her infant. This feeling first came upon her about a week before, when the child was a month old; and she was now sunk into an extreme state of dejection, and she begged to be continually watched, lest she should yield to this strange propensity.

Now, to destroy one's own child is not a natural propensity which can be assigned to a separate phrenological organ, even if there be one; it is not an instinct; it is not an animal impulse; it is no part of the natural mind, requiring, like the sexual and other propensities, to be constantly watched and controlled, and prevented from passing into excess, by the exercise of the higher intellectual powers. It is a diseased action of a whole brain, which cannot at the same moment have this propensity and a wish to prevent it; cannot be in two opposite and antagonist states at the same moment; the thing is a manifest contradiction in terms, and as impossible as that yesterday should come after to-morrow; but it is very possible that, as one brain alone is a perfect organ of thought, feeling, sentiment, and volition, one brain may have the morbid propensity from disease or disorder, and the other be perfectly healthy, and occupied in watching and controlling the insane desire. All this seems to me so clear, so perfectly conclusive and satisfactory, that I really cannot conceive the state of mind which could refuse assent. One brain *can* act alone,—one brain *does* act alone in the ordinary business of life, in my opinion. It is proved that it does so when the other is destroyed: there is no other mode of explaining the matter without arbitrary assumptions which shock the reason; and this mode explains it entirely.

Chapter XXV. commences with quotations from Dr. Macnish, on "The Philosophy of Sleep," which are, at the least, very amusing—but less so than the author's own illustration of "Argumentative Dreams."

There are few individuals (says the doctor) accustomed to dream, who have not, sometimes, when in that state, held a controversy, apparently, with another person. Like Dr. Johnson they may have been overpowered by the greater prowess of their imaginary antagonist, and felt mortification at the superior wit of their collocutor. Dr. Johnson, in relating a dream of this kind, remarks, "Had I been awake I should have known that I furnished the wit on both sides."

The same chapter contains many philosophical and interesting reasonings upon Sleep and Dreaming, and Moral Concussion. The following extract is curious.

I recommend very strongly, in cases where the insanity partakes of the nature of mental torpor or imbecility, the

senile torpor, almost amounting to coma, its effect is astonishing, and many a man may, for a short time, under its influence, be able to resume full possession of his judgment, and dispose rationally of his property. The powder sold under the name of Grimstone's Eye Snuff is almost exclusively black pepper; there is, I believe, a small quantity of tobacco or other substances put into it for disguise, but its beneficial qualities arise solely from the black pepper, and every addition is, *pro tanto*, injurious.

The arguments brought forward to prove the non-identity of mind and soul we hold to be conclusive. The author says:—

If mind and soul were identical, then the soul could not be an immaterial principle—for mind, we see, is a thing of gradual growth, increasing bit by bit, from less than that of the lowest quadruped to the exhibition of the highest intellect. The infant just born has no voluntary power—no will, no reflection, no perception; it has scarcely sensation; yet all these come by slow degrees, and the accumulation of faculties which are ultimately to constitute a *mind*, may be retarded or entirely prevented by disease or want of cultivation. Some of these faculties may progress to the injury or extinction of others, or they may be all developed in due order and succession till they make the godlike gift of reason. Can the mind then be a thing, *per se* distinct and separate from the body? No more than the motion can exist independent of the watch; and all the arguments of theologians and metaphysicians on this subject are founded on the confusion of terms. Predicate what you please of the *soul*, you cannot

exaggerate its exalted nature; but do not confound it with *mind*, which is nothing more than a collection, an *aggregate of functions*, and the word itself only a term to designate a set of processes, any one of which may be defective, excessive, or absolutely wanting, without destroying, and sometimes almost without materially impairing the reasoning faculties. No man possesses all of them in perfection, or he would be superior to humanity; few possess any of them in perfection; but a moderate degree of excellence in many of them may be attained by almost any one who is subjected to due cultivation, and they may almost all of them be lost by neglect and desuetude.

I have before spoken of the effect of pressure on the brain, and will here give the illustration a little more at large.

If I apply my finger to an opening in the skull, made, for example, by the trephine, and press gently on the brain, I gradually extinguish vision, hearing, and the rest of the special senses, and produce the effect called coma, or deep insensible sleep; the pressure continued longer and more forcibly, goes on to extinguish all mental faculties and manifestations, voluntary power, sensation, and perception, consciousness, memory, imagination, judgment, in fact the whole mind. The animal now possesses only organic life, and is utterly unconscious of its own existence; all the intellectual faculties are in abeyance, they are not annihilated. But we may advance still further in the process of extinction, as in the state of asphyxia from drowning; there is now scarcely a remnant of organic life, even—it is the left ventricle of the heart, in which alone there is the slightest spark of vitality,—it vibrates with a tremulous motion, and there alone *latet scintilla foras*, and, if carefully fanned, may light up again into consciousness and power the whole congeries of functions which form the thinking man—but as yet, the body remains cold, motionless, unconscious, a mere clod, without any cognizable signs of life, even by a medical eye—it may be cut to pieces, or the bones broken, and no more pain will be inflicted than on a cabbage—it has not, indeed, by any means, so much life as a vegetable—it is dead, absolutely dead in every sense, except that there resides, in the left ventricle, this germ of vitality; and restoration is still possible.

No theologian will surely allow that the *soul* has yet left its earthly dwelling, and can be called back by friction, warmth, and brandy—yet by such means we can restore the *MIND*, which no longer existed in any form or mode of being.

What, in fact, had I done by the pressure of my finger on the brain? I had not annihilated a single faculty, yet I had extinguished the *MIND*, and had the pressure been continued, it would never have returned; death and dissolution would have come, and the body would have been gradually resolved into its primary elements—into the hydrogen, nitrogen, oxygen, and carbon—the phosphorus, lime, and manganese—and the *MIND* of that individual would then be, indeed, annihilated.

Thus with the watch. I move a little point, and it stops; if I leave it there, the motion is suspended: does the motion continue to exist? The watch, like the body, will be gradually resolved into its ultimate elements by chemical action, and the *motion* of that individual watch is for ever annihilated. I take off the pressure from the brain, and all the faculties resume their action, and the man becomes again a thinking, acting, sentient being. I move the little point of the watch, and the motion is resumed. I cannot see the slightest discrepancy in the reasoning process. To ask where the *MIND* is during the interruption to its functions seems exactly the same as to ask where the *MOTION* of the watch resides when I have placed the little spring against the great wheel, which prevents it from making its revolution. To speak of the mind, then, in this sense, as connected with the material world by means of the brain, has strictly no more meaning than to speak of digestion as connected with matter by means of the stomach.

The *divinely mysterious essence* which we call the *soul*, is not then the *MIND*; from which it must be carefully distinguished, if we would hope to make any progress in mental philosophy. Where the soul resides during the suspension of the mental powers by asphyxia, I know

not, any more than I know where it resided before it was united to that specific compound of bones, muscles, and nerves. Revelation here tells us nothing, and our own faculties could not even make us comprehend the existence of the soul, nor from any other source but Revelation can we form an idea of its nature or its destination.

Do not suppose, reader, that I would make a profane comparison between the production of man's ingenuity, the watch, and the workmanship of the Creator; the difference is as great as between the beings who formed them. The movement is the result of the mechanism of the watch, but all the parts may be put together, and they will not set themselves in motion; the maker gives the first impulse; he could not even form the instrument on whose perfection he prides himself, unless God had bestowed on matter certain qualities, and established certain principles and laws of elasticity, momentum, and gravitation. It is the Almighty who confers the powers which set the watch in motion—without those powers, qualities, and principles, we could not form the watch; and the difference is not greater between the watch and the thinking quadruped, than between the quadruped and man—the only animal who has the power to *think of his own thoughts*, and consequently the only animal responsible for his actions.

Many subsequent pages are devoted by the author to the further establishment of his theory, in which a hundred instances, facts, and coinciding authorities, are quoted; after which he arrives at his Inferences and Conclusion, from which we make the following extracts:—

And what, then, is proved by all these arguments and examples? *Cui bono?* What is the result—the effect, the benefit of the discussion? I reply, first of all, the *establishment of a new fact*, in the firm belief that every truth involves sequences beneficial to society, although the mind that makes the discovery be incapable of perceiving them. A conviction that no truth is sterile, but the parent of innumerable other truths that seem in no way to spring from it, but which could not have had existence had not the first led to them, by exciting the interest and curiosity of fresh minds. I just catch a glimpse of corollaries to be hereafter drawn from the premises I have endeavoured to establish, which are so important as to be absolutely startling from their novelty and extensive influence, but to which I dare not even allude at present, lest I should cast discredit on my theory.

In the next place, I think that the new doctrine may lead to further advances in the road of improvement as to the management of the insane, and may also lead to the anticipation and prevention of the diseases of which that disorder of the understanding is the consequence.

Thirdly, that it may excite compassion for the wicked, and induce society not to rest satisfied with the punishment alone of the guilty, but to make greater efforts to reclaim them, and to remove the causes which give rise to the acts of criminality. That it may also establish the conviction, that in the great majority of cases it is not voluntary intentional depravity which leads to crime, but ignorance and imbecility, from the want of development of all the higher portions of the intellect, by early cultivation of the brain; that it was God's pleasure to give mankind not a perfect, but a cultivable mind, and that all its best and highest qualities are the result of education; that without such moral instruction as it is the imperative duty of society to enforce, we have no right to exact obedience to the laws, or to punish the breach of them. That man has no valid claim even to the accumulation and conservation of wealth, but by concurrent endeavours to accomplish these objects; that it is as much the duty of the State to furnish education as to furnish food, and as great a crime on the part of society to let any of its members perish for want of teaching, as to let them perish for want of physical nourishment; and that till a man has been placed in a position to learn his duties, it is tyranny to punish him for the neglect of them; that the mind in its natural state is a collection of the lowest instincts, in no respect better than those of brutes, and that the natural development of intellect, unaided by education, is nothing more than the animal wis-

dom called cunning, devoted solely to the gratification of the animal propensities. But in this wilderness of weeds that spring up and choke the neglected garden, lie the germs of the noblest plants, which, had they been early cultivated, would have fully occupied the ground, and left no space for the noxious plants that now disfigure the soil.

There is little danger that this mode of thinking should lead to too great indulgence towards criminals: the comfortable conviction which occupies the mind of every one who has been exempted by his position and education from temptation to commit the grosser crimes—the more than adequate indignation excited by the offences of the uneducated—the very disgust and detestation we have been taught to feel for the crimes we could never be in a position to commit,—these things are quite enough to ensure at least a sufficient degree of severity in our judgments of others, and there is little danger of becoming too lenient towards any faults but our own. The Divine founder of our religion felt no anger, no hatred, no scorn, no indignation, towards the wicked, nothing but sorrow and compassion. Let us imitate the feeling as far as our imperfect nature will admit, and think more of implanting good sentiments as motives to good actions, than of deterring from bad ones by the extravagant severity of punishment, which never yet accomplished its intended object.

But one of the most important of all the consequences of my theory, if on investigation it be found worthy of entire confidence, will be the establishment of a merciful feeling towards the great number of unhappy beings who have one brain requiring incessant control; who, with all their efforts, lose their hold from time to time, and commit acts of extravagance and folly, inconsistent with the habitual tenor of their lives and their own deliberate feeling. Hundreds of thousands of human beings pass their whole existence in the incessant struggle between two volitions; making the most heroic efforts to overcome their tendency to evil and to error, and sinking from time to time into despair when they have had the misfortune to incur the censure of their fellow-creatures by some ungovernable act of imprudence, contrary to their deliberate will and resolve. Such men, if society at large could be aware of their mental struggle, and duly impressed with a correct notion of the physical cause, would be objects of sincere compassion, and meet with the encouragement which alone is wanting to turn the scale in their favour; it is already nearly balanced by their own virtuous resolves; but when involuntary faults and follies have drawn upon the unhappy possessor of such a brain the extremity of censure from his fellow-creatures, he loses heart, gives up all efforts to recover his own self-respect, and lets himself go to perdition.

The next is important :—

There is yet another among the beneficial results which would follow the adoption of my theory, and that is, an early, a very early, interference with the actions of men who, although they cannot be pronounced absolutely insane, yet are clearly unfit to be entrusted with the control of their property and the government of their families. Whether anything could be devised sufficiently in harmony with our free institutions to obtain the general assent of the people at large, must be decided by men conversant with legislation. If such a measure could be guarded from abuse, and a man in the stage of transition to insanity could be stopped short before he had ruined or disgraced his family, and without the publicity and permanent disqualifying consequences of a commission of lunacy, it would be an enormous blessing to thousands who are now watching with trembling anxiety the moment when the most afflicting certainty shall terminate intolerable suspense. Many of the acts of infamy which have disgraced individuals of the higher classes have been foreseen and foretold to the friends by the medical attendant, but there have been no means of arresting the calamity. The pathological physician sees clearly the point at which the patient either *can* or *will* not control the disordered brain by the sound one, or the propensities by the intellect: the former is a justification of restraint in every respect as valid as the latter—they are in fact virtually the same.

To this extraordinary work is affixed an Appendix,

in three chapters, principally devoted to Considerations of Insanity, which are in some degree rendered unpleasant by the introduction of the antagonism of principles in two controversial religions. But it is a subject which could not be wholly overlooked. The article on the Management of Lunatic Asylums is written rather intemperately, but nevertheless contains some amusing and valuable matter. And now for our conclusion.

We cannot, of course, decide how far the scientific view of the question is established by the arguments drawn from Anatomy, Physiology, and Pathology; but such as the general reader can judge of, seem irresistible. If the theory be really true, it involves extensive and extraordinary consequences, so startling that almost every member of society is deeply interested in its application. The work is full of cases to excite and reward curiosity. Having arrived at the end of it, we will go back to the beginning, and quote from the learned Doctor's Preface a passage which does honour to his head and heart :—

I will only add (says he) in anticipation and deprecation of critical censure, that a man cannot well be accused of precipitation or presumption who waits till his sixtieth year to promulgate opinions he has held during half his life with daily increasing conviction; which he believes to be of the greatest importance in medicine, morals, and jurisprudence—in the management of the insane—in the treatment of criminals—the education of youth—and, above all, in the discipline of *imperfect, defective, and distorted* minds.

In fine, this is a work of deep philosophical researches, conveyed, even to the ordinary reader, in most pleasant, intelligible, and elegant language. It cannot fail to excite universal attention and delight.

VACATION RAMBLES AND THOUGHTS. By T. N. TALFOURD. *Moron*, Dover-street.

WE have been much gratified with the perusal of these volumes, written evenly and harmoniously, in a cheerful, kindly, and somewhat enthusiastic style. The learned sergeant has been long favourably known to the public by his very successful "*Ion*," and other dramatic works. He has now given us his amusing impressions during three continental visits in 1841, 42, and 43. The ground has been so often previously trodden that a man's private reflections must possess some really sterling merit and mind to be very entertaining, or even tolerable; our readers will therefore comprehend us, when we assure them that we consider these "*Thoughts*" worthy of a re-perusal.

The sketches of Swiss scenery are drawn in a very pleasing manner, although, in some instances, the writer was disappointed in the ideas which he had preconceived relative to far-famed objects; as the subjoined extract will serve to show :—

To the left, above a dark hill, rose into the clear blue sky the summit of Mont Blanc, with its subject domes and attendant needles, all robed in dazzling white, except where the steepest precipices were gashed into the snow, and contrasted it with stripes of dark rich brown. This was the first view we had enjoyed of any of the highest Alps, except as a vision in the clouds; and, surprising as it was, I must confess the effect did not equal my expectations. This falling-off might be partly attributable to the mind being filled and perturbed with the loveliness of the vast sunny vale, of a character so entirely different from those icy pinnacles, which, near to it in reality, were close to it in the picture, and which compelled admiration of colours and shapes as unlike those around us as if they belonged to another world. But there is a reason why Alpine heights, seen at a distance of from twelve to twenty

miles by persons who are not familiar with their nearer grandeur, must disappoint an enthusiastic expectant; the masses of snow, almost uniform in colour, do not admit of the sense of distance which the varieties of ordinary scenery convey; and the consequence is, that the eye, not making the proper allowances, embraces the mighty objects as comparatively small; and the mind, instead of being uplifted into regions of perpetual snows, brings down the white masses to the level earth, and then regards them rather with curiosity than admiration. The immediate feeling is a perplexed surprise that there should be just before you heaps of snow, not "unsunned," but illuminated by a sun which scorches the earth around you, and that they should give no sign of melting. To one who has had happy experience in Alpine solitudes, and who therefore can in some faint degree recognize in the glittering heights, the length and breadth and depth which have dwindled into a fairy frost-work to the eye, those forms produce a far nobler impression; but a first sight of the Alps, to produce the thrilling sense of which Rogers speaks, should be obtained from a greater distance, where the intervention of a multitude of other objects gives to the snowy mountains their due proportion, or something approaching to it, in the perspective.

His visit to the celebrated field of Waterloo, was anything but pleasurable.

The next day we spent in exploring the field of Waterloo; which I heartily wish we had left unvisited. Never, surely, was the scene of any great action so far despoiled of interest, by petty, harassing, vexatious details, as this. We could not, indeed, expect much of striking memorial in a mere battle-field, vastness and silence—the faithful preservation of such vestiges as are most closely associated with the master-minds that here played out the game of death—are all that could be wished for: but these, as far as possible, have been confused or destroyed. As if the level plain, beneath which so many brave soldiers are reposing, were not as appropriate a monument as a mound of the same earth, the inclination of the ground which the British forces occupied has been violated, in order to scoop out materials for an ugly mass of dirt, surmounted by a frightful lion—oh, how like the monumental lion of Lucerne! The scene of carnage is changed for one of civil spoliation: for every step is infested with lazy, urgent guides or beggars; some thrusting their physical infirmities, some their false relics, in your face; and some putting forward nothing but their sturdy prayers, ready to be turned into curses; all around you is pettiness, pretence, and plunder. A kindred spirit of mean exaction pervades the miserable hotels, at one of which you are obliged to stop; the host charging you the price of chamberlain for vin ordinaire you cannot drink; and the waiter is astonished if you do not pay him handsomely for bringing it into the room, as if he had some hand in winning the battle; while the low, white-washed walls, and pot-house chairs, and flaring coloured prints, complete the sense of discomfort. Then, in order to substitute the idea of carnage in its shocking realities—too recent to be blended with events which are removed by time beyond a relation to surviving sorrows—for the greater feelings the scene should suggest, as the mighty witness to the adamant part of British nature and the catastrophe of Napoleon's career, you are beset with such relics as the skull of a soldier, with teeth of horrid whiteness, to indicate that he fell in the bloom of life. The day was intensely hot; the road dusty, flinty, arid; so that the shade of the duller fir-grove I ever traversed was a welcome solace; and the voliturier deaf to all our entreaties that he would move faster than at a foot's pace, who thus gave to our misery a ludicrous completeness.

The second volume will be perhaps the most popular, and we fully concur in the concluding remarks upon our enjoyment of scenery. Mr. Talfourd says:—

In estimating the wealth with which the mind may be endowed by excursions as rapid as these into foreign lands, I think it will be found to consist almost exclusively in the images which the scenes of the external world have impressed upon it, and in the feelings they have excited. It would be obviously absurd to hope that, from intercourse so transient and imperfect as the railway carriage, the

steam-boat, and the *table d'hôte* allow, any knowledge of the character of the people of the fair regions at which a holiday traveller glances can be acquired, beyond a few picturesque aspects of glancing light and shadow. You cannot, indeed, pass through any section of Germany, however rapidly, without becoming sensible to the charm of that unaffected good-nature with which all classes seem imbued; associated in the women with a quiet, serene grace, a benevolent repose of manner; and in the men, especially the young students, with a brotherly affection for each other, and a disposition to be and to make happy, which refers their university duels to the mere tyranny of custom. Indeed, the gashes which these encounters have left, may generally be observed scarring faces which beam with good-humour, and show how little concern hatred or envy, or any real passion, has in producing those passages of foolish bravery. In Switzerland, it would be a sad waste of precious hours to spend them in endeavouring to pluck out the heart of the mysteries of character which lie within the human forms which are dwarfed by the mountains among which they move and perish, while the mountains themselves, with the snows they sustain and the streams they nurture, freely expand to the gaze, and invite the eye, the heart, and the imagination to concur in holding the most intimate communion with their grandeurs.

But the knowledge of scenery which is achieved by such excursions is all clear, unalloyed, and priceless gain; for it not only enriches the chamber of memory with the pictures which can be expanded at will, but nourishes the power of appreciating all other kindred scenes, and redoubles the charm of those we may afterwards enjoy at home. When, therefore, we pursue the inevitable comparison between the Alpine scenery of Switzerland and that which lies among our own mountains of Scotland, Wales, and the north of England, we institute no invidious scrutiny, but trace out the links of that process by which familiarity with one form of nature increases the facility of appreciating others resembling it, and heightens the enjoyment of all.

The pleasure which is derived from the contemplation of fine scenery is, I apprehend, nearly in proportion to the power with which the mind grasps its colours and forms, and realises a kindred between their attributes and its own. The mere presentment of the mightiest external varieties of the earth's surface to the eye of curiosity, except in the comparatively rare instances when they melt into harmonious pictures, can excite, at most, only a sort of stupefied wonder. To the youth of a poet, gifted with a peculiar sense of beauty, they may be, as they were to Wordsworth, a passion, "an appetite, a feeling, and a love;" though even then it may be doubted whether the premature development of deeper sources of pleasure has not unconsciously blended the spiritual with the external. But to children, in general, the Book of Nature, spread out before them in all its wildest sublimities, lies unread; and it is not until they have begun, not merely to think and feel, but to reflect on their own past thoughts and feelings, which they have gradually associated with the scenes in which their emotions have been born and cherished, that they begin to understand and to love the world without them. In this respect, the experience of every youth of sensibility and reflection, is a picture in little of the history of his species. Old as the world has grown in the arts of life and death, and early as divine inspiration enkindled the spirit of poetry in its favoured inheritors, it is only in times comparatively modern that the mind seems to have awakened to a sense of its external grandeur. In the Hebrew sacred poetry, each image is singly contemplated as attesting the glory of God, or is employed as the symbol of his terrors; the breath of a pastoral simplicity is wafted from the depths of patriarchal ages; Mount Sinai flashes with the terrors of the law; and the harp of David sometimes trembles with the sweet influences of sky and earth; but there is no picture, enriched by the heart's experiences, to break the elemental vastness of the imagery in which the voice of eternity is heard. In the Homeric poems—all vivid as they are—

As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at Midsummer,

the pictures are of the camp, the battle, the city, the fleet—not of the mountain and the flood; and the frequent allusions by which they are studded, instead of indicating an

aptitude in the poet's mind for informing the shapes of the universe with life and passion, or clothing human affections and powers with the aspects of matter, show, by the imperfect associations which often introduce them, and the mosaic air they give to the composition they variegated, how faintly the sympathies between the world of matter and of thought were perceived even by the genius which inspired them. As the poetry of Greece became more refined, the sentiment of scenery was still further repressed, until it was lost in the tendency to make all things subservient to the beauty of form. It breathes again in Virgil, but still with a subdued and courtly sweetness; and scarcely is felt again till it bursts out in lusty life in Chaucer. Hence, after mingling with the flush of Elizabethan genius; enriching the passion of Shakespeare; mantling in the luxury of Fletcher; and embossing the stateliness of Milton; it was crushed by the iron sense of Dryden; dissipated amidst the artificial brilliancies of Pope; and feebly held its obscure way beneath the frost-like etiquette and sparkling conceit of our Augustan age. In the revival of the true poetical spirit it has expanded triumphantly among us: breaking forth with gorgeous enthusiasm in Thomson; becoming coldly pure in Cowper; shedding a consecrating influence on a multitude of glorious scenes in Scott; and enabling us to consecrate all scenes for ourselves by the teachings of Wordsworth. No one can doubt that the deeper seriousness which Christianity has shed through our human life, has attached itself to the silent forms of nature, and has given them an interest which, reflected and reduplicated by our poetry and romance, is now not confined to men of genius or even to men of thoughtful leisure, but is felt more or less vividly as a pervading sentiment of common existence; gleaming in upon the busiest hours; and deepening the long-drawn sigh for repose from the bustle of the world, with a longing after the visitations of beauty and the approaches of wisdom.

Our space warns us that we must now conclude by cordially recommending these refreshing and instructive Rambles and Thoughts for the recreation and delight of our readers.

THE ATTACHE; OR, SAM SLICK IN ENGLAND.

By the Author of "The Clockmaker." Bentley,
New Burlington-street.

WE were always decided enemies to slang; it is a poor substitute for wit or humour. Our English slang is bad enough, but of all the disgusting perversions of language that of the American dialect is the most intolerable. It possesses all the easy flippancy of their manners, which are as distant from good breeding as dishwater is from champagne. This work is written in its idiom, and is wearisome vulgarity throughout. Some of Mr. Slick's observations on England and Englishmen are just enough, but there is a vein of jealous Yankeeism which accompanies them. The style of these volumes will not much improve our literature, and does no great honour to the taste of their author, Judge Haliburton, who is a kind of Anti-Roscoc in refinement.

We will give one quotation, that our readers may judge for themselves.

"If you recollect," said Mr. Slick, "I was a tellin' of you yesterday about hooks and eyes, and how I larnt the fust lesson in that worldly wisdom from Lucy Foley. Now, our friend that entertained us yesterday, is a hook, a Tory hook, and nothin' else, and I must say if there is a thing I despise and hate in this world, it is one o' them critturs. The Tory party here, you know, includes all the best part of the upper crust folks in the kingdom,—most o' the prime o' the nobility, clergy, gentry, army, navy, professions, and rael merchants. It has, in course, a vast majority of all the power, talent, virtue, and wealth of the kingdom a'most. In the natur' of things, therefore, it has been in power most o' the time, and always will be in longer than the Whigs, who are, in fact, in a general way not Liberals on principle, but on interest,—not in heart, but in profession.

"Well, such a party is 'the eye,' or the power, and the

'hook' is a trooked thing made to hitch on to it. Every Tory jungle has one or more of these beasts of prey in it. Talk of a tiger hunt, heavens and earth! it would be nothin' to the fun of huntin' one of these devils. Our friend is one; he is an adventurer in politics and nothin' else,—he talks high Tory, and writes high Tory, and acts high Tory, about the toploftiest; not because he is one, for he is nothin', but because it carries favour, because it enables him to stand where he can put his hook in wher' a chance offers. He'll stoop to anythin', will this wretch? If one of his Tory patrons writes a book, he writes a review of it, and praises it up to the skies. If he makes a speech, he gets a leadin' article in its favour inserted in a paper. If his lady has a lap-dog, he takes it up and fondles it, and swears it is the sweetest one he ever seed in his life; and when the cute leetle divil, smellin' deceit on his fingers, snaps at 'em and half bites 'em off, he gulps down the pain without winkin', and says, oh! you are jealous, you little rogue, you know'd I was a-going to import a beautiful one from Cuba for your mistress. He is one o' them rascals that will crouch but not yelp when he is kicked,—he knows the old proverb, that if a feller gets a rap from a jackass, he hadn't ought to tell of it. If 'the eye' has an old ugly darter, he dances with her, and takes her in to dinner; whatever tastes her'n is, his'n is the same. If she plays he goes into fits, turns up the whites of his eyes, twirls his thumbs, and makes his foot move in time. If she sings, then it's a beautiful song, but made twice as sweet by the great effect she gives to it. After dinner he turns up his nose at cotton lords, and has some capital stories to tell of their vulgarity; talks of the Corn-law League people havin' leave to hold their meetin's in Newgate; speaks of the days of Eldon and Wetherall as the glorious days of old England, and the Reform Bill as its sunset. Peel wants firmness, Stanley wants temper, Graham consistency, and all want somethin' or another, if 'the eye' only thinks so. If there is anythin' to be done, but not talked of, or that can be neither done nor talked of, he is jist the boy for the dirty job, and will do it right off. That's the way you know the hook when the eye is present. When the eye aint, there you will know him by his arrogance and impudence, by his talkin' folks down, by his overbearin' way, by his layin' down the law, by his pertendin' to know all State secrets, and to be oppressed by the weight of 'em; and by his pertendin' things aint good enough for him by a long chalk. He talks big, walks big, and acts big. He never can go anywhere with you, for he is engaged to the Duke of this, and the Marquis of that, and the Airl of t' other. He is jist a nuisance, that's a fact, and ought to be indicted. Confound him, to-day he eyed me all over, from head to foot, and surveyed me like, as much as to say, what a Yankee scarecrow you be, what standin' corn, I wonder, was you taken out o'? When I seed him do that, I jist eyed him the same way, only I turned up my nose and the corner of my mouth a few, as much as for to say, I'm a sneezer, a reg'lar ring-tailed roarer, and can whip my weight in wild cats, so look out for scaldin', will you. When he seed that, he was as civil as you please. Cuss him, how I longed to feel his short ribs, and tickle his long ones for him. If folks could only read men as I can, there wouldn't be many such cattle a-browsin' about in other men's pastures, I know. But then, as Minister says, all created critturs have their use, and must live, I do suppose. The toad eats slugs, the swaller eats muskeeters, and the hog eats rattle-snakes; why shouldn't these leeches fasten on to fat old fools, and bleed them when their habit is too full."

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OR, THE HEIRESS OF THE DE VERES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "TWO OLD MEN'S TALES."

THE SECOND NOVEL WILL BE BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

THE FIRST BIOGRAPHY WILL BE A

LIFE OF TALLEYRAND;

BY W. M. THACKERAY.

Part I. will be published on the First of January.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications remain with the publisher for the following.
Correspondents.—“G. V. W.”—“Ephraim Foster, &c.”—
“The Hazard of the Die,”—“E. M.”—“E. A.”

. We must beg a still longer indulgence from some of
our kind contributors. Their papers shall appear as early
as possible.

THE ILLUMINATED MAGAZINE



FATHERLAND: A TALE OF TWO EPOCHS.

BY J. W. CARLETON, (CRAVEN) AUTHOR OF "HYDE MARSTON," &c., &c., &c.



CHAP. II.

CREATION'S HEIR.

The sweat of industry would dry and die
But for the end it works to. SHAKESPEARE.

HALF a century ago, the great highways stood in the same relation to the districts they traversed as the railroads of our own time—conveying the human stream by so narrow a channel, and with so swift a current, as scarcely to allow of its fertilising the borders between which it passed. Those towns and villages which lay out of the main lines were indebted for the rusty links that constituted them portions of the social chain, to the occasional visits of pedlars, higglers, and such peripatetic merchants as sought them for the purposes of their traffic. On a spring morning of the year 1765, a lad who had been industriously pursuing his calling as a hawker of sponges, pencils, pins,

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thread, tapes, and similar miscellaneous haberdashery, along the great North-road, turned aside from it for the little borough of Luton.

Having occupied the day in many a keen encounter of commerce with its thrifty housewives, an hour or so before sunset, he bent his footsteps towards the south; for the double purpose of gaining a few miles on the metropolis before nightfall, and finding some fair brook or well wherewith to flavour the stale crust and rind of mouldy cheese on which he was to sup.

Half an hour's brisk walking brought him to a part of the road which was skirted by the ruins of what appeared to be a park wall. Passing through one of its numerous breaches, he saw spreading before and around him vestiges of a decayed domain of great extent. The grey dilapidated walls that denoted its limits ran along the sides of the distant hills, and were

lost among the woods which clothed their summits. As he advanced, the old gates were seen hanging in crumbling fragments from ivy-circled pillars, standing on either side of a strip of coarse herbage, which marked where once the avenue meandered. Notwithstanding the appearance of desolation, there were flocks of cattle grazing among the green valleys that formed the foreground; and herds of deer were seen among the glades and copses of the high grounds in the distance. All was steeped in silence and solitude—but the young scents of spring were there; and fresh leaves and buds, the firstlings of the year; and primroses, peeping bashfully through the new grass; and buttercups, and blue-bells, in the dawn of their fragrant lives. And hush! Is not that the song of the nightingale? Welcome—thrice welcome—familiar minstrel:—

Thou wert not made for death, immortal bird;
No hungry generations trod thee down:
The voice we hear to-night, the same was heard
In ancient days, by emperor and clown.

The boy held on, crossing a rivulet by a broken bridge, to an alley of tall chesnut trees, and, following the traces of rides and paths, came to where the ground appeared once to have been laid out in gardens and pleasure lawns.

He stopped, and gathered

A flower of the wilderness, left on its stalk
To mark where a garden had been,

and then moved onwards, more slowly and with less determined steps. Though born to beggary and the thousand natural ills that poverty inherits, he had a spirit whose elasticity sprung with increased energy in the degree that the pressure of circumstances bore upon it. Fortune's rough handlings—want, oppression, contumely, offence; these strung his nerves and steelled his heart: but when alone with his desolation—with none to mock, and therefore none to outrage—the torrent of the eye would pour its bitterness, and the soul sink in the gloom of its hopelessness. An outcast and a wanderer from his birth, when haply some quiet homestead or secluded cottage has stood in the path of his way-faring, like Campbell's ancient mendicant, he would—

Lean o'er its humble gate, and think the while,
Oh! that for me some home like this would smile;
Some cottage home, to yield my shrinking form
Health in the breeze, and shelter in the storm.

Little wonder was it then that the scene thus spread before him should awake meditation—hope—resolve. He was alone on the cold theatre of life: penniless—friendless, but not hopeless. The sweat of industry and toil fell not on the rock of despondence, but on the good ground of determination.

He had reached the spot where what had been the mansion lay in ruins around him;

the bats built where dames and cavaliers had held high revel; the dank grass grew where the looms of Persia had spread their bravest textures. He penetrated to its central court—now transformed into a small orchard, where already the apple and pear-tree were in full blossom. The masses of ruin, half concealed by moss and greensward, seemed like mischance over which time had thrown its mantle of forgetfulness. The scene, coloured by the tender hues of the evening sun, was full of sedate beauty—but without one tint of sadness. The tower now a dovecote—the mullioned windows, through which the swallows skimmed and darted; the hall of entrance, a repository of rural implements—these indeed all told of decay, but was not the device of change the emblem of promise to one for whom any condition of existence would be better than that in which his present lot was cast? As he gazed in silent contemplation, a peasant who inhabited the sole remaining chamber to which a roof was vouchsafed, came out to attend to some rural office. The boy, to whom harsh words were a household vocabulary, waited not for any commentary on his presence; but, once more assuming the face of one intent on purpose, left the relics of olden state and comfort behind him, and took a path which led in the direction he had been pursuing, when he left the road that led from Luton to St. Alban's.

Once again all was solitude; twilight too fell fast, and the wanderer quickened his speed that he might reach some place of shelter before the night set in. But he was weary with incessant exertion, in journeying to the marts of his poor trading, and efforts to turn his ventures to account. Moreover, he was hungry, and seeing where a stream went dancing over its bed of bright pebbles, beneath the shade of a vast lime, he sat himself upon a natural bench formed of a piece of its gnarled root, that rose above the turf, and addressed him to his homely meal.

It was the early twilight as has been said—while yet the west was lighted by the last deep colours of day. The moon in its first crescent shone palely in the sky, which was still without a star. In this dim obscure, sat the son of toil and penury, of whose fortunes it was the type. His age might have been twelve or fourteen, his person was slim, his attire mean, but characteristic of his occupation; his countenance the badge and presentment of all his tribe; you read the Israelite not only in every line of it—but in every expression. There were the inky ringlets curling round the high wan forehead—the brow ever "sicklied o'er with the pale hue of thought." There was the deep dark eye, ever restless as the spirit to which it formed the index—the smile, which, despite all caution and care, was but a reflection of contempt. Thus

made up, the Jew goes forth to wander and win his way to fortune—strange scrip for such a pilgrimage. . . . Having discussed his meagre fare, the young merchant drew from an inner pocket, his store of worldly wealth—regarding each piece as he told it with a far higher relish than the contents of his sarder had called forth. One by one he told them—bestowing on each a fond parental look and benediction—and after a space spent in this pleasant intercourse, he rose abruptly, and made the best of his way to the small road-side public-house, whereat he was accustomed to lodge, when on his passage through that part of the country.

Light meals and light heels provoke heavy slumbers, so the boy slept as soon as his head was laid down, and it required more than one resolute summons from the horny fist of the cinder wench, who acted as chamberlain of the hostel, applied to the door of his cockloft, to induce him to open his eyes, and gird up his loins for the highway. Neither toilet nor breakfast occupied him long, nor the adjustment of the reckoning, which amounted to four pennies, paid before hand—for *bed* and *board*, two words having the same meaning.

The itinerant dealer made no diversion now from the direct line to the metropolis, his stock being exhausted, and there being no instant opportunity of investing his capital advantageously. With the free and nimble foot of youth he sped onwards cheerily—for the very motion through the clear crisp air engendered buoyancy of spirit, and his prospects had grown brighter: his industry was in the ear, which promised a goodly seed time ere harvest.

It was late before he reached his destination, a dismal court in one of those quarters of the City, where, from time immemorial, colonies of the children of Israel have existed. A night's rest having refreshed him after his hard day's travel, he prepared to set out to replenish his stock in trade; when seeking for the indispensable agent of such traffic—his money-bag—he discovered that it was gone! An anxious search confirmed the terrible fact, all his earthly store was lost!

Had he been robbed of it, or had it fallen from him by the way? When had he last seen it? Two days before, when eating his crust by the stream of the decayed park. . . . Behold him once more on the great highway—his step as light—though his heart far heavier than when last he trod it. The day is yet young as he clears the weary street of St. Alban's, and striking to the right, makes his passage as the crow would fly, to the spot where the vast lime-tree threw its broad shade over the fountain. He has reached the little lone covert, and there on the fresh greensward that sparkled like

myriads of emeralds, lay the grim leathern pouch—the jewel of his hopes.

A dozen years have worn away, and the vagrant Jew boy is a broker, in the vicinity of the Royal Exchange. He dealt according to the practice of his people, in money and securities—among the varieties of the latter, of questionable security indeed—in lottery schemes. At that time, the lottery-office keepers were in the habit of purchasing tickets on their own account, to retail, and in the event of being able to dispose of all their stock, such speculations were very profitable. A scheme of unusual attraction being put forward by the Government, our broker embraced it with great spirit, and to an extent upon which his instinctive prudence had never yet ventured. The day before that appointed for the drawing arrived, and he held a ticket unsold—it was hard upon the hour when his office must close, and still it lay upon his hands—a heavy discount against his profits, for he scouted the notion of lottery risk—it was a certainty—a guarantee of loss.

He had taken his hat from its peg, and reached the door of the counting-house, when a young woman, who was passing, stopped to investigate the golden promises, with which every pane of the window was filled. After a perusal of them, she turned towards the broker, who still was standing on his threshold, and asked him “had he the sixteenth of a ticket in the lottery, to be drawn next day, for sale.”

“Pray walk in, Madam,” said the man of business, “be so good as to walk in!”

The maiden complied. She was a comely personage, who had already bade adieu to girlhood and its thoughtlessness, if, indeed, she had ever been affected by it, for her mien and demeanour were especially grave and sedate.

“I wish I could persuade you,” he began, “to take a half. This is the most advantageous scheme we have yet been so fortunate as to offer the public: three capitals, of £30,000 each—besides a great number of other very considerable prizes.”

“Oh,” said the lady, “I am only a merchant's housekeeper—where should I get the money from?—I can't think of it.”

“Could nothing induce you?” asked the dealer, in his blandest manner.

“Nothing,” said the customer; “What is the price?”

“Only eighteen pounds,” insinuated the chapman.

“It would be the ruin of me to lose such a sum,” observed the housekeeper, drawing from her pocket a well-furnished green purse—as long as a jelly bag.

“Try your luck for once,” continued the tempter, “take one half of this ticket—I'll take the other, and this shall be the bargain.

If it comes up a £30,000 prize we will make the *two* shares *one*, and the holders also; what say you to the offer?"

The maiden made no reply, but with a blush—not perhaps strictly "celestial rosy red," but a very good imitation for the Ward of Cheap,—proceeded to tell out eighteen pieces on the counter. As she concluded, the gallant Israelite presented the scrip in this singular venture, and, pressing the hand that received it to his lips, ratified the contract.

Scarce had four-and-twenty hours elapsed after the completion of the treaty, ere the wheel of fortune revolved in favour of these odd vows. The ticket became one of the £30,000 capitals, and, in such a space as the preliminaries would permit, the fortunate holders were man and wife. Within a few years the merchant's housekeeper presided at the best dinners of the season in Portland-place, and the Jew trampler was closeted with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, negotiating a loan for millions. Such was the origin of one of those master spirits, whose course and career have been the Midas meteors of our time. Mighty magicians, in whose hands are the issues of life and death: who marshal nation against nation in the purple field, or make "the green one red;" mysterious ministers of a god-like office—to spread civilization to the Poles, and the good tidings of love and charity to the uttermost parts of the earth!

The great contractor grew quickly into a *millionaire*: a correspondent of half the Governments of the world: the ally of states waging war together to the knife—for gold is a cosmopolite. His domestic life had been in like manner blessed; it was honourable and honoured. The fruit of his marriage was two children—a boy and a girl—brought up as the sons and daughters of wealth are wont to be. The boy accomplished the routine of school, college, and the circumnavigation of the fashionable world with credit and *éclat*. He was gentle—beyond the promise of his birth; finely formed, and handsome, so far as the tint and regularity of feature which still distinguish the offspring of Israel, as emphatically as during their captivity in the land of Egypt, are consistent with beauty. The girl inherited the national traits of her mother—the fair complexion and light luxuriant tresses of the Saxon. Having undergone a due course of *governesses at home*, upon entering her fourteenth year she was carried off to Switzerland by an old banker and his wife, who did not know what to do with their money—or themselves. They were old friends of her father, desperately rich, had neither chick nor child, and the most glorious chateau and domain in the whole canton of Vaud. All it wanted to be a perfect paradise was "one fair spirit for its minister,"—and it

is not to be supposed the contractor's daughter was inexorable when the refusal of the situation was offered to her,—with the contingencies of seeing the sun paying its golden homage to Mont Blanc, and the moon sailing on the purple waters of Leman.

The cynic has set her down as romantic—an epithet of disparagement with those of his philosophy. She loved the bright and beautiful, whether in spirit or in matter. Forefend that fifteen should lack such taste!

And it was a fitting sympathy—for she was herself bright and beautiful exceedingly. Soft and dovelike was the languor of thy deep blue eye, maid of the brow of alabaster and cheek of damask! Passing rich the harmony of thy form! passing rare the music of thy grace! Glorious were thy endowments, lady of a fearful heritage!

The capitalist of Portland-place was one of the few who treat Fortune with gratitude. He had luck thrust upon him, and the labour of his life had been to endeavour to have deserved it. Among the most efficient agents of Mammon is political influence; and his aim was to accumulate legislative mercenaries in his camp. His cabinet was a *mont de piété*, where advances were made on consciences to the full amount of their value—where votes were taken in during any period of the session, at rates strictly regulated by the state of business and party. His stock of pledges was worthy the spirit with which it was got together; and at a time when a Jew had as much chance of being a member of Parliament as a Christian of being high priest of a synagogue, our Israelite had greater power in the House of Commons than the Crown! It has been said, indeed, that the Minister used to borrow these troops in cases of emergency—for a consideration; but the world is given to scandal, and the report should be received with caution.

Simeon Marsena—the sage who had discovered a secret not dreamt of in the reveries of the occult—the alchymist who possessed the power of transmuting man into his familiar—principalities and powers into the creatures of his caprice—was the slave of a feeling which in others he made his scorn and his tool. Pride—worldly vanity—that feeling of the earth most earthly—was the worm that dwelt in his heart of hearts;—the fuel that fed his fire. In vain all he touched turned to gold, so long as the pomp and circumstance of position were denied to his hunger and thirst for rank and estate. This, at length, took the form of a new sense—the essence and concentration of all the others—from whose influences he was never exempt. It was the lever of his ambition—the usurer of his gold—the fever of his pillow—the spectre of his hope. Peradventure, had his harvest of life fallen in later days, it had been

crowned both with flower and fruit; but its gathering was in process at a season when popular contempt was "the badge of all his tribe." Bloomed there, then, no blossom for the summer of his desire? beamed no ray on the winter of his discontent? In sooth there did, as sweet a flower as ever shed fragrance over the garden of life! as fair a star as ever gave lustre to the world's galaxy!

While yet in her cradle he would bend over his cherub daughter, a creature of bright curls and dimples—apostrophising her as the herald of an Exodus which should rescue his soul from the bondage of kind—the Joshua that should lead his race to the social Canaan. She grew up the idol of his hopes—the apple of his eye: the lily that gave hue to her brow—the rose that blushed upon her cheek—the violet fountains of her eloquent blood—were links that bound her to his soul.

"Star of my destiny," he would muse, as with the wrapt idolatry of the enthusiast who gazes on his saint, he watched the buds of her spring expand in their beauty and their promise—"star of my destiny, for a while I will veil thee from men's eyes, that when thou shalt break upon them, in the fulness of thy radiance, they shall be unable to withstand the glory of its splendour."

As we have seen, this resolution was carried into effect while the subject of it was in her girlhood. At the age of fourteen, Leah Marsena embarked on the voyage of life, with an old Swiss banker for pilot, and his wife for crew; and it was the keen son of Mammon, the practical discounter of mankind, that sent forth this goodly venture!

In spite of a harshness which was constitutional, and a reserve which was the offspring of pride, Marsena was a man of many natural impulses, such as a citizen of the world might call weaknesses. They rarely indeed expressed themselves by words or actions which would admit of general interpretation; but they were not the less true to nature on that account. Perhaps an instance may serve to illustrate his character in this respect better than any description of it.

It chanced after he had acquired a colossal fortune, and when his political relations were of vast account, that, ensconced within his luxurious library chair, in his cabinet of princely magnificence, he was occupying the breakfast hour with one of the morning journals. As his eye ran over the wilderness of wants, and the gorgeous catalogue of supplies which filled the advertisement columns, he saw, among many a fair patrimony which sought a thrifty lord, an announcement of sale of an ancient park and the ruins of a mansion, in the county of Bedford. A chord was struck—the "touch of nature" which "makes the whole world

kin;" and in a few weeks the plains over which he had wandered an outcast—the green valleys that had helped to rest and shelter—the streams whose waters had moistened the beggar's crust—were added to the wide domains of the millionaire-mendicant.

It was during the absence of his children, that his acquaintance with Sir Percy Neville commenced. Gold was the master of the ceremonies, and the ease and good taste with which the forms were gone through, were balsams to the spirit of the old baronet; the gilding of the pill which induced the sensitive patient to repeat the dose. The secret of success in society is to be *facile à vivre*; in business, *facile à faire*; the root of both is talent. One man in fifty thousand is good company; a perfect *negotiant* stands in about the same ratio to his fellows. All the *belles lettres* that ever were hot-pressed won't accomplish the former; all the mathematics of Euclid will not turn out the latter: a man must be to the matter born.

Simeon Marsena was a bright example of what genius can do for its possessor in any position, however trying and ungracious. The faculty of instant perception—brought to perfection by long experience—enabled him, while the speaker was in process of detailing his object, to make himself acquainted with its real character. Thus, before the security for a loan was half detailed, he was possessed of its worth or worthlessness, and prepared to give an answer to the proposition the moment it was concluded. Whether favourable or unfavourable, it was done with scrupulous courtesy, and such minute decision as admitted of no return to the question, or canvass of the terms. Having resolved on the advance, there was not an hour lost to the disadvantage of the borrower; having decided on refusing, there were no false hopes held out to end in greater mortification. Must he not be a diplomatist of a rare skill who contrives to give satisfaction while he ruins; or quietly intimates that the destruction has already come to pass? this was the property of the Jew of Portland-place.

It is no wonder, then, that he was the sort of financier to finish the fortunes of the Master of Oversley, while the victim (swan-like) sung his own requiem. Indeed, more than his ordinary address had been given to the operation; the property was mortgaged beyond its worth, and the present visit of the money-lender to Oversley Court, in company with Sir Percy Neville, was with the view of making a still further grant, and paying off the charges which affected it previous to his own. He was not the man to fence with his views when the prospect was clear and open before him; and he was in the act of describing them to the Baronet, when Edward Neville, in obedience to his father's message, entered the stately dining-hall.

Shakspeare has left us no more sterling reading of Nature's volume than that which relates to the sweet uses of conviviality. Uncharitableness is the monster made by the Frankenstein—"unfilled veins ;"

"But when we have stuffed
Those pipes and those conveyances of the blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls."

It was, therefore, either in good chance, or good policy, that after a dinner such as only the *cuisine* of an English gentleman of condition can produce—and to the accompaniment of wine, such as his cellars alone can afford—the man of business entered on the matter of his mission. There had been time but for an introduction before they took their seats at the dinner-table, and during the meal the conversation was, necessarily, of a general character, but still, on the part of the Jew, with some reference to the issue in hand.

"You have met my son abroad, Mr. Neville," he remarked, casually ; "in Italy, I believe ?"

"I had the good fortune to make Mr. Lionel Marsena's acquaintance," said Edward Neville, "in France. We walked together over a great portion of the South ; traced the Loire to the sea and the Rhone to its source : your son is just the companion for such excursions—full of information and ardour, and a perfect pedestrian."

"His habits are active—at least, as regards the prose of motion," replied the banker, "which men call locomotion : but sluggish in the utilities of life—idle in reference to occupation."

"Then you call business the poetry of motion ?" observed the young man, interrogatively ; and the logic of May and December clashed somewhat ungracefully.

"So far as creative qualities, it might lay claim to the epithet ; don't you think so, Sir Percy ?" rejoined the philosopher of Lombard-street, appealing to the Baronet ; "and poetry might keep company with business, and be the better for its society—don't you think so, Mr. Neville ?" applying to his son.

"My opinion on such a theory would not be of much value," returned the youth, haughtily, "as I am only acquainted with one of the parties."

"If there be one thing I abhor more than another, it is the bandying of words to no end," interrupted the Baronet, for the course the conversation was taking did not promise well for a good understanding between the speakers. "This I know, if Charles Edward Neville be half so good an authority on poetry as Simeon Marsena is on business, he ought to have a few supplementary cantos of 'Childe Harold' in his portmanteau. My son, without perpetrating a lecture on philosophy, I may be allowed to hint that you'll find the school of

Bacon—'the school of fruit and progress,' as it has been so truly called—a far fitter academy for the spirit ambitious of distinction in these days than those of the Stoic or the Epicurean. Words, nothing but words, were the fruit of the sages of antiquity : substantive improvements are the stuff—the salt of the earth, for which we are indebted to modern worthies. The mechanic who invented the art of printing did more good to mankind than would a universe of Aristotles."

"With your leave, Sir Percy," said Marsena, as soon as the Baronet had brought his speech to an end, "with your leave, we will submit for your son's consideration the arrangements I proposed to you on our journey here. I am compelled to return to London tomorrow, and it will be necessary to decide on them before I leave this place. You are aware the prior mortgagees are on the eve of foreclosing, and that my proceedings cannot therefore be any longer delayed."

"Put lights and coffee in the library," said the Baronet to the servant who attended his summons ; and presently this odd party was deep in parchment and the mysteries of modern alchymy—the triumph of the occult art—obtaining money out of nothing.

"I believe it is unnecessary for me to inform you," began the prompt man of the world, addressing the younger Neville, "that your father's estates are seriously encumbered ; for more than their value, it is supposed"—Edward Neville made a sign of impatience—"at all events, for more than he had the power of charging them. The effect of this will be to leave him without income during his life, and, consequently, unable to make provision for you. Your prospects, therefore, are full of certain need, so long as he lives ; and at his decease you will inherit a series of Chancery suits, in case you dispute the acts done by him."

"I see from this rental," remarked the heir apparent of so agreeable a reversion, "that the income of the Oversley property is somewhere about eighteen thousand a-year : may I take the liberty of inquiring to whom I am indebted for relieving me from the charge of appropriating it to my proper wants and conveniences ?"

The tone in which this was delivered was a suitable accompaniment to the words. But he had a master to deal with ; one to whom words were as the idle air, which troubled him not.

"On your father's accession," he replied, and as if communicating the information to a stranger, "there were not above seventy thousand pounds charged upon it, by way of simple mortgage, which its former possessors had the power of creating. The rest of the debt has been incurred within the last twenty years—principally for electioneering purposes. I am a creditor for three hundred thousand pounds,

or thereabouts. As the fee of the whole would not cover these advances, and the interest due on them, how far I may have acted wisely is my own affair. It was not in the course of ordinary business. No doubt, whoever shall next succeed to it would be advised to contest the legality of my security. The immediate question for decision is this: you, Mr. Charles Edward Neville, are the last in remainder, according to the existing settlements; by joining your father, you can dock the entail, and make a good title for a purchaser. I offer myself as such on these terms. Upon the execution of these deeds—by which a legal transfer of the estate of Oversley can be effected, and a good title to it made—I will settle an annuity of five thousand pounds upon your father and yourself, for your joint lives; to be divided equally, and the whole to revert to the survivor. Sir Percy has agreed to these terms; perhaps you will have the goodness to decide upon the offer to-night. I am prompt in such cases: I have, indeed, not the leisure, if I had the disposition, to expend much time on my negotiations."

The young man paused for an instant and then said:

"Mr. Marsena, it is not impossible, you may imagine my personal necessity leads me to entertain your proposal—I may probably deceive myself in thinking that the desire to render the latter years of my father's life free from embarrassment and care, induces me to do so: whatever the cause, however, I agree to it under this condition—that you satisfy me as to the future destiny of my heritage. This roof—these fair domains, since the founder of my race won them with his good sword—have never called master one who shamed his possessions. My stipulation is, that you inform me whether you act as the agent of another in this purchase, and for whom it is made."

The Jew smiled in such sort as they are wont, to whom questions of scant courtesy are addressed, and answered:

"Young gentleman, it would ill beseem me to feign ignorance as to the subject of your solicitude. It were doubtless a foul disgrace that a patrimony so honourably derived should become a spoil to the children of Israel: that the hall of the Christian knight should be turned into a kennel for a Hebrew hound!"

"My good, my respected friend," cried the Baronet in much distress, "you sorely mistake my son's meaning; he is incapable—utterly incapable of such gross—such gratuitous offence to any human being."

"Much less to the guest of his father, and honoured with his confidence and friendship," said the young man.

"It has been the policy of my life," continued Marsena, "to treat business as an abstract proposition, to which the matter only is

relevant, apart wholly from the fashion of its conduct; but I am prepared to be frank with you, Mr. Edward Neville, and to admit that, perhaps, I am more apt at umbrage than is consistent with my theory. You seek to be advised for whom I am negotiating the purchase of this property—for my daughter"—the old man's eye glanced haughtily, and his glowing check was the interpreter of his heart—"for my daughter, Sir, and unless a father's love be too flattering unction, peradventure, there has been among the noblest of your dames a less gentle, a less gracious Lady of Oversley. Moreover, I have cared for the succession, as by the deed which settles it upon her, it is stipulated that the conveyance shall be void should she hereafter intermarry with any one below the dignity of a Peer of this realm."

The speaker threw himself back in his chair as he made an end, and none seemed in haste to resume the treaty. The scene was a striking one, though filled with characters so common to the drama of life as the finisher of the law of improvidence, and those on whom it was about to take its course. With thin spare hands spread across his breast, the untouched glass of *chasse* beside his empty coffee cup, he was an illustration of the maxim, "Man wants but little here," for the *millionaire* fed as sparsely as the anchorite, and literally drank of the brook. The Lord of Oversley might have sat for an impersonation of the text, "all is vanity," and his son as the device for a commentary on the statutes relating to the fee of entail and property in perpetuity. The silence had lasted long, when it was broken by the latter. His speech was quick and less calm than it had been.

"I am your debtor, Mr. Marsena," he said "for a hint how men of experience, and who have turned their practice to account, regard the details of business. I will, therefore, speak with the licence for which you are my authority. I am, according to a fiction of legislation, the successor of the proprietor of these tenements and estates: I shall be so, in fact, should I survive him. But there's the rub. I have no hope of bread from him in whom they are at present invested, for as you tell me, and as I believe, he knows not where to look for it himself. 'I cannot work, to beg I am ashamed.' Nay, my father, do not regard me so sadly: this is not spoken in reproach, but rather in justification. This gentleman gave gold to you who sought it of him; happily both lender and borrower were content; but the dealing must turn to my damage in whatever way I meet it. I am therefore fain to do the best I can in such a dilemma. I had injustice at your hands, Mr. Marsena, but none of the conventionalities of the world were outraged

by the course you adopted. We are still strangers, albeit we have eaten salt together; let our compact be ratified in such wise. I cannot feel cordiality for him who jeopardised my birthright, to call it by a mild word; it is not in my nature to pretend sincerity. Let these papers of which you spoke, be at once executed, and an end put to an ungrateful issue."

It is an evil chance which brings father and son in such collision—a rare fortune that extricates them without setting in array the sweet courtesies. The old Israelite was, however, cunning of policy in such cases, for his experience of them, no doubt, was considerable; and as soon as the preliminaries were settled he lost no time in bringing the affair to a consummation.

"The documents I have brought with me," he began, "will enable the transaction to be put into a general train, but there will be forms to go through that cannot be done now—I mean certain legal ceremonies which can only be performed in the law courts. The deed of annuity can be completed, and an agreement for sale entered into, with penalties for a refusal to perfect it. For the satisfaction of your son, Sir Percy, I will, moreover, execute an undertaking to transfer the whole of the Oversley property the day the purchase is completed, to my daughter, subject to the conditions I have already named. This undertaking I will deposit with M. de Martel, the banker of Geneva, my sole executor and guardian of my children, should I die during the minority of either of them. If you please, we will do this at once."

Marsena's secretary was soon in attendance, and forthwith the cabalist commenced his potent transmutations. The birthright of the Neville was bartered away, his roof-tree sold for a price, his home chartered by the stranger!

"It would be well," said the Jew, on whom no point of practice was ever lost, "as this undertaking has been drawn by my secretary, both in English and French, that it were witnessed by some one conversant with both those languages—can we find such a person?"

"My courier, Marillac, will suit your purpose," replied Edward Neville. "He shall be sent for."

"Are you a subject of France?" demanded Marsena, as the foreigner entered.

"He is a Swiss," answered young Neville.

"Then, probably, you are acquainted with the name of the party to whom this instrument is to be confided," observed the Jew—"M. de Martel, the banker, at Geneva?"

"I know the gentleman well," said the courier; "I have been in his service, and have reason to believe I am still in his confidence."

"This is fortunate," remarked Marsena.

"Very," said Edward Neville.

The star of the Neville had set, but morning dawned upon the towers of Oversley as brightly as if the fortunes of the house were in their zenith. It was the advent of a day always celebrated at the Court with every appliance of rural pomp and festivity—Harvest Home! It had been arranged in the course of the details settled during the preceding night, that on the day following the accustomed merry-making, Sir Percy should take his final departure from Oversley, in company with Marsena, without any intimation of the change which had taken place, leaving the household precisely as it ever was in his absence. Edward Neville was to meet them in London, and, the solemn transfer of the estates completed, a town establishment on a scale suited to their diminished fortunes was to be shared between the father and son—such at least was the Baronet's plan.

It was not long after daylight when the village of King's Oversley gave token that some occasion of merriment was at hand, for its lasses and lads were already abroad in their holiday attire. Groups formed in merry circles at the cottage doors, or tripped along the rustic street, blithe as butterflies in the sunshine. Bright, laughing girls were there, with bows and streamers of scarlet, and green, and orange, and blue, flaunting from their trim straw hats; and if the fashion of their garments was rude, your robe of snowy muslin sitteth not much amiss, within which is a shape modelled by the boon hand of Nature, and a limb moved by the free grace of youth and health. An hour or so after the holiday folk had gone their way rejoicing, there issued from a garden wicket opening on the high road, at the back of the clump of sycamores on the Mount where the Cross stands, a maiden leaning on the arm of an aged man. A venerable old man he was, in a homely suit of black, and bent by the burden of many years. The maid was in the rich spring of womanhood, and had you heard her call her companion "Father," you would not have been prepared for such a relationship between them. She was clad more simply than any of her village sisters; for, save a rose bud that her zone bound beneath her heart,—a fitting emblem—all was colourless as the drapery of spotless gauze, which—

Like fleecy clouds about the moon played round her.

Scarce were they clear of the village, when a young man, who had evidently been watching their coming, approached and offered his salutation—"Good morning, Mr. Kenedy—fine autumn weather, this: I see you are going to the Court: I trust you may have a pleasant day." The latter portion of this was spoken to the maid, though addressed to her companion. She did not reply to it, indeed, but she looked

somewhat anxiously at the speaker, who had joined them, and continued walking at the girl's side. "It was not Rose's wish to go at all," said the old man, "but she would not let me go alone, and I couldn't bring myself to stay away; I have not missed a harvest-home there for more than half a century: when young, I waited on the guests; now that I am old, I would fain look on while others do my office. I was in the household of the Nevilles—man and boy—hard upon sixty years: a long service, Master Mason. You're coming up to the feast, I hope. It's a pleasant sight, that of so many human beings born and bred to toil, putting off the chains of their bondage: it gladdens my old heart to see it."

"You call it bondage, Mr. Kenedy," said the young man; "I think the life of the English peasant the happiest of any permitted to the sons of labour; and surely there is no content where there is no occupation. He has little care—no anxiety, because his moral perceptions are limited, and he cannot penetrate into the future for disquiet:—"

Cheerful at morn he wakes from sound repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes."

Thus in friendly gossip they crossed the valley together and reached the park gates. As the old man and his daughter passed through, the youth bade them a hearty farewell, and, as he pressed the girl's hand, there was sore sign of disturbance in his manner. "That's a good, true hearted lad," said old Kenedy, as he wound slowly up the hill from the entrance gates, "but God help him, his lot has been cast in no land of promise. His father's a rogue, of course, for he's a lawyer—and worse than that, if worse than lawyers there may be. Before he came to the village there wasn't such a thing as ill-will known. Now one half of us are set against the other. I mayn't live to see it—I trust I shall not; but remember my words when they come to pass—as they surely will—sorrow and shame will fall upon the schemes of old Mason and all who listen to him. Those secret meetings at the Crown bode no good for Oversley village. Those night watchings and dark doings will be her downfall: evil days have come upon her—evil days came upon merry England when the first blow was struck in the civil war of the land and the loom."

The home farm was the scene of the day's festival, and in one of its golden fields a company of picturesque looking peasants were completing that passage of rural economy whence its title was derived. Ponderous waggons were fast clearing off its rich produce, and in the costume and rustic gallantry of the swains

you had no bad presentment of the sylvan age. From a window of the breakfast-room Sir Percy Neville and his son watched the progress of this gladsome work. The cheek of the old aristocrat was ashy pale, and his eye was glazed; you saw that mortal solitude was at his heart. It was less easy to define the feelings of the younger man. The cast of pride, natural to his noble features was not so strongly marked, perhaps, as was its wont; but the sorrowful expression of his lip had taken the character of bitterness—the dignity of his bearing stopped little short of fierceness. Woe, woe to the hour in which a parent stands self condemned in the presence of a child!

"My boy," said the Baronet in a voice that bespoke the agony in which it was uttered, "this is a sorry sight for a father who has wrought the ruin of his son: surely such a trial is a terrible retribution for him who must suffer for the madness of another."

"Do you expect Mr. Marsena?" asked Edward Neville, perhaps to give a turn to his father's thoughts, or probably speaking the matter of his own musing. Before the question could be answered, the door opened, and the Jew came in. So ghastly was his look, so fearful his expression, so wild his whole appearance, that those to whom he entered, started and recoiled at his approach. A cloak was gathered round him—a heavy cloak of furs, but he shivered as with an ague, and sunk into the nearest chair. The first to find words was Sir Percy.

"My friend," he cried, "what has come upon you? you are ill, grievously ill; tell me what does all this mean?" The Jew spoke in the accents of the grave. "I have had a vision: a warning of calamity! of death! of despair! Last night as I slept, the spirit of my last born appeared to me in such wise as it was accustomed in infancy to do. Its deep blue eyes beamed in their glory on me; its silken hair rained upon my brow; its perfumed breath spoke to my soul. Father Eternal! could'st thou not have spared me my child yet a little longer to have shed gladness on the twilight of a life whose dawn and noon were so cheerless." While yet he spake, a shout of greeting and boon welcome broke from a group of peasants on the terrace beneath. In their hands they bore a banner inscribed, "Hail to our master: long life and happiness to the Lord of Oversley." The Jew looked up, and a hectic flush flew across his ghostly face. "It is accomplished," he said, "my hope is dead: the incense of my life is turned to ashes"—and he dropped to the earth as a statue falls.

PARADISE LOST; OR, A LATE PLACE UNDER GOVERNMENT.

BY CAROLINE WHITE.

"NEXT to the misfortune of one's husband having no situation, that of having one under Government is surely the greatest," said Mrs. Smythe, smoothing down her satin dress, the item personal of the last quarter's salary, and throwing herself well back in her chair (all the easier, that the horse-hair had cost nothing, having been purloined from the quantity furnished for a settle in a certain Admiral's state room). "If they are ever so comfortable in other respects," she continued, "there is always some drawback to counterbalance their advantages, especially at these horrid outposts, where everything is ten per cent. dearer than at head-quarters, and where one has all the inconvenience of living out of town, without a single comfort of the country. No sending your children to school, or giving them a business or profession, without being put to double the expense that other people are at. No society for them as they grow up. No getting your girls off your hands, without turning your house into an hotel, giving lots of invitations; and if anything comes of them, repeating or prolonging them, till they become not only inconvenient, but disagreeable, for one is either obliged to 'keep up appearances' at an ill-afforded expense, or let your intended son-in-law prematurely into family affairs, neither of which is desirable."

"But you, my dear Mrs. Smythe," interrupted the lady to whom these remarks were addressed, "have no need to complain on this head; Mary's marriage was the talk of the county, and Mr. Trubridge is, after all, a very nice match for Kate."

"Such a match!" repeated Mrs. Smythe, shrugging her shoulders disparagingly—"her sister's luck (as you Irish would say) really astonished myself, for a major is not so easily got now of days, but a clerk under Government in these times, my dear Mrs. Nesbitt, is nothing—just nothing; a mere escape from starvation; if they have children, hardly that; but the girl will have him, so I suppose I must agree to it, though I assure you I had almost rather see her left at home to wear green stockings for the other three, than have her bound to such an entailment of poverty. What respect is there for them?"

"Promotion in time," suggested Mrs. Nesbitt, smiling, and laying just a shade of emphasis on the last syllable: "and besides," she added, "there are so many privileges attached to a place under Government—at least there was when poor dear Mr. Nesbitt belonged to the service, that"

"Ah, there it is," interrupted Mrs. Smythe, "things are wonderfully changed since then. At that time the pay was but a secondary consideration, and the perquisites alone made such appointments worth having, especially at out-of-the-way places like Haulbowline Island, where there was always lots of time to prepare for an inspection of the board-officers, and no civilians to look on and take notes of what was doing."

"The dear old place," said the widow, sighing, and shaking out an unexceptionable cambric handkerchief, "what happiness I enjoyed there—house-rent free—no assesses or taxes, coals and candles allowed, as much wood from the carriage-yard as we could make use of: the run of all the grass in the garrison for a cow, no end of garden ground, and a boat and boat's crew whenever we wished for them. It was but a small place, my dear Mrs. Smythe, cut off too, you might say, from the rest of the world—but what stores of comfort it contained!"

"Stores, indeed!" repeated Mrs. Smythe literally, "all the advantages you have named, and others—such as the attendance of a labourer to polish the tables, fetch water, work in the garden, run of messages, and fifty other things, were regularly understood and granted to the officers of both departments. But dear Mrs. Nesbitt, how small a portion these made, of all the nice, useful pickings such situations as your husband's, and Mr. Smythe's afforded. I don't know how you managed in the Ordnance department, but we, on the navy side of the island, didn't make a bad thing of it while it lasted."

"Why you had many advantages that we had not," rejoined Mrs. Nesbitt, "your stores were so different to ours; but, of course, we endeavoured to make the best of circumstances, and help ourselves as well as our neighbours."

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Smythe, recurring to the preceding part of her visitor's observation, and with no little satisfaction in the remembrance; "our department comprised such a variety of things, and all so available for domestic purposes: and really, Mrs. Nesbitt," she added, sinking her voice, till it sounded the key-note of confidence, "if it had not been for this, with our large and expensive family, and Mr. Smythe's hospitable habits, I don't know where we should have been. However, he may thank me for never having forgotten the main chance, for he was by no means careful in that respect; but I took care no move on the part of our neighbours should go without a corresponding one on mine, for, in these cases, it is always as well to have a precedent, it puts you on the safe side of the question, and prevents others from making remarks; but, oh, the numbers of articles that were never missed from the quantities in store, and which served to help out our incomes, and make things comfortable about us. Tarpaulins, timber, rope, provisions, purser's stores, canvass—I declare I cannot think of half of them."

"But of what use was the tarpaulin, timber, and rope?" inquired Mrs. Nesbitt.

"Covers for my tulip bed, my dear, furniture, and mats," responded her friend.

"Furniture!" repeated Mrs. Nesbitt, bending her eyes questioningly on her *vis-a-vis*.

"Yes, furniture," she rejoined. "You remember the mast-house; well, there was more than spars in

it; it contained all sorts of timber, from English oak to Honduras mahogany; and as there were lots of mechanics in the department, there was nothing to do but to make a requisition for a new shed, or something of the kind, and instead of taking deals for the building of it, substitute mahogany; no one saw the difference in the dull light of a winter's afternoon, or if they did, took no notice of it; 'a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind,' in these instances, as in every other; and the result in our case, was the dining table in the next room, that one opposite to you, my wardrobe, two or three chests of drawers—not to mention such items as book-shelves, brackets, butler's trays, &c., &c., all entered on his Majesty's service, and workmanship as well as materials found at the public expense!"

"Ah, we had no such opportunities," said Mrs. Nesbitt, not without a little leaven of envy at the recollection, "to be sure we sometimes bartered a little with the engineers' people, and by that means managed a few nick-nacks, but they were such a stupid, shabby set, and drew their estimates so low, that every little was to be done in that way. Nothing at least like your wholesale furnishing; where we benefited most, was in the tin ware and ironmongery. I never bought a single article for kitchen use while on the island; the very spits and spoons, as well as mops, brooms, and lanterns, were all supplied from the stores, and in the event of a survey, all we had to do was to return them, till the board-officer had gone through the inventory and found them all right, and then abstract them again, or new ones in their place; I recollect obliging some dozen friends, by getting Mr. Nesbitt to exchange as many sets of old fire-irons for new ones, such as were allowed for our houses; and as it was only necessary to produce half a pair of tongs, the handle of a fire-shovel, or the pan, if more convenient, with the knob, or burnt end of a poker, just as it happened, it was an easy way of ensuring invitations to as many parties as they gave in the year."

"Ah, those were something like times," sighed Mrs. Smythe, swaying herself to and fro in her easy chair, "one could live on half his income better than as clerk of the cheque, than it is possible to do now with a store-keepership; to be sure, Smythe is allowed house and garden-ground, and all that, and poor Trubridge has quarters while here, but as soon as he gets another appointment (which he expects), there will be a house to provide, and think of rent out of his pay!"

"Ruinous!" groaned Mrs. Nesbitt; "I often think of our nice houses on the island, all going to wreck and destruction, till I have no patience with Government; that splendid terrace on your side, Mrs. Smythe, and those mansions of houses, all of hewn stone, and the magnificent quays and stores, that cost some millions of the public money, all useless and desert; I declare it seems almost a sin that persons did not do more for themselves when they were amongst them."

"Mamma has nothing to upbraid herself with on that score, I promise you, Mrs. Nesbitt," interrupted a merry voice, and Kate Smythe, who had been sitting writing, an unobserved auditor, in the next room (the folding doors of which were open), advanced with a smile full of comedy on her face, and her hand extended to the widow.

"And Kate, when I look around me," answered her mother, her eyes glancing from the book-case to the table, with quite a Spartan air of self-approval, "I have infinite cause to be grateful that I did, for what with the changes in the service, and the difference residing in England has made in your father's salary, it would have been quite impossible to be as well off as we are, if I had not. Having a large family," she went on, turning to Mrs. Nesbitt with lifted brows, and an appealing altitude of voice, "and knowing that if anything happened to Mr. Smythe, Government would do nothing for me; I certainly did do all I could in the way of turning things to account. Where is the advantage of having such situations if you do not? You give up all your prospects," she continued, slipping quite naturally into the assumption of her husband's garb, "all your prospects in other ways; your income is too limited to allow of your speculating; your time too much occupied to admit of any other pursuit; you are fettered with the necessity of keeping up a genteel appearance, upon a bare sufficiency for life, that, by-and-by, leaves your wife and children totally unprovided for; in case of — don't fret, my dear Mrs. Nesbitt (for at this climax the widow's handkerchief came into absolute use, and she blew her nose till her eyes watered); you are better off than hundreds; it was an admirable thing on Mr. Nesbitt's part, to insure his life; and then your having no children; I call you a most fortunate woman, with your annuity."

"And the house at Haulbowline," suggested the lady.

"I should do very well, but furnished lodgings are very expensive, and then the people, and servants peculate in every possible way."

"Mamma," interposed Kate, mischievously, "do you remember the Cobhams' oil cloth?"

"Perfectly well," returned her mother; then turning from her daughter to her visitor, she added, "Some new people who came there just before we left. If you remember, the kitchens in our houses were all flagged with Portland-stone, quite good enough for Irish servants, accustomed to nothing better than earthen floors; but nothing would do for these people but they must go to the expense of oil-cloth; so, not to be outdone by them, Smythe procured as many yards of new canvass as was necessary, and had it dressed and painted, and while the accounts made out that it was doing duty as the top-gallant sail of a sloop of war, it was metamorphosed, as I tell you, into a very excellent article of household wear. But, talking of canvass, a friend of ours, a captain on the station and a family man, put us up to something quite new in its application, and we furnished the nursery and children's rooms with cots and stretcher beds of all descriptions; and, like you with the fire-irons, obliged several of our friends with them."

"Well I remember it," said Kate, "for mamma's morality would not suffer the servants to be enlightened as to the process of extracting that blue zig-zag thread, that marks King's canvass, so Mary and I were set to the task of rubbing it with some sort of acid, that made our fingers sore for a week."

"That puts me in mind," remarked Mrs. Nesbitt, "of the trouble we used to have, when we changed our old blankets for new ones, taking out that horrid

broad arrow in the centre of them ; but a chemist in Cork, for whom we had done a few kindnesses, showed me how to remove it with very little difficulty ; for we wer'n't, far behind you, I can promise you, in making use of the goods the gods, (or to vary the text), the Government provided, and though we could not manufacture oil-cloths and children's cots, I took care not to lay out a fraction on furniture for either the kitchen or servants' rooms. Poor dear Mr. Nesbitt had the management of the barrack department, so there was heaps of Windsor-chairs and tables, and latterly iron bedsteads, to take my choice of."

"And I, my dear Mrs. Nesbitt," exclaimed the other, as if determined not to be outdone in these details of official dishonesty, "never purchased so much as a clothes-line, or door-mat. Smythe thought nothing of cutting up new rope, and when the sail-makers wer'n't busy, setting them to work at making them ; but now there is not so much as a yarn to be had out of the department, and as to employing an artificer on one's own account, it's quite out of the question. But there, I cannot tell you half the advantages the disagreeable Reform-bill, and the removal of the establishment has robbed us of ; no doubt you Ordnance people had many little immunities and privileges ; but, as I said before, the nature of our stores made them so much more generally useful ; for instance, though I never told this to any one else, all my boys' pin-befores, and servants' sheets and towels, were purser's stores, and came off the duck, allowed for his use."

Mrs Nesbitt lifted up her hands and eyes.

"There was a saving for you," continued Mrs. Smythe, in a tone of no little elation, "and not only that, Mrs. Nesbitt, but the girls bathing-dresses were every one of them bunting, blue bunting."

"Nonsense," ejaculated the widow, looking down at her fingers with a sort of fie-fie air, and then questioningly at her friend, while Kate's voice rang out in a burst of irresistible merriment at the association.

"I assure you they were," continued the other, but double-doubled, Mrs. Nesbitt, and they saved some considerable expense in flannel." "Then again," she resumed, "Smythe's brother was in the victualling department, and though the contracts for providing the ships on the station with provisions were always sent in sealed, the present of a cask of tongues or hams was sure to decide the purveyor ; and as his family was but small, we reaped the principal benefit from *that* ; then there was lots of biscuit and flour, and raisins and cocoa, for little or nothing, and the best of spirits, with the draw-back allowed—dear me ! it is enough to make one wild, to think of all the privileges at one time attached to a place under Government, and to fancy the difference in these days of retrenchment and meanness."

"Our service," remarked Mrs. Nesbitt, and then correcting herself, she added "dear me ! I speak as if poor Mr. Nesbitt were living, and I had still something to do with it ; the Ordnance service fell off in its emoluments when the peace establishment took place ; first, house-rent was taken away, and one was obliged to live just where and in whatever quarters, Government allowed ; then coals and candles were discontinued, and when once the store cat's allowance was reduced, and half the poor thing's milk-money cut off—what was to be expected ? The Duke of Wellington may be a very great soldier, but, if this

was not the action of a mean man, I don't know what is ; I have never forgiven him the Reform-bill, and I recollect how poor Mr. Nesbitt laughed at me, because when it passed, I took down the duke's picture from over the parlour fire-place, and hung it behind the door ; before that, I used to boast of his being an Irishman, but afterwards I only gave Ireland the credit of his courage and generalship, and left his economy and knowledge of accounts to the score of his English education."

"But how was it," inquired Kate, "that previous to this reformation which was, to my knowledge, sadly wanted, people with all those means of enriching themselves at the public expense, never appeared to be at all better off than they are now—never made money—never, in fact, got the least beyond their income?"

"Simply," rejoined her mother in rather a reproachful tone, "because Government people are, of all others, the most improvident ; in almost every instance they live up to their salary, whatever it may be ; it's certainly putting them at rest, as to the contingencies that others are obliged to prepare for ; and besides, when your father first got his appointment to Haulbowline, the harbour was always crowded with ships, and lots of officers anxious to be asked on shore ; there was nothing but gaiety going on, and of course we were obliged to do as others did, and entertain as well as our neighbours ; besides, half the comforts of one's situation," she continued, looking over to Mrs. Nesbitt as one who understood things better than her refractory daughter, or at least saw them in a different light, "depended on keeping well with the other heads of the department."

"To be sure they did," interposed the widow ; "not a word would ever have been said about the men's time, or the wood used in building our cottage ornée at Cove, but for the misfortune of a fall-out with that dirty rogue of a clerk, Cauty, and he, in revenge, *bad end* to him, sent in every word of it to the board-officers, at Dublin, and, without a doubt, was the real cause of Mr. Nesbitt taking to his bed, and not long after, to his coffin."

"Ah ! we took care, whatever little miffs we had amongst ourselves, that they never went farther," said Mrs. Smythe ; "but for all this, things went wrong at last ; one of the Admirals, who was a very meddling sort of person, took it into his head to watch all that was going on, and it happened that some of the common people (though knowing such things were strictly forbidden), allowed their children to pick up, at low water, the copper nails that the tide washed out of some old boats that lay rotting on the slip, past repair, but which were of course King's property, and marked with the broad arrow ; and a pretty piece of work there was like to have been about it. Some rope had been stolen out of one of the cutters on the station, and one of the officers searching for it in a place where they received such things, discovered several pounds of these nails, which turned out to have been sold by the Haulbowline boys, and you may depend that that was not the first of it !"

"Dear me !" ejaculated Mrs. Nesbitt, with every appearance of disgust and horror.

"Nor was it indeed the end of it," interrupted Kate, with mock gravity. "It gave us all a great moral shock, which I remember feeling through every

filament of my blue hunting bathing-dress. A very vigorous household search commenced, for any canvass or duck that retained the private mark of majesty, and in such cases restitution was immediately made; there was quite a panic of honesty throughout the department, *very healthful while it lasted*, and the stores became enriched by the return of various articles that otherwise would never have found their way back; but, as you may imagine, such a derangement in the economy of our system, was a sort of prelude to its total break up; and just as things were stealthily returning to their accustomed balance, and papa had managed to replace his old telescope with one of Dolland's best, the political earthquake that had been slowly coming to a crisis, shook our island to its centre, and Haulbowline, as the naval depôt of Ireland, was no more."

"Nonsense, Kate, how can you talk so of these things, when you were but a child at the time?" exclaimed her mother.

"But not an unobservant one, mamma," she replied, "and the things I witnessed there as a child have been the subject of many of my thoughts as a woman. Long before I had slipped my pin-befores I was conscious of the wrong and injustice inflicted by one part of society upon another, the incongruousness of affairs around me, and which no reasoning of mine could balance, opened my eyes painfully to this; I saw that roguery in power was a different thing from roguery in rags, that the one went on triumphantly, while the other found the tread-mill or the hulks; I saw the heads of the department doing with impunity, and on a large scale, the same things for which the poor were summarily punished (however pitiful their peculations); whole planks came to our house, while I recollect one of the labourers was discharged for taking home some pieces of fire-wood."

"Yes, but you know, my dear!" interrupted Mrs. Smythe, emphatically, "that was not his first offence."

Kate looked hard at her mother, as if she would have said "And by how many were the planks short of being the whole of ours?" but she only smiled, and continued with an affectation of badinage, an exposition full of feeling and truth.

"Do you remember all the whispers and shrugs, and finally round laughs, occasioned by the seizure of one of the Admiral's tenders, with a cargo of wines and teas on board, for which no duty had been paid and which, it was well known, was intended for his use?" Both ladies assented, with no end of merriment at the recollection. "And do you, mamma, remember, a little time after this, a gentleman who commanded a King's cutter on the station, bringing to our house a quantity of brandy, part of the contents of a keg which he had picked up, out of a great number thrown overboard from some hard-chased smuggler on the coast; and how he regretted that, without making his crew cognizant of the affair, this was the only one he could save?"

Mrs. Smythe remembered it all. "And well do I," said Kate, "what noisy evenings we had while it lasted; I can hear the little bow-legged lieutenant of marines, singing his songs twice over to his own encores, and that thin gentleman in the victualling department, with the great black eyes, hooked nose, and skin as yellow as if it had been dipped in the

molten gold they said he was so fond of, holding up the colourless, above-proof spirit between him and the light, and declaring there was no standard for mixing it, it was so much stronger than Wise's whiskey; and how they all used to praise its flavour, and wish that when it was gone, their friend might be but fortunate enough to fall in with some more just like it; but the circumstance that fastened it all so indelibly on my recollection, was the capture of a lugger, by one of the cruisers on the coast, and the court-martial of her crew on the island. Fancy," she continued, turning to Mrs. Nesbitt, "the excitement of such an event on Haulbowline, and to me, whose bosom was just teeming with romance, and my brain full of Sir Walter's "Pirate," and Cooper's "Red Rover," with the wild ballad of Will Watch in my head and ears, what a god-send! The Marine guard-room was converted into a court-house, and the court was composed of the Admiral, a number of naval officers, certain magistrates more fortunate in the importation of claret (if report spoke truth) than the naval chief had been, and the officers of our department, who had drank success to themselves over night in the remains of their friend's "gift of God's mercy;" yet these Daniels doubtless washed their hands in the innocence of their own actions, before they went to judgment, and with breath tainted with contraband spirits, had the hardihood to condemn the lawless sinners, who had risked life and limb, wealth and freedom, in running it."

"Then I presume," said Mrs. Smythe, rather tartly, "that your romance would have induced you to spare the few years' servitude, in his Majesty's service, that, if I remember right, was the sentence on such of them as could not sustain the character of foreigners they affected."

"I have never thought of what my sentence would have been," replied Kate; "children, like other philosophers, reason from analogy; and, in my view of the case, the judge and jury were more guilty than the prisoners; arguing from the mere moral sense, that makes it a greater crime, to wrong one who reposes confidence in us, and from whom we are receiving benefits, than those whose commands we openly defy. I had a knowledge of what smuggling meant, and I resolved all the peculation, I saw daily going forward to the same root, and consequently felt hearty sympathy for the fate of the athletic, large-whiskered, sea-capped, and booted specimens, the lugger's crew presented."

"Well, I don't say one word in vindication of the Admiral," rejoined Mrs. Smythe, "but there certainly was a vast difference in smuggling, and picking up a tub of brandy or in making use of it after it had been picked up; and, as to what you call peculation, it was what every one did, and was only considered as a part and parcel of the privileges attached to a place under Government; and I dare to say if the same opportunity existed now, Trubridge would do as other men in his situation did, and if you had a large family to provide for, with small means, you would make no scruple of turning things to advantage, for their benefit, and your own."

"But you see, my dear mother, that it, after all, turned out to no one's benefit," persisted Kate, "but ended as all such things do, whether in the case of private individuals or public departments, in detection, and, in this case, the destruction of the whole depôt."

"Oh, that is all nonsense," said Mrs. Smythe; "the doing away with the departments was altogether a political measure, induced by the private spleen and misrepresentations of Admiral Sir C. P——, and as to the defalcation in the stores, and the discovery of that sail-maker's robbery, having anything to do with hastening the affair, I am persuaded it was all bosh!"

"Well," said Kate, with infinite fun in her mobile brow and sparkling eyes, "my apostleship of honesty in high places is not quite thrown away; papa has become a convert to my opinions, and regrets exceedingly that the prevalence of the system has made police supplementary in all public departments, causing, he assures me, an outlay for their support almost equivalent to the value of the articles that formerly disappeared."

"Besides the look of them!" interposed Mrs. Nesbitt. "I declare their presence is an insult to every one employed in the service, and a tacit doubt on the part of Government of the principles of all holding a place under it."

"The discreditable part of it is," rejoined Kate, "that the rapacity of those highest in office, set the example to their subordinates, and induced the necessity of such surveillance."

"Ah! Kate," interrupted her mother, "if the department at Haulbowline, was still in being, and Trubridge was appointed there, with the power of doing just as he pleased, I doubt very much if you would continue such a stickler for the rigid rule of right, or refuse to benefit, as your neighbours did, by the profitableness and immunities of a place under Government."

FINE ARTS.

BOLIVIA.

The wonderful extent and curiosities of Central and South America may be said to be com-



paratively unknown. That there have been mighty nations dwelling in those parts of the world formerly, is plain, from the numerous and gigantic remains of their cities, their tumuli,

pyramids, &c.; but at what period it is vain to conjecture. Earl Kingsland's magnificent work upon the subject, illustrated by Aglio, only serves to increase our astonishment, and puzzle our inquiry. It represents, no doubt faithfully, the ruins of former grandeur, but whose it was, and how it came to decay, is yet the dream of the fanciful antiquarian. Certainly the people who at present inhabit it cannot be the descendants of a mighty race, unless there be a rule for moral as well as physical corruption and decay!

A REVERIE.

Remnants of by-gone ages, standing still,
But wasting all before the wave of Time,—
Ruins of ancient grandeur, at whose base
Solidity doth rest, though on your heads
Sits the frail snow of many a year, we bow
In reverence before ye, and reflect
How vain it is for modern minds to rave
About your first construction! 'Tis enough
To see your mighty bones, though blanched and chill,
To think what muscle and arterial blood
Once did inhabit ye! The skeletons
Of the Old World are all far, far beyond
Our skill in thought's anatomy, and make
Conjecture sceptical, and learning vain!

BOLIVIA is the name adopted by one of the new republics which have lately been formed in South America. It was originally called Upper Peru, and formed a portion of the Viceroyalty of Buenos Ayres, or de la Plata; but being separated from the more populous parts of Buenos Ayres by the desert of Chaco, and a very rugged and dreary mountain region, it was not likely that it could remain united to that State after the subversion of the Spanish authority. The republic of Bolivia dates from the battle of Ayacucho, Dec. 9, 1824, in which the republicans under Sucre, completely de-

feated the royalists. The patriots adopted for their new republic the name of Bolivia, in honour of General Bolivar.

It is bounded on the west for about two hundred and fifty miles by the Pacific Ocean ; the remainder of the western and north-western frontier is formed by the republic of Peru. It borders on the north-east and east on the empire of Brazil, except the most south-eastern corner, where it joins Paraguay. To the south of it extends the republic of Buenos Ayres, and where it approaches the Pacific, that of Chili. The climate of Bolivia is described as presenting many peculiarities, and its vegetation is various and luxuriant. Rain never falls on the coast along the Pacific.

~~Rain~~ falls no rain from that cloudless sky,
'Tis a changeless climate eternally.

In the valley of the Desaguadero, in the mountain region, and in the plains, the summer is the rainy season. The mountains are subject to tremendous hailstorms, during which the traveller is obliged to halt, and the parts of the body which are exposed are so severely bruised and cut by the hailstones as to bleed copiously. Thunder-storms are also peculiarly severe in these elevated regions. In winter the traveller is subject to a temporary blindness called *surampi*, which is caused by the rays of the sun being reflected from the snow, and rendering it impossible to open the eye-lids for a single moment. This complaint generally continues two days. Earthquakes are very common along the coast of the Pacific, less so in the valley of the Desaguadero, and the mountain region, but in the plains they have not been observed.

The inhabitants of Bolivia are composed of aborigines, and of people of foreign extraction. The aborigines form by far the greater portion of the population, probably more than three-fourths. They may be divided into those who speak the Quichua language, and those who speak different dialects. The Quichua language prevails among all the inhabitants of the coast and of the valley of the Desaguadero. Agriculture had been adopted by them before the arrival of the Europeans, and even at present it is their principal if not their exclusive occupation. But they make no improvement in agricultural operations, which may be attributed to their very feeble mental powers. They have been converted to the Catholic faith, but retain some ceremonies of their ancient religion.

Our illustration represents one of their most distinguished chiefs, in whose features may be traced some ancient Mexican model.

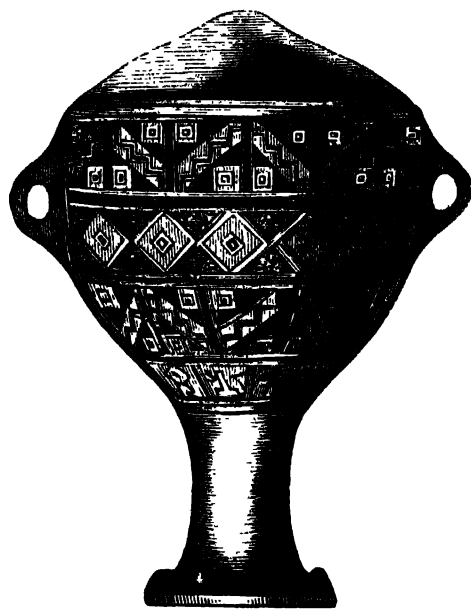
The natives who do not speak the Quichua language inhabit the eastern declivities of the Andes and the plains extending to the east of them. They are divided into a great number of tribes who speak different languages : in the

province of Moxos alone there are thirteen tribes. Some of them have been converted to the Christian religion, and with their change of faith they have also partly changed their manners and mode of living. Instead of going naked, they wear a light dress of cotton, have fixed dwelling-places, and apply chiefly to agricultural pursuits, though their food still consists partly of fish and game. Some of them make excellent cotton cloth, and in general they have a taste for mechanical arts, and are good carpenters. They show also some talent for music and painting, in which they were initiated by the Jesuits.

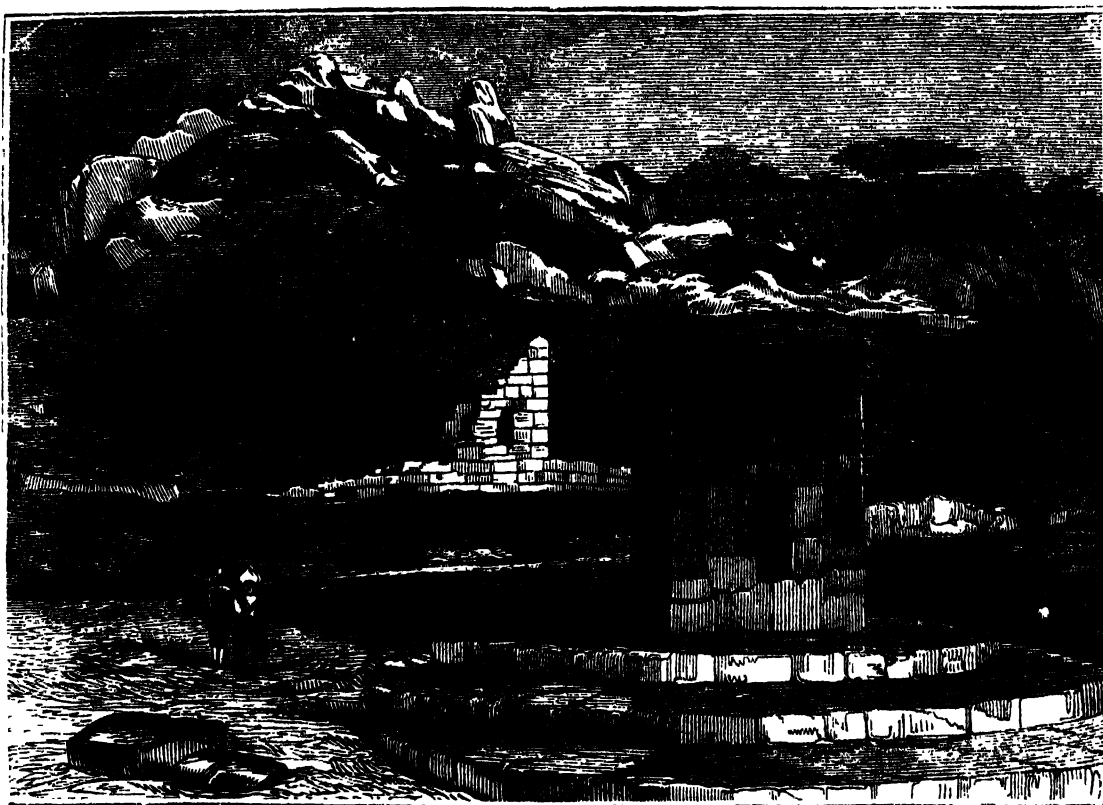
How sweet it is to hear soft music's strains
On the remotest and most desert plains !

But the Indians who inhabit the Lower Beni below Reyes, and those on both sides of the Ubahy, as well as the Chiquitos, who occupy the country bordering on Brazil and Paraguay, still lead a roving life, live mostly on wild roots and fruits, and on game, and go naked.

The inhabitants of foreign extraction are either the descendants of Spaniards, or of Africans and the mixed races. The descendants of the Spaniards are most numerous in the mining districts, and in the valleys of the Cochabamba and Cachy Pilco, where they may be said to compose the great bulk of the inhabitants ; they are much less numerous on the coast and in the valley of the Desaguadero, and their number in the plains is very small. The people of pure African blood are few in number, but the mixed races, which owe their



origin to a mixture with negroes, are numerous on the coast ; much less so in the mining districts, and in other parts very few of them are found.

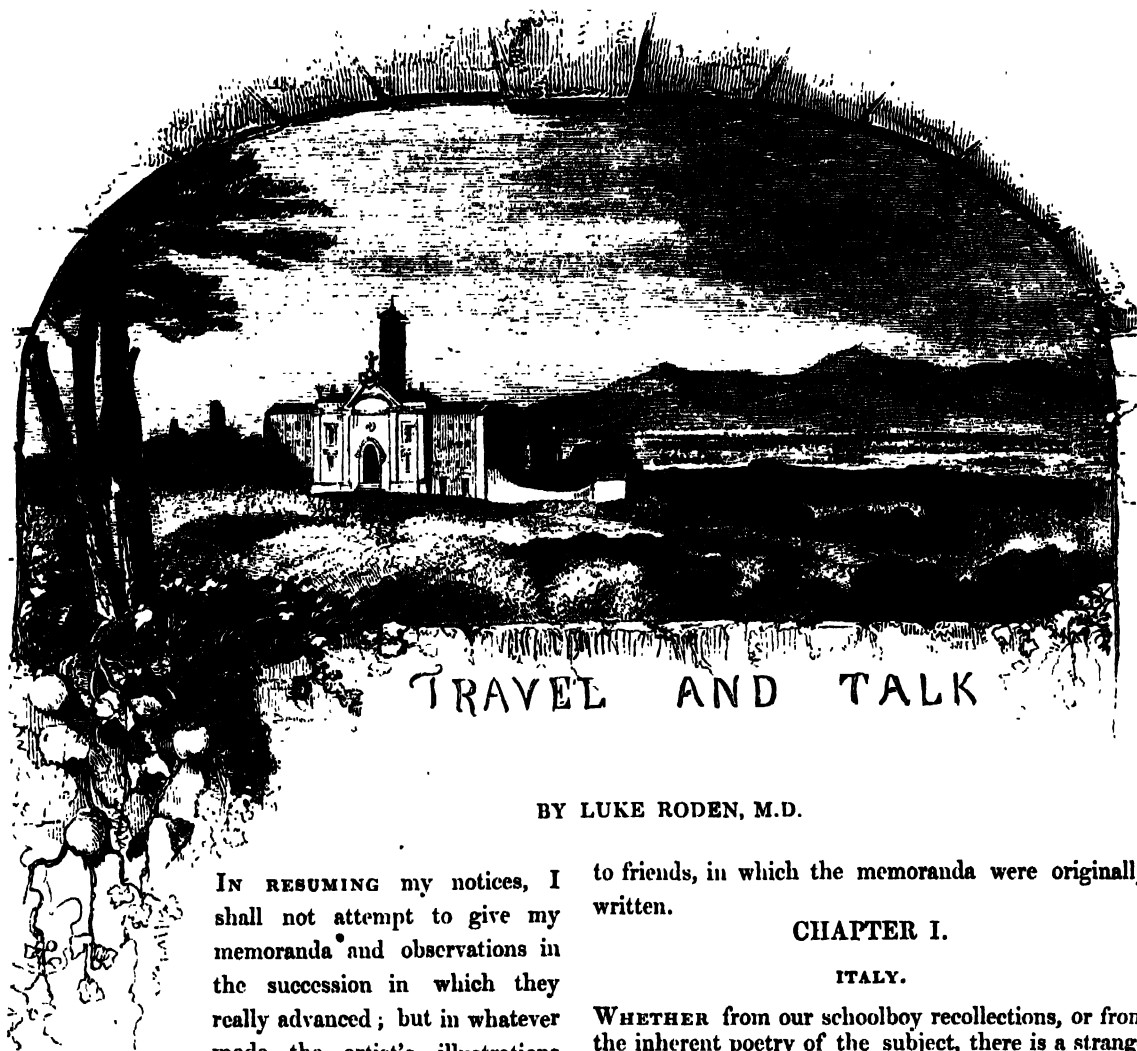


The population of Bolivia has been differently stated. At first it was asserted that it amounted to 1,200,000 souls; but this is evidently an exaggeration. Immense tracts consist of barren deserts, others, though fertile, are not cultivated, and nearly uninhabited; and the bulk of the population is concentrated in two larger and several smaller valleys. More recent information has reduced the population to 630,000. As, however, no recent census has been taken, and several extensive districts, possessed by the independent Indians, are not even visited by Europeans, the population cannot be ascertained with any degree of certainty.

The republic of Bolivia is politically divided into five departments, and each department into provinces. Their names are Potosi, Charcas, or Chuquisaca, Cochabamba, La Paz, and Santa Cruz de la Sierra, which is by far the largest of the five.

Being, as it were, excluded from foreign commerce, the Bolivians are obliged to satisfy their wants by their own industry. The manufactures of cotton are the most extensive. The better kinds are made in Oropesa; but in many

districts the Indians make great quantities, which are coarse, though strong. Next to these are the woollens, made of the hair of the llamas and alpacas. The coarser kind, called *hanascas*, is used by the lower classes for dress, and likewise for blankets; the finer sorts, called *cambis*, are embroidered with great care, and used as carpets by the rich; the best are made at La Paz, and are very dear. At San Francisco de Atacama very fine hats are made of the wool of the vicuna, and at Oropesa very good glass is made. In some towns in the neighbourhood of the silver-mines they make vessels of silver wire, which are not without elegance, but Meyen thinks that those made in China are superior in taste and much cheaper. Our illustration affords an instance of their taste and ingenuity. In some districts the Indians dye the plumes of the American ostrich with brilliant colours, and make of them fans and a kind of parasols. Altogether, Bolivia is a country well worth the attention of the traveller, the antiquarian, and the commercial speculator.



TRAVEL AND TALK

BY LUKE RODEN, M.D.

IN RESUMING my notices, I shall not attempt to give my memoranda and observations in the succession in which they really advanced; but in whatever mode the artist's illustrations enable me to proceed. It is my intention to offer similar notices

of some of the adjoining nations, for the purpose of comparison, should the present excite any interest in the public.

Although aiming at mere amusement, I cannot but think, that the occasional remarks interspersed, may serve to rectify some popular errors. There is no man, I presume, that has really visited foreign countries, who does not think himself better qualified to judge of them, than he who has never stirred from home; the latter must take opinions on trust; and I hope mine will be found as faithful and honest as those of others.

The reader will observe, that I have not always been able entirely to remove the character of letters

to friends, in which the memoranda were originally written.

CHAPTER I.

ITALY.

WHETHER from our schoolboy recollections, or from the inherent poetry of the subject, there is a strange and indefinable charm in the word ITALY. The influence which that country has exercised over other nations for more than twenty centuries, by its arms, by its arts, its commerce, its religious establishments, and its literature, from the earliest periods to the present moment, form, altogether, one of the strangest phenomena in the History of Civilization. The influence has been a continuous miracle. Before England had emerged from barbarism, that favoured country was the seat of the highest refinement, and although at present it can scarcely be said to keep pace with other nations in the march of improvement, it is advancing much more rapidly than France. The temporary oblivion in which it seems plunged appears to me but like the repose of the giant, to refresh himself for still greater exertions. I cannot but think that it is destined, at no distant period, to advance to a high place in the front rank of nations, and resume almost its former influence. There is a mighty spirit at work there, tempering the clay to make great men: may it be successful!

The compulsory quiet enforced by the present

Governments of Italy, is favourable and indeed essential to the process. All history proves that times of turbulence and civil war do not *create great men*, but only afford occasions for calling them into action, and employment. A revolution soon wears out its most effective instruments, which, like physical weapons, require intervals of repose for the purpose of being sharpened. If the tumult of the times forbid leisure for this, the instruments become dull and useless. Such men as Washington are formed only in days of order and tranquillity. It is an historical fact, not admitting of contradiction, that the *great men* of every revolution have been produced and brought to maturity during the previous period of order and quiet, and that if the civil war last long enough to exhaust the race of such men, their successors become contemptible, and the future progress of the country they mismanage, either leads back to its former state—worsened by the years of confusion, or ends in the establishment of the pure tyranny of military despotism.

The Italians are one of the noblest races that ever peopled the earth; to me there seems more hope of their ultimate triumph, than of that of any other nation not already advanced to the foremost rank in civilization. Physically and intellectually, they have the finest organization ever bestowed by nature. They are fitting themselves for the position which they are obviously destined to take, and nothing can interrupt, destroy, or delay the consummation but an attempt at revolution, above all a revolution after the fashion of France. Whenever the people are called in to aid a revolution, it must clearly depend on the state of the people as to knowledge and virtue, whether the revolution shall be conducted to good or evil. The true friends of Italy are steadily labouring to spread the blessings of education and political knowledge, and in the fulness of time the fruit will be seen—it is not distant, if the misguided zeal of hot-headed enthusiasts can be restrained within the bounds of common sense. It is a glorious country, and worthy of the noble race that fills it. Those now living will see the full accomplishment of all that the most ardent friend of progress can desire; let them but reform as fast as they can, and *not attempt to reform as fast as they can't*, and all will be well.

Italy, as a writer in the *Antologia* expresses it, in the most exquisite Italian that ever honoured a printer's types, "though overrun by so many enemies—torn by so many cruel factions—devastated by so many horrid wars—by Treason, Rapine, and Conflagrations, still remains beautiful and interesting—an object of admiration to all. O, Italians" says he, "Prostrate yourselves, and kiss this sacred earth; seek thereon the footsteps of your ancestors, and learn to tread in them!"*

* Qual havvi terra che il sole illumini con luce piu serena o che riscaldi con piu dolce tepore! Dove un piu vivido un piu puro un piu spirabil aere si espande? Dove sorgono ruine piu famose e piu atte a congiungere, adornare, a rinforzare la presente bellezza colle immagini della passata potenza; di un antica maestà, di un tempo glorioso, invano dai posteri ai loro padri invidiato? A qual parte del mondo fu concessa una maggior copia d'ingegni, ed a questi un maggior attitudine al ragionare profondo ed al delicato sentire? Dove si parla una lingua che sia piu ricca di chiare parole e di modi eletti—simi, e che sia, come la nostra lo è mirabilmente, idonea ad esprimere i piu sublimi pensieri e gli affetti piu teneri; arrendevole a piegarsi ad ogni desiderio, ad ogni bisogno, ad

CHAPTER II.

LEGHORN, CIVITA-VECCHIA, AND ROME.

ARRIVED at Leghorn the morning after leaving Genoa by steamboat. The weather was so raw and cheerless that I was not inclined to land, but all my companions started off by the earliest boat that could be procured to put them on shore, and hastened to Pisa (about sixteen miles), to see the famous Cathedral, Baptistery, and *leaning tower* (may his grave be defiled who first invented the abomination!). I had better have followed their example; for, although there was no tide to disturb us at our moorings, there was the sullen ground-swell after the storm we had experienced in the previous night—the "*eddy murtas*," according to the expressive French term. The ship was kept in a dull, sluggish, continual roll, sufficient to discompose the head and stomach, with no danger to dignify distress, but with just movement sufficient to make calamity ridiculous.

It is, unhappily, a long time since I left my cradle, but, if I may trust those distant recollections of the resemblance in the motion, the existence of babyhood must be intensely miserable. The wind, however, is tempered to the short lamb, so, no doubt, the baby's brain and stomach are fitted to sustain the perverse kindness of parental stupidity, and endure even rocking without a squall. Among the causes of the alarming increase of population must undoubtedly be reckoned the abolition of cradles—swaddling clothes went first—then cradles—what is to come next? Surely advancing civilization will spare the human bark the stays, if not, God help the doctors; their vested interests absolutely require that stays at least be retained, or consumption will be so seriously diminished as to annihilate half their employment. Let it be borne in mind, too, that a mother, whose frame has been mutilated by stays, gives birth to sickly children, and then think what a large source of practice will be cut off, should the fashion change and women be allowed the full use of their lungs. We shall be in the position of inn-keepers superseded by railways.

What a comfort that the kindness of the Legislature still allows us the benefit of churchyards in populous towns, to establish, at every five hundred paces, a focus of disease and debility. The doctors have been up in arms all over the country, for these dozen years past, badgering the Government for *protection*, and

ogni volontà: docile a trascorrere per una scala d'infiniti gradi, dalle armonie piu tenui alle piu gravi è solenni, dai piu dolci suoni ai piu concitate e veementi—unico vincolo che tuttavia congiunge i nostri membri divise—ultima reliquia di una fratellanza temuta e spenta?

Qual mai havvi terra, come la Italica, bagnata da due mari—inconronata dalle Alpi, irrigata da mille fonti, frequente di città magnifiche e di amenissime ville—ora stesa in verdi feconde immense pianure, ora sorgente in colli ridenti per ogni vaghezza—ora eretta in ampie catene di monti, che nel loro istesso selvaggio orrore mostrano infinite bellezze; e nelle foreste sterminate, e nei gloghi variamente dirupati ed aggruppati, e nelle valli fortunate, e nelle acque, o scorrenti in rivi freschi e molli, o romorregianti nei torrenti, o per caterrate balzanti—od in limpidi laghi chinæ e riposate? O Italiani prostratevi, venerate questa sacra terra che vide sopra se correre tanti nemici, tanti stranieri, tante crudeli fazioni—e tante guerre combatterai, e tanti incendi, tanti morti tante tradimenti, tante rapine commetterai—e pur—sempre rimase bella vagheggiata, desiderata!—ma baciando questa classica terra, cercate in essa con riverenza, le vestigie che i vostri maggiori v' impressero, e seguitela.

complaining that the interests of so august a body are not attended to. Shameful ingratitude! say I; look at the London churchyards and blush. Could anything but the most exalted benevolence towards our profession be a sufficient inducement to tolerate a nuisance that would disgrace the thirteenth century. Be grateful for the *rotten burrows* retained in spite of the Reform Bill, and eat your bread and cheese in thankfulness, for, should the Government once resolve to be guided by common sense and humanity it will be well if you get cheese to your bread, or bread to your cheese. They were not so merciful to innkeepers and sheriffs' officers. But let us return to the detestable "*vagues mortes*." The effect on my brain has been to continue the impulse long after the cause had ceased; and now, at the interval of two days, I often start suddenly at the idea that I am falling off my chair. Our friends all came back quite delighted with an excursion from which I had expected no pleasure, so that there was additional reason for annoyance at the error of my choice.

The trip from Genoa to Leghorn was through such a storm as convinces me that seas have their jealousies, like other created beings, and that the little Mediterranean (like the frog in the fable) was making a very bold and tolerably successful attempt to rival the Atlantic. It was altogether a very decent performance, and deserves applause.

As far, however, as the genius of the Mediterranean had any design on me personally, I contrived, as Sam Weller says, to *circumvent* him, for I chose my birth as nearly as possible in the centre of the vessel, and lay transversely, with heels to the water, so that, without any profound knowledge of mathematics you see by this little stratagem my brains had the least possible motion, and I set at defiance rain, tempest, and lightning, in a profound sleep, the depth of which may be conceived, if my fellow-passengers told the truth, namely, that my satisfaction was audible in spite of the noise overhead.

The voyage from Leghorn to Civita-Vecchia made up for the annoyance endured between Genoa and Leghorn. If there had really been any rivalry between the Atlantic and Mediterranean, the latter had quietly given up the contest, and we were all enabled to enjoy a luxurious dinner and cheerful conversation. At Civita-Vecchia ("Shiver the weeks," as the English sailors call it) the *commissioners* of the diligence to Rome were on board the moment we entered the harbour, and I had the good fortune (as I thought) to be the first to engage the *coupé* for ourselves; two persons taking three places, being thus completely at their ease. The men, however, required the money to be paid down, in order to secure the seats, as there were so many applicants. Having complied with this demand, I took a boat and landed, with some difficulty, in a genuine Scotch *down pour* of rain. I had scarcely set foot on shore when a gang of male harpies, in the shape of very handsome young ruffians, from thirteen to eighteen years of age, seized the luggage—scrambling, screaming, bawling, kicking, struggling, and fighting to get hold of it; some of the larger articles were each in possession of two or three of the young bandits at a time, and such was the energy of the contests that I fully expected to see trunks, portmanteaus, and boys, all in the water together. Every one appealed to me to say that he was the first, and was sure "his Excellency" would

not allow a poor boy to be cheated of his due. The profusion of 'Celenza; on all sides, was stunning, and, having neglected to lay in a stock of good round Italian oaths, I found it quite impossible "*tantas componere lites*," and was therefore obliged to apply my whip freely to their hands, and succeeded in driving them off. Having cleared the space around me, I called the senior boatman and said, "Choose those you know, or those you prefer," and, in an instant, eight boys were loaded with the eight different articles, and were out of sight in a moment; some of the trunks were so heavy that it would have required more than one powerful man to lift them—how they managed it I cannot conceive—and other packages were so small that one boy might have carried half-a-dozen; I was assured, however, that the expense would be the same, and that I should find them all safe at the custom-house, where, on my arrival, eight francs were demanded for the eight parcels! for the carriage of them about an hundred yards.

When all were weighed I acquiesced in the proposition to put on the leaden stamps which were to make examination unnecessary, till we should arrive at Rome.

This was scarcely accomplished when the clerk of the diligence came to tell me that it was about to start; "load the luggage, then," said I—nobody came. In a few minutes the clerk came again to say they could not wait. I gave him the same reply—a third time the same errand and the same answer, and I added that if he came again with his stupid message before the luggage was loaded I would cut him across the face with my whip. The next moment coach, passengers, coachman, and clerk, were all gone, and I was "left alone in my glory." In vain did I appeal to the by-standers—one said it was not his business, another that he had nothing to do with the diligence, another that he belonged to the custom-house. I desired to be shown to the magistrate, or whatever authority might be at hand, but though several of the tradesmen of the town were taking advantage of the same shelter as myself, they all bore my disappointment with the greatest fortitude, and gave themselves no trouble. At last I recollected that there was, probably, a British Consul, and, having conjured with this name, raised a spirit immediately. The master of the diligence, who was also proprietor of the inn, came to offer a "*diligenza straordinaria*," but thought it much better that we should stay all night at Civita-Vecchia. This I refused, and ordered out the coach immediately. The rain continued to pour down in torrents—my companion was housed, and I had requested him to keep quiet, as he knew not a word of the language, and could give me no assistance. I was soaked with wet. More than an hour passed in this manner, when, having exhausted every term of abuse I could think of, the landlord confessed that he had no "*diligenza straordinaria*," but could give us a carriage, which would only cost five-and-twenty francs more. This being agreed to, the horses were, in about another hour, brought out, it having taken all that time to fasten on the baggage to the miserable vehicle which was to take us to Rome. Rain, still rain—torrents of rain. The luggage was so wretchedly fastened behind the carriage that I felt sure it would fall. Nothing could prevail on them to alter their stupid mode of tying with great chains

and pieces of wood to twist them. Remonstrances were all in vain, and I gave it up. Off we went—being promised to arrive in six hours at most, it being now three o'clock. We agreed to keep watch alternately through the little window at the back of the carriage, for we both felt quite certain of a downfall. Rain, wind, lightning. Such rain as I thought was only to be found between the tropics. It came in at all parts, and we sat in a puddle. The windows would neither remain shut nor open. That to windward soon smashed itself to atoms, and we took it by turns to hold up a cloak to the opening. In the midst of deluge and darkness, crash, hump, splash, down came all our heavy luggage into the road, and the noise of the elements rendered it almost impossible to make the postillion understand the accident, but a farmer in his cart just behind us, tumbled over the trunks, and at last made him hear. Pleasant catastrophe this; the united strength of postillion and farmer could not lift the trunks again, and our only resource was to stand in the road and bawl till some chance passenger should come to our assistance. At last some labouring men came to our aid, and, by the help of flashes of lightning, we were enabled to see how to replace the luggage, but we had nothing to fasten it with, so one of them was put behind the farmer's cart, and one behind our own vehicle, and the men walked after them to hold them up. This pleasant promenade lasted about two miles, the deluge continuing with unabated violence, and the darkness rather increasing than diminishing. We arrived at last at what would be called in England, a hedge ale-house, on entering which, a scene presented itself, such as we sometimes see in paintings. A great number of men, with the regular melodrama high crowned hats and short jackets, were deeply engaged, some at cards, some at moro, all vociferating with a fury as if they were on the point of cutting one another's throats. A blazing fire of vine branches threw a glare of light over a large barn-like room, and brought out in strong relief some groups that would have been worthy of the pencil of Wilkie. I did not half like my company.

We at last procured cords and straps, and when the trunks were once more fastened on I was assailed for money by half-a-dozen volunteers, as well as the farmer and the men who had accompanied us. The impudence with which every one fixed the amount of his own exorbitant reward, and the ferocity with which he insisted on compliance with his terms, made me again regret my want of Italian execrations. Not having enough money in my pockets to satisfy all demands, I gave the farmer (who was going to Rome) a note to be presented at the hotel to which we had been recommended—not thinking it prudent, in such company, to open my desk and take out a rouleau of Napoleons.

On again we went. Rain, rain, rain. Torrents of water across the road, which almost took the horses off their feet. Such roads—heaven and earth! even French roads are better. The Pope (as some one remarks with more wit than reverence) must be what he calls himself, God's Vicegerent, for the road to Rome is so like the road to heaven—narrow, difficult, and full of obstacles.

At last, at half-past eleven, we arrived at the Eternal City. No gradually increasing mass of houses announces the approach to it, but we come at once

from open cultivated fields to the barriers of the town.

"Why! surely that beggarly hole in the wall is not the entrance to the Everlasting City?"

"Indeed but it is, Signor; that is the Porta Cavalligieri—a principal entrance, for here, close by, are the Vatican, and St. Peter's."

Long shall I remember it, for, at this vile hole in the wall, were we detained in a deluge of rain more than an hour, while the officer pretended to examine our passport and went with it to the police. No shelter for the poor horses nor for ourselves, not even an arch. The accuracy of the passport test was shown by the man not taking the trouble to ascertain whether my companion was man, woman, or child, or whether I had one or a couple. At last we were allowed to drive on to the custom-house. As we coasted a long range of gigantic columns on our left, which seemed to be interminable, we noticed that it was not a single row but a deep mass of them. On and on, still on—columns, more columns. We both, at the same moment, exclaimed, "a forest of columns!" It was one of the semicircular arcades which form the entrance to St. Peter's!

On we went to the middle of the town, to the old temple of Augustus, now degraded to the office of Dogana, or custom-house. Here we were again kept in the rain another hour-and-a-half—the poor horses who had come smoking in from the journey nearly half dead with cold—while the officers who had to be called out of bed for the purpose, went through a mock ceremony of examining our luggage, and at three o'clock, A.M., and not sooner, did we obtain permission to seek for shelter. Accordingly we came back in the same direction as we had entered, and found admission at a noble hotel in the Piazza del Popolo, the very extremity of the town, half dead with fatigue, hunger, and vexation; with the pleasant addition to our reflections that the friends whom we have been hastening after with so much trouble and expense, are all gone on to Naples.

Rest and food have, however, put us into good humour, and, after a copious breakfast, we are setting off to see the Lions.

CHAPTER III.

ST. PETER'S.—PIAZZA DEL POPOLO.—THE LAST HOUR OF THE YEAR.

I COME back from St. Peter's perfectly astounded at the magnificence of the interior. The first impression was that of calm admiration; the proportions are so perfect, there is such a one-ness (as the Germans might call it) in the structure, that the eye takes in and the mind comprehends the whole at a glance. This I cannot but consider, in one sense, a defect, and that the Gothic, with its vague multitude of parts, gives a more vivid sensation of vastness. It is not till you compare the diminutive figures of men and women with the objects which surround them, that you begin to be aware of the enormous magnitude of the building; St. Paul's might stand in the centre and leave a space of fifty or sixty feet all around it. The magnificence of the scene is overpowering: a comparison between the two cathedrals resembles, remarkably, the moral characteristic of the

two modes of faith—St. Peter's, like the worship for which it was intended, rich, gorgeous, imaginative, and imposing; St. Paul's, severely simple and devoid of ornament, bald even in its simplicity, rejecting the most legitimate aids to effect, and content to act by the mere influence of magnitude and proportion. Were I to carry the parallel further, it would, perhaps, offend both parties.

In St. Peter's, there is such a wonderful richness and harmony of colours, the taste which has presided over the whole is so perfect, that one wonders how a succession of men, of Popes and architects, could be found, first to conceive, then to appreciate and carry on, during a hundred and fifty years, a scheme so vast, and requiring so long a period for its execution. The gorgeous profusion of ornament and colour is all under the influence of so pure a judgment that nothing shocks and offends the eye; the whole is richness and harmony. There is no tawdry finery, such as inspires disgust in so many Catholic chapels on the Continent; no loathsome representations of filthy diseases hung up as votive offerings, no Virgin Mary in tawdry lace, with powdered head and hooped petticoat; no infant Saviour with white wig, green coat, red waistcoat, and blue breeches, as we so often see in Belgium; no absurd pictures of martyrdom, where compassion for the suffering is overcome by the ludicrous absurdity of the mode and attitudes. St. Bartholomew with his skin off, or St. Somebody with a hook fastened into the front of his body, and his bowels being wound off upon a reel, like a skein of worsted, as I saw it at Baveno, painted on the wall of the church; no violations of taste and decorum of this kind, but all grand, rich, majestic, solemn, and harmonious; each portion examined in detail is enough to excite wonder and admiration, and the whole inspires a sober delight and satisfaction at the noblest temple that man has ever raised to his Maker. I should pity the Jew, Mahometan, or Christian, who could contemplate such a work without a sensation of awe and admiration.

Here, however, must end my panegyric; the exterior is as inferior in beauty and effect to St. Paul's, as the interior surpasses it in both. I never look at the exterior of our own grand cathedral without intense admiration. Although unfavourably situated for the full influence of its beautiful proportions to be duly estimated, it is, even in this respect, far superior to St. Peter's, which cannot be seen from any point to give an idea of the whole. Mean and beggarly houses conceal the view till you arrive at the circular court, surrounded by the columns I have before spoken of. In the centre of this court is the great obelisk, quite out of harmony with the church and the immense fountain on each side. You must pass beyond these to get a full and uninterrupted view of St. Peter's, and then the western façade shuts out everything but itself. The top of the dome is just seen above it; but in consequence of the extreme clearness of the atmosphere, appears much nearer than it is, and, consequently, much smaller, from the absence of what painters call aerial perspective. Now, the effect of St. Paul's is enhanced by the mist which always envelopes it, and when it is seen from London-bridge at the sun-set of a fine day in summer, with the light shining through its turrets, and giving the blue haze of the atmosphere at that hour, it has always appeared to me the

noblest and sublimest work of art in Europe, not excepting even the cathedral of Milan.

In the centre, under the dome of St. Peter's, rises the great altar, whose baldaquin reaches to the height of about ninety-five feet, and is supported by four twisted columns of bronze; the point is surmounted by a globe supporting a cross. This altar, at which the Pope alone officiates, cost, two hundred years ago, when money was of so much greater value than at present, a hundred thousand *crowns of gold*, of which forty thousand were expended in the gilding alone. Yet the bronze cost nothing, for it was taken from the Pantheon. The whole altar does not look very large, as compared with the church in which it is placed.

PIAZZA DEL POPOLO.

My windows look out on the great square (or rather oval) called the Piazza del Popolo. It is traversed in its shortest diameter by the thoroughfare called the Corso, and the four corners thus formed are four grand churches, very similar in architecture. In the centre of the place is a noble Egyptian obelisk, about eighty feet high, surrounded by four fountains. Each extremity of the oval in its longest diameter is occupied by a considerable semi-circular fountain, backed by a splendid group of statues. Above those on my right hand, rise the famous gardens of the Monte Pincio, to which you ascend by zig-zags of sufficiently gradual acclivity to admit of carriages, thus forming a succession of slopes with balustrades. At the centre of each of the meeting slopes is a noble group of statues in *alto relievo*; the top of all is crowned by a beautiful Grecian temple, the roof of which is traversed by the public walk. Imagine all these objects distinctly visible at midnight, under a full moon, and the pavement, which has been effectually cleaned by the late torrents of rain, showing its beautiful pattern with a clearness that would enable you to count the stones. It is a most splendid view, and had we traversed it by daylight, must have given a vivid idea of the magnificence of the city we were entering.

I am now listening to a band of music parading the streets, like our "Waits" in the office of welcoming the new year, but rather different in the effect they produce; the performance is good, and the music excellent, and in harmony with the scene. I walk from the fire-place to the window, and back again from window to fire-place, oppressed with the multitude of thoughts that crowd my mind. All the inmates of this large house are retired to rest, and the interior of the hotel is as quiet as if it were uninhabited. I pity those who travel from Dan to Beersheba and cannot "get up a sensation." How often have I had to lament that my own feelings were too easily excited, and that either from contrast or from association there was always something painful to be extracted from the most innocent gratification. My mind seems to take a sort of periscopic view, not only of my past life, but of distant places and distant times; all that I have known, thought, suffered, hoped, or dreaded, rushes at once to the memory.

The cause of this crowd of emotions is too trivial to be named, and I should be ashamed to see it written down; but like the tone that "opens every cell where memory sleeps," it has raised the faculties to painful vividness.

Perhaps of all the senses there is none so intimately connected with memory as the sense of smell. The French and Italians use that word (*sentir, sentire*) to signify the perception of objects by any of the senses, as if the one were so emphatic as to comprise all the others. Every man must have perceived that the renewal of a forgotten odour has instantly brought to mind the whole scene where it first struck his senses. I remember a perfume which renewed, with the rapidity of a flash of lightning, events that had totally passed away from my recollection for more than forty years. Well, it is this which has, with a single flash, brought back scenes of youthful hope and vivid anticipations, of worldly success and happiness, long extinguished by the stern necessities of real life. I can easily conceive the feeling of holiness which impresses a devout Catholic at the odour of incense, associated as it is in his memory with the earliest impressions of his childhood, and with the awe and veneration he was taught to feel at the imposing ceremonies of his religion.

For five-and-twenty years I have always employed the last hour of December in writing down the reflections of the day—a sad reckoning, which, like the great Duke's annual Waterloo dinner, shows too distinctly a gradual diminution of the number of friends of my better years. Most of us have only to record an ill-spent and inglorious life. We have not done the good we willed; we have done the evil from which we had determined to abstain; we see foolish and unreasonable hopes as well as wise ones disappointed; plans laid with deliberation, and pursued with steadiness, abortive in their very nature, from the want of that foresight which is given to so few; generous hopes brushed away in the bud by the sordid cares of middle life; the impulses of our better nature neutralised by the more energetic follies of the merely human portion of our complicated existence, like the triumph of the Manichæan principle of evil over the good spirit appointed for our preservation.

Man passes his life in the incessant conflict of two fierce volitions, almost always opposed, but not always respectively good and evil. Unless his mind have been early subjected to sagacious and consistent discipline (to confirm the authority of that great central principle which makes him a responsible being) by moral and religious education, his own unaided efforts can do but little. While he depends on himself alone for counsel and guidance, he will only vary his errors, not correct them.

"We are sent on earth," says a worthy and pious friend of mind, "to see what we are fit for." Happily the same mighty power which has permitted us to be born with propensities to evil—that is, with a preference of immediate gratification over prospective advantage—has enlightened us to the true mode of obtaining comfort, and aid, and pardon.

Most happy are we when most convinced that our best laid schemes are frustrated for our own ultimate good; and we are brought at last to the sad but salutary conviction, that life is too short for the acquisition of any wisdom equal to that of entire and absolute submission to the Divine will.

Wisdom, slow product of advancing years,
The only fruit that life's cold winter bears;
In vain the sacred seeds in youth we lay,
By the strong storms of passion swept away.

Should some remain deep in a generous soil,
They long lie hid, and must be raised with toil;
Faintly they struggle with inclement skies,
And barely ripen as the planter dies.

How strange is the influence of anniversaries on some minds; yet, what is an anniversary? Is there more reason why our regret should be renewed at the end of a year than at the end of a month? Yes; a year is a large portion of existence, and when we have just dropped another bead of the rosary of life, we have a vivid conviction, that by so much is what remains diminished. A year! what a vast period does the anticipation of it appear to us in childhood; how short a span in mature age. When we begin to write on the blank page of life in youth, it seems as if we should never fill it: alas! at middle age, it is so scribbled over with blots and erasures, that we can scarcely find room for a new record.

My own feelings at this moment are, no doubt, the feelings of thousands of other men—deep regret for lost opportunities, and, at the same time, a conviction that, unless endowed with the gift of prophecy, the same circumstances would induce the same acts, and that I should only again remonstrate and repine at the discomfort of "the niche I was ordained to fill."

And now to wind up the watch for the new year—the old one has but a few minutes more of existence—will the next be more happy, or, at least, more tranquil? It is in the hands of Providence, and whatever it be, it must be borne.

Moments like these are hours; when the heart is full, and there is no one to whom we can unburthen it, and, therefore, do I thus vent myself in vague moralisings with the pen—

"The ghost of past happiness sits beside me, and puts on the likeness of former days."

The clock is striking twelve, and I must cease my musings of, perhaps, morbid sensibility. Good night. I will only add, to one who can appreciate them, the words in which Byron has expressed a similar feeling:—

Could I embody and unbosom now
All that is most within me—could I wreak
My thoughts upon expression—could I throw
Soul, mind, heart, passions, feelings, strong or weak;
All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe, into one word,
And that one word were lightning—I would speak;
But as it is, I live and die unheard,
With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword.

CHAPTER IV.

ROME.—NEW YEAR'S DAY.

THE effect of last night's painful meditations still remains. I have the same dreamy restlessness—the same feeling which Scott calls a "sentiment of pre-existence;" that is to say, a sensation as if all that I now see and think had been seen and thought by me on some former occasion. I suppose that there is no one who has not at some period perceived this confused mixture in his mind, as if a scene which from its very nature could never have been seen by him before, was only a repetition of one he had witnessed at some former indefinite period. Even the very words of a reply made to you by a stranger on a subject of only recent existence, will sound to the

ear as if at some former time the very same words had been addressed to you by the very same man, in the very same scene, and surrounded by the very same persons. A metaphysician will give this so abstruse an explanation that "the interpreter is the harder to be understood of the two." For myself I do not go *beyond physics* for that purpose, but account for it thus:—The mind is deeply absorbed in other thoughts than those of the scene before you, and at intervals the abstraction is complete; when it resumes attention to the present conversation, it is so vaguely conscious of the interval which has elapsed, that it is only aware of the *FACT of an interval*, and has no means of measuring the length of it; which may as well have been fifty years as fifty minutes, for any power that remains to compute it. This is a thing to bear in mind in the treatment of children, whom you may perhaps unjustly accuse of falsehood, when they make untrue assertions from the same confusion of mind.

Rome, Jan. 2.

The day before yesterday, I witnessed one of the most interesting ceremonies of the Catholic Church—a solemn service of thanksgiving for the blessings of the year then concluding, and a petition for mercies on that to come. The Pope officiates in the Church of Gesu, one of the most magnificent in Rome, belonging to the Society of Jesuits; who, whatever may be said of them, have furnished more examples of disinterested and heroic self-devotion, and have done more to promote the civilisation of the world, than all their other religious societies put together. This church is a noble building, in the form of the Greek Cross, and of the purest Corinthian architecture. It was so intensely crowded that I could not make my way to the centre, and was only just near enough to see the principal altar, which is excessively beautiful, ornamented by four fine columns of the rare and costly yellow marble generally known under the name of *Giallo Antico*; but the other altars at the different chapels are so splendid that the eye is embarrassed at the richness and variety. I was exceedingly struck with that dedicated to the founder of the Order, Ignatius Loyola; decorated with four columns, encrusted with *lapis lazuli*, and with bases and capitals of bronze; their pedestals, cornices, and the pediment they support are of Verde antique, on the front of which is a group of figures in such extremely high relief that they appear detached. This group represents the Trinity—strange subject—which to our Protestant eyes seems a profanation; but this is only a recent feeling among us; for the time is not long gone by when God and Jesus Christ were represented on our stage by living persons, who, with others in the character of saints and apostles, went through the miracles recorded in the Scriptures, to the great edification, no doubt, of the audience, whose devotional feelings were certainly not shocked by any idea of the profaneness of the exhibition.

"To the pure all things are pure;" and to men under the influence of strong devotion, no embodied representation, however gross, of their allegorical or figurative objects of reverence, excites a feeling of the ridiculous. I have been assured by Sir James Mackintosh that the gross object of Hindu supersti-

tion is contemplated by the natives with no other sentiment than reverence.

In the present day, even, we have so great a respect for works of high art on this subject of the Deity, that we pass, *sub silentio*, the irreverence—if it be irreverence. The representations of God the Father, on the gates of the chancel at one of the Colleges at Oxford (I think it is New College) are spared, from admiration of the artist's skill; and our National Gallery contains several paintings of the same subject, where certainly it has been the artist's aim (whatever may have been his success) to make the countenances worthy of the awful beings he would personify. The feeling of the painter must be rather a diffidence in his power of giving an adequate representation, than any doubt of the propriety of the attempt.

Nor is it easy to understand why these things should be objected to by those who take literally the expression that God made man "in his own image." For the explanation (which I have sometimes heard in the pulpit) that "his own image" meant not the *body* but the *mind* of man, will certainly not hold; since man is represented as formed at first only with the qualities of *innocence* and *ignorance*—not yet permitted *knowledge*; which it is said would be, and *was*, the effect of eating of the forbidden fruit. The uneducated mind requires some symbol or embodiment of his conceptions, without which the object of his devotion is too vague to concentrate his feelings. If he attempt to consider an Almighty Power independent of a positive *form*, his devotion is as vague as if it were addressed to Electricity, or the Principle of Gravitation.

But to return from this bootless digression, the subject of which has occupied the attention of the religious world for ages, and will probably be discussed as long as the Christian religion itself—I only introduce it here, to bespeak your indulgence for some things which have struck me in Italy, and which if a man come not here already a Catholic would certainly not aid in his conversion. Piety and sincerity, if combined with charity and good morals, will always be objects of admiration, however much one may be shocked as a Protestant at the uncouth representations of what we are bound by the thirty-nine articles, to call a gross superstition.

The interior of this vast church was covered with splendid tapestry, of which many of the subjects were executed with a skill equal to that of Miss Linwood, and had all the effect of the finest pictures. The immense arches were ornamented with curtains of crimson velvet and white satin, embroidered with golden stars. The very bold cornice supports a light railing; this was covered in its whole extent with crimson velvet, bordered with gold lace. The splendour of the Pope's procession was extraordinary; the profusion of gold, velvet, and plumes, the curious dress of the halberdiers, composed of vertical stripes of black (or dark blue) and yellow, however preposterous on the individual, make a splendid effect in the mass; the soldiers, the various officers of the court, the gorgeous habiliments of the great functionaries and visitors, and the rich silk dresses of the Cardinals, altogether produce an impression of the very summit of earthly grandeur: and then the music! five noble organs, and an ample choir of singers, with the sublimest harmony, altogether had

an effect on me almost painfully delightful. I have seen the monarchs of Europe at the head of their armies—I have been present at a review of six-and-thirty thousand cavalry in all the glories of sunshine—I have attended high mass on one of the grand days of ceremony in the Cathedral at Milan, under the great black tent which extends from the proscenium to the back of the high altar, one of the most impressive spectacles of theatrical devotion—but I have never before seen a pomp so effective as the scene in the Church of Gesu, at Rome, on the last day of the year. I was bewildered! The impression made on me by the ceremony I have just witnessed could not have been greater at the glowing age of eighteen, than now after the addition of almost forty years.

But in truth the impressions made on the young are rather sensations than ideas; and as the sublimest natural scenery produces little effect unless we can associate it with some heroic action arising from one of the three great sources of elevated emotion—patriotism, love, or devotion; so, till the mind is stored with recollections, such scenes as that in the Church of Gesu produce only the calm pleasure of the show.

One remark forced itself upon me. If these imposing ceremonies *even now*, when the world is called so enlightened, bewilder the imagination and confound the judgment of men who have been taught from infancy to despise them as idolatrous and sinful, what must have been their effect three hundred years ago? Whatever estimate we may form of Luther's moral character (and his deliberate permission to the Elector of Hesse to take an additional wife because his services to the true religion entitled him to the indulgence, a solemn permission to which his signature and the signature of Melancthon and the other leading reformers was attached)—whatever opinion we may form of his moral character, we cannot but wonder at his courage. It pleases God to make even the bad passions of mankind useful in bringing about great revolutions; and, independent of religious zeal, Luther was instigated by all the strongest passions of the human mind—love, hatred, revenge, rivalry, pride, and ambition, as well as fervent devotion, all acted in furtherance of the one great design. Nor can even a sincere Catholic deny that at the period of the Reformation the system was rapidly degenerating into the most degrading and brutalizing superstition. We must not compare it with the practice of the religion now called Catholic in enlightened countries, more especially in Protestant countries, where the presence of an overpowering majority of another sect makes every man cautious of drawing scandal on his own minority. There is not in the world a set of men more deserving of approbation than the Catholic clergy of England—and I know them well—their learning, their charity, their liberal and generous feeling towards other sects, and their unbounded devotion of every faculty to the service of their fellow-creatures, are beyond all praise.

THE COLISEUM.

We have been a round of antiquities this morning, and I come back disappointed. My mind is not sufficiently imbued with classical ideas and historical

recollections to reconstitute the buildings whose "*disjecta membra*" lie before me. I cannot make up a mental picture out of the mutilated fragments which remain. The arches of Septimus Severus, of Titus, and of Constantine, the Column of Trajan, and the Tower where "Nero fiddled while Rome was burning," are exceptions; but, unless where inscriptions identify the objects, I have strong doubts of the accuracy of the names given; and can make out little from the remains of the Temples of Saturn, of Jupiter, of Vespasian, of Castor and Pollux, of Minerva and Vesta, and many others. It is rather presumptuous, however (on so mere a glance as I have yet taken, and with the objects all dancing the hays in my confused brain), to venture an opinion; and what I have said must not be taken as a true representation of anything, but of *the first impression made on me by the view of the objects*. When I shall have time to examine them more at leisure, the effect may be different.

One of these ancient structures, however—the Coliseum—so far from producing disappointment, greatly exceeded my expectations. I had seen views of it in innumerable variety, and more than one cork model (the best of all materials for giving a faithful representation of dilapidated buildings); but when I actually entered the arena, and looked round on the stupendous mass, I was struck with an astonishment approaching to awe. The level surface of the interior is covered with turf, and surrounded by a sort of small altars, called stations, each with a picture representing some passage in the life of Christ. These were erected to *consecrate* the spot, and preserve it from wanton spoliation; a wise and amiable feeling, which I was sorry to hear had been set at defiance by an English lady of high rank, who had brought a pic-nic party to dance Scotch reels in a place now dedicated to religion. This open defiance of the feelings of foreigners is of not very unfrequent occurrence among the wealthy travellers from Great Britain. It causes a strong sentiment of disgust and humiliation among their countrymen of better regulated minds, and excites unbounded indignation in the Italians; for even those of them who have no belief whatever in Christianity (and their name is Legion), still feel it a national insult. The sincere Italians speak of it as we should speak of a similar exhibition by foreigners in St. Paul's Cathedral, or Westminster Abbey.

The noble ruins of this vast amphitheatre are still so perfect in parts that one has no difficulty in completing the building in the imagination. The broken steps and arches are in every stage of picturesque dilapidation, and are almost covered with the well-known flower so common on our old walls, but here arriving at a size and colour which gives a green and purple hue to the whole mass of ruins, and forms a very beautiful ornament. A few goats had clambered up to the top of the walls, and were browsing on the scanty herbage which grew upon them; one, more especially, had placed himself exactly opposite the centre of an arched opening near the summit, and as his form was distinctly defined against the clear blue sky, the arch formed a sort of frame to the picture, and produced an exquisite effect: I regretted the want of skill to sketch the scene.

Those who possessed no other of the accomplishments of Alexander, could imitate his wry neck. I

have at least one point of resemblance to Sir Walter Scott; a twig or a flower gathered in a scene which has delighted me, will bring back the whole to my imagination after a lapse of years. I accordingly looked about for some one more agile than myself to climb the ruins, and collect some of these beautiful flowers. On applying to the Custode, he dispatched on the errand a little barefoot damsel, who scrambled along the broken arches, as nimble and as fearless as the goats, and soon returned with an armful, from which I selected the best, and rewarded her exertions with a *Paul*, to her abundant satisfaction.

The circumference of this great oval is stated to be more than 600 yards (1880 feet English), and its height 170 feet; so that you may form an idea of its magnitude, by considering that it is almost double the length of St. Paul's Cathedral, and higher than the gallery of the Monument. It is said to have held a hundred and sixty thousand spectators. When Titus had completed this enormous amphitheatre (begun by his father, Vespasian), he gave a series of spectacles therein which occupied a hundred consecutive days, and it is reported that on this occasion two thousand gladiators and five thousand wild beasts were sacrificed. Allowing the greatest latitude for exaggeration, the mind recoils with horror at the contemplation of such a scene of slaughter. I never was one of the "*laudatores temporis acti*," and every year serves more and more to convince me that the world has been, and still is, steadily improving. Things that I remember in my youth as objects of delight to the best-educated persons, would not now be tolerated by the populace. Bull-baiting, with all its indescribable horrors, throwing at cocks, tearing off the heads of geese, hung up by the legs to a string stretched across the road, and their necks soaped to make the hand slip, so that the poor animal was pulled to pieces gradually; these and other atrocities, which the decency of the present day does not even permit to be named, form a vivid contrast with the humanity which now prevails. The universal extension of the art of reading, it is true, now makes every act of wickedness known to the whole nation; formerly each man knew only those which immediately surrounded him. The great change for the better in the zeal and discretion of our clergy is, no doubt, both an effect and a cause of this great change in popular habits.

SISTINE CHAPEL.

Rome, Jan. 3.

If I were interested by the ceremony, on the last day of the year, at the Church of Gesù, I was the next day still more strongly excited, by two scenes of ceremonial devotion, forming such an extraordinary contrast, as cannot probably be paralleled in the whole world. My mind was too much bewildered by what I had witnessed, to be in a state to describe either the scenes or the sensations till now, and the one would not interest you without the other. To day, in a more composed frame of mind, and now that all the household is retired to rest, I sit down to describe the events, for the double purpose of affording you gratification, and of recording evanescent feelings which are sure to be effaced by others still more new, unless I put them on paper. How great a source of

pleasure do we wilfully relinquish, by not keeping a Journal; when the habit is once acquired it is easily continued; some of us have never cultivated the easy art of expressing our thoughts on paper—some have no thoughts to record—and some are too modest to think their thoughts worth recording, and far the greater number dread, lest they should be seen by others. Could each man write a language known only to himself, and thus keep a memento of the changes that take place in his own mind and opinions, he might in a few years anticipate the experience of a long life; when he looked over the record of his false judgments of others, and when he saw the connexion between his own vices, and their temporal punishments, he would need no other monitor; a review of his past life, thus recorded, would probably be as distasteful as an examination of his books, to the man who knows himself to be insolvent. When we are, from any cause, compelled to reckon up either our sins or our debts, they are sure to amount to more than we expected. So as we dare not write down all our real thoughts (and not many of us all our actions), let us at least put on paper those which we wish to remember, and are not ashamed should be known, for although of each acquisition we are pleasurably conscious, we are only aware that our acquisitions are slipping away, when we suddenly want to use them, and then we marvel at how much we had forgotten, without being aware of it.

I went to day to the Vatican, but had no time to admire anything but the exquisite Sala Regia, across which the Pope passes, in going to his own private apartments, and where the public are admitted to receive his benediction *in transitu*. I had admission to the Sistine Chapel, where the Pope officiates on this day, in the simple capacity of Bishop of Rome.

The Sistine Chapel is so universally known, that it is only necessary to remind the reader that the ceiling represents the Creation of the World, and the whole wall of the further end of the chapel, the last Judgment,—both pictures by Michael Angelo. I was too much attracted by other objects, to pay any great attention to the ceiling, which it is besides very inconvenient to examine, at least by me, who turned giddy in stretching my head back, and there was besides, enough to occupy both eyes and ears within the compass of ordinary vision.

To this chapel you ascend by innumerable steps, leading from the right hand colonnade, at the entrance of St. Peter's. This grand staircase, lined with halberdiers and officers, has a fine effect. The chapel itself is oblong, with vaulted roof; when you have advanced about one-fourth of its length, a very high carved screen separates you from the body of the chapel, and beyond this screen women do not go. Here are seats for foreign ambassadors, and other great personages. On passing through this screen, a space of about fifteen feet is divided from the rest by a low railing, like that which protects the communion table in a church, and beyond this none is permitted to advance.

Standing in this place, on my left sat the Pope on his raised throne, dressed in robes of silver cloth, of dazzling newness, and a mitre of plain gold on his head. Drapery of similar cloth, high up against the wall, and falling in noble festoons on each side of his seat. Opposite to him was a very large projecting balcony, being the front of a recess or room in the

wall; this was filled with a body of singers, but no instrumental music whatever. The Cardinals in their rich robes of cherry-coloured satin, for it can scarcely be called strictly scarlet, were ranged round the chapel, each with his attendant in purple. A few of the Cardinals being members of certain religious orders, wore their Cardinal's dress of the colour of the robes of their order, white or purple—but all had the red cap, the distinguishing mark of their rank. Opposite to me the end of the chapel was entirely occupied by the great picture of the Last Judgment, the only offensive part of which (and it is so offensive as to be ludicrous), was concealed by a rich but sober altar; the ornaments, the covering and the immense drapery of which were of gold cloth, of the richest possible texture, and on the steps a few priests and others ready to officiate in the mass—can you picture the scene?

But what words can I use to describe the music; never till that day did I know its full power. Such an immense body of sound, such overpowering gushes of harmony. Every variety of voice blended into one delightful mass of concord, while one silver thread of melody, distinctly audible, ran through the whole, sometimes alone, sometimes mixed with the vast mass of sound—

And in the charming strife triumphant still.

The exquisite sweetness of that voice still tingles in my ears, and will never be effaced from my recollection; in fact, the whole scene was so impressive, and produced so strong an excitement, that I could not have been induced to witness a repetition of it the next day. Those who have passed a life of agitation and anxiety can easily conceive the feeling.

What mortal is not wrapt
At gush of sacred song? Music divine, oh! where
Hast thou derived such never-failing power
To win the soul, and bear it on the wings
Of purest ecstasy, beyond the reach
Of every human care? A noble art
To lift us from the Earth and fix us where
A pure devotion with unsparing hand
Pours on the Altar of the living God
The hallowed incense of a grateful heart!

The voice which had attracted my notice and given me so much pleasure, I was afterwards told was that of a boy about fourteen years of age. Such voices are infinitely sweeter than those of women, but they can rarely satisfy the scientific ear; long before they can be cultivated to the extent that is even tolerated in a female public singer, the voice of the boy is gone. It is rare that when the change takes place he is even compensated by the possession of a good bass.

And now for my contrast.

CHAPTER V.

CONVENT OF ARA CÆLI AND THE HOLY BAMBINO.

THE same evening I went to the great Church of Ara Cœli (altar of heaven), which occupies the site of the celebrated temple of Jupiter Capitolinus. It is at the top of the Capitoline hill, and you mount to it by some hundred of steps, as it seems. Attached to it is a convent of Franciscans. The church was crammed with devotees, who were lost in its immense height. The scene was striking, and it seemed as if

I had gone back to a distant period, and three centuries had intervened between this and the delightfully sober and rational ceremonies of the Sistine Chapel. The greater part of the church was entirely dark, with here and there a solitary lamp to make the darkness more remarkable. From the middle, on the left hand, came a blaze of light, and the crowd were pushing, rushing, scrambling, and treading on each other's heels, to get a sight of the exhibition indicated by it. I inquired what was the object of interest, and the reply, from fifty voices, was, in a tone of awe, "the holy bambino!!" (baby). At last, with much difficulty, I succeeded in placing myself within view of the wonder. It was an unwieldy wax figure of a baby in swaddling clothes, lying in state, with a tin crown on its head and covered with glass beads and spangles. No Barthelmy fair show was ever so ridiculously contemptible and tawdry. There was the ass, the manger, the hay, Joseph and Mary, myriads of angels and archangels, God and the Holy Ghost, all cut in pasteboard, and painted blue, red, and yellow. The side scenes (for the whole was arranged like a theatre with concealed lights) were composed of angels and clouds. The effect on the spectators was evidently that of intense awe and veneration at the splendid finery of the tawdry "*babby*." It seemed to me, from the disjointed words that caught my ear, that, like the exhibition of the skull of *Cromwell when a boy*, not a few of them regarded the figure as *the real Jesus Christ when a baby!* and as if they were quite ready to put to death any one who should dare to offer him an insult. Many of the first people in Rome were there to pay their adorations. I could not but think that there was a contest in their breasts between shame and devotion, at least such seemed to me the expression of their countenances. The whole of the theatre, with the infant Jesus, had much the effect of a confectioner's shop on twelfth night, but, as I placed my back to the side of the proscenium and looked on the earnest faces of the crowd shining in the light, the scene was very striking, contrasted with the dark space of the lofty church. By the side of the theatre a little girl, about five years old, was reciting, in a shrill and monotonous voice, anecdotes of Jesus when a child. This is a sad spectacle in the nineteenth century, yet even this is a recent reform. Formerly the holy Bambino was carried in procession round the town, and every one compelled to go down on his knees to it. The Pope has forbidden this, and, as Buonaparte said, the Franciscans are now compelled to *wash their dirty linen at home*.*

The Pope, I am told, is a zealous reformer, and has produced a great change in the habits of the priesthood; he is extremely rigid as to their personal character and zeal, and does not tolerate the slightest deviation from strict propriety. Every priest knows

* A Catholic might object to my censures on the ground that things, more absurd, ridiculous, and profane, take place daily among Protestants. This is certainly true, for I have myself witnessed, among some classes of Dissenters, as Ranters, Jumpers, and others, ceremonies so loathsomely blasphemous that the Bambino is rational by contrast; but it is to be borne in mind that these Romish ceremonies are by authority of the hierarchy, and not merely, like the others, the result of insane fanatical devotion, led on by rogues, among the lowest of the rabble. Had the vagaries of Joanna Southcot been sanctioned by the Bishop of London, the case had been woefully changed. It was let alone and it burnt out. Religious fanaticism is like gunpowder—the largest quantity, if left open, expends its force in a blaze and a stink, but compression will enable it to overturn everything.

that not merely his character but his income is at stake, and should the life of the Pope be spared yet a few years, he is likely to complete a great revolution in his church.

It seems to me that there is no office in the world which so imperatively requires the highest qualifications as that of Pope; he has to manage machinery which has out-lasted the state of society for which it was invented—he has to adapt it to a state of the world which could never have been anticipated by those who laid down its rules of government; at the same time that he dares not stretch his authority too tight, lest it should snap asunder, he must still keep up the belief in its invincible strength, by never exerting it but where he is certain to succeed. Then the management of the churches in the respective nations, requires such an intimate knowledge of the politics of each; and his subordinates in those nations so often solicit his aid for no religious object, but solely to further their temporal interests, that to act energetically, effectively, and safely, in all cases—to conciliate enemies—to encourage friends—to discountenance the bad without turning them into formidable foes—to promote piety and tranquillity, and keep up ecclesiastical authority, altogether demand an extraordinary combination of sagacity, discretion, and benevolence, which can hardly be expected to combine in any one man. The Ecclesiastics with whom I have already conversed, seem all of the same opinion as the French Bishop, and wait in joyful expectation of the glorious *re-Reformation* of England. They speak in warm terms of Dr. Pusey, notwithstanding his repudiation of Popery, which they believe to be only assumed to reconcile benighted Protestants to the reception of the true faith.

I said “If any union is to be expected between the Churches, you must meet us more than half way.”

“Much more than half way, willingly,” they replied. “Whatever has been established by human authority, may be changed by human authority; the abolition of the compulsory celibacy of the Clergy would be readily granted—Everything but dogmas, which cannot alter; what was true in the beginning must be true to the end.”

A few centuries are nothing in the life of a nation, and stranger things have happened in the world than this; but I think we may safely assert that no one now alive, will live to see it; however, the hope is a

kind and good one, and as the Catholics leave Protestantism to their Clergy, there is not much danger of our “pugnacities” being again called into action. The present Pope is evidently inclined to act as moderator in the matter, and all Catholics seem to feel that by openly interfering they should only interrupt *the holy Reform, begun by Dr. Pusey*, and by exciting alarm they would run the risk of retarding the blessed consummation. Though I am far from attributing sordid motives to the dignitaries of the Romish Church, it is impossible but they must be aware of the immense advantage of such a “*Clientelle*,” as England would furnish, could the stream of religious fervour be turned into that channel: nor, whether they are aware of the bias or not, can they be entirely uninfluenced by the expectation of the advantages they would derive from such a result. Perhaps, were I Catholic, such is our readiness to believe what we strongly wish, I might entertain the same opinion; but with my present convictions it seems as impossible as to make rivers run up hill, or bring back yesterday. Time will show. In the meanwhile, it is some good that the hope of ultimate reconciliation begets a friendly feeling.

The office of Pope, though occasionally disgraced by bad men, has at least exhibited a full average of good ones. In this respect it will bear a comparison with any regal dynasty that ever existed. Could their influence be always exercised as it was exercised by Innocent the Third, it would be a happy thing for the world, if the present Pope were invested with equal authority, and equal power to enforce it. Innocent III. was the common father of Christendom, standing forth as the asserter of the violated laws of God! Whenever an act of tyranny or injustice was committed he was instantly prepared to rebuke the oppressor, and to enforce restitution. But, alas! in the present day men have no abstract hatred of tyranny and injustice. Each man has some favourite scheme of government of which he would promote the triumph; and whether Tory, Whig, Republican, or Radical, he looks with more interest on the tendency of an act to promote his own views of good than on the essential character of the measure itself. The Pope has no longer the means of interfering openly as a redresser of grievances; but must confine himself to the less honourable task of embarrassing the measures he disapproves by intrigue and stratagem.

(To be continued).



PHILOSOPHY OF THEATRES.

BY ANGUS B. REACH.

ENTWINED with how many delicious associations—with how many pleasant mysteries—with how many remembrances of happy evenings—of hearty ringing laughter, and, mayhap also, of tears, not of bitter anguish, but of a sweet, tender sadness—encompassed by so many and so different feelings, yet all of them in some sort pleasant, in some sort ennobling, or cheering, or purifying—who can look upon a theatre quite heedless, quite unmoved; who can gaze upon it, as he does upon any similar heap of bricks and mortar, and wood and iron; who is there but must feel that the mass is, as it were, pervaded by a subtle spirit of enjoyment—that there is some indescribable spell or charm continually haunting it, lurking in its every crevice, peeping out of its every window, current in its every dark passage and dusty cranny; who is there, in fact, who does not regard a theatre as a species of haunted, holy ground—sacred to intellect, to poetry, redolent of mirth and joyous thoughts and

images, blessed by the good-will of thousands, to whom it has afforded pleasure and instruction, mingled up with childhood's first-remembered fascinations and longings; a place where all that is beautiful in art and ennobling in genius should have an abiding place and a home!

Sombre, and dim, and shapeless, may be the outside of the theatre, monotonous its windowless walls, and dead and torpid, apparently, when every place around, warmed into activity by the day's sunshine, swarms and hums, and becomes instinct with the bustle and the business and the enjoyments of thousand-phased humanity; cheerless, too, nay, almost repulsive, may be its interior, its gilding sparkling not, its painting tarnished and faded, or seeming so, if you look at it by day; if you stumble, amid the dusty gloom, through deserted seats, and empty, echoing galleries, watching the effect of the ray of sunlight which shines faintly, but, in a theatre, with an unnatural

glare, through the cracked, begrimed, cobwebbed glass of the high skylight, with a strange perversity revealing defects, not showing beauties; cheerless and forbidding this may all be, but the night is coming, and then the theatre has its turn—its triumph. Then, when all neighbouring places are shut up, and dark, and slumbering; when blinds and shutters have veiled light and cheerfulness from shining forth, or when the one is extinguished and the other mute and sleeping, then is the theatre in the acme of its glory; then does it glow with light, ring with merriment; then is every speck of its gilding bright as regal gems, every trace of its painting rich in colour, as though it came from Nature's proper hand; then does coarse, bedaubed canvass take the guise of clouds and fields, radiant with freshness and sunshine; then do cunningly-cut pasteboard and wiry gauze become flowers dripping with dew, and a circle of semi-transparent stuff, backed by a candle or a lamp, the pale, inconstant moon, shining in the blue profound; then is the charm at work, the spell powerful; then do we tacitly admit the metamorphose; and how pleasant it is to be so entrapped and lulled, and snatched away from our sober senses by music and honied words and high thoughts; then is the theatre powerful—omnipotent; then is its high destiny fulfilling!

Like the German dreamer, who all day mended shoes in a stall and all night revelled in sleep-built palaces, so is the theatre. By sunshine, dark, cold, powerless; but by night, a castle of enchantment, a place of miracles!

Fairies have ceased to come upon the earth, elves no longer give enchanted gifts—miracles of generosity, miracles of fortune, are rare. The world is cold and heartless, and business-like, and money-making; if we want romance, if we long for something away out of the ordinary routine of modern humanity, we must fly to the theatre—to fairy bowers and princely courts, to banquet with kings and emperors, or carouse with rude banditti. *In the theatre cannot we do all? Cannot we transport ourselves to any nation, or waive back any age to display its men and its manners before us? Cannot we be in the Roman forum or in the Grecian camp, in the council of law of Venice or the secret tribunal of Germany? Cannot we see around us kingly halls, or gloomy dungeons, sunny smiling fields, or ruffian-peopled crags and caves? Can we not bring adventures the most thrilling, scenes the most exciting, personages the most lovely or the most terrible, before us? Cannot we mix ourselves in the changing drama, and by turns hope, fear, sympathise with, implore for? And how easy to do all this. You are in the street, a common, dirty, gaslit, modern street; you are surrounded and stunned by the rattle of ignoble vehicles, and by the chaffering and scolding—all the idealless intercourse of common every-day life; you look around, people are buying and selling, discussing the qualities of cheese or red-herrings, lounging or prying about, staring into garish shopwindows, or hurrying along, bent each on their own profits, to secure their own ends. All is heartless, common-place. "Oh," you say, "for some change, something to break the monotony—the cold, eternal round-about to which, now-a-days, humanity seems chained. Why was I not born when fairies were godmothers to good children; when enchanted castles were built up

between sunset and sunrise; when men lived a life of adventure and poetical excitement? Why was I not, in fact, one of the heroes of the Arabian Nights, even although it was only a porter of Bagdad, or a one-eyed calenderer?" Well, your longings can be in some sort gratified. Here, step aside—follow me, this is the magician's cave—very warm—very light, you see, not at all uncomfortable, and pervaded by a fragrant odour of orange-peel, and just a suspicion of a gaspipe not quite air-tight. Deposit the offering, my good friend, here at this shrine. You see the cabalistical words, more potent than any sorcerer of old ever spoke—traced in golden letters, symbolical characters—"Pay here." This is the Tower of Danaë—the key is golden.

Lo, the portals have flown open; gaze your fill and listen. Where now is that cold, drizzly, muddy, splashing street; those thousand faces, those thousand hats, those thousand coats—each so like each other, all so identical in expression, or rather in no expression? Where is the slipshod, bald, disjointed chat on the weather, on the price of coals, on the quality of potatoes, on the utility of wearing flannel in cold weather, and thick-soled boots in wet, which has damped the poetic ardour of your mind, and rung in a ceaseless, unchanging tune upon your ears, for heaven knows how long?

Behold! you look upon enchanted towers, where Oberon and Titania, and the Premier Puck, are holding fairy council, or guiding fairy revel; or on the Forest of Ardenne, with outlawed monarchs and lords, who make the green woods ring with their sylvan chorus; or you gaze upon a moonlit balcony, and the fruit-tree tops of Mantua; or tremblingly into the dark night, and on a dim phantom of faded royalty hovering on the battlements of a Danish castle; or upon an unknown haunted isle, full of strange sounds and sights, monsters crawling on the ground, and sylphs flitting in the air; or, mayhap, you are still in merry England, only centuries have rolled back, and lo! the impersonations of the heroes, whose feats, or whose sufferings, or whose crimes have made history romance, and whose names you were taught to lisp almost as soon as those of your father and mother, are before you again, seemingly in the flesh, glittering in their armour, or gorgeous in their robes of peace, instinct with life, and hopes, and fears, as though ages and ages had not gone by, and generations had not come and gone, digging a vast gulf between the present and the past, as if Cressy had been fought but yesterday, or the crook-backed Richard had but just espoused the gentle Lady Anne!

And then what sounds to listen to! music—low and still and plaintive, or loud and crashing and warlike, thrilling through you, and warming into a fierce glow your cold blood; or, better still, words, sentiments, thoughts, coined and imagined by genius, stamped with its impress—now touching and tender, now passionate and rude, now bitter and biting, in irony's most cruel mood, but all fit to be remembered, to be treasured, to be laid up amongst a nation's proverbs, to be watched over and worshipped as some of her most sacred things.

What a change! how sudden, how complete, how wondrous! In good truth, is not the theatre a place of enchantment, of miracles—a place into which you can step out of the world of fact, and find yourself in the world of imagination, or of history?

And are these mere idle imaginings? "Yes," says a grim man of business, a surviving branch of the Scrooge family. "Yes, very idle, imaginary, and worse than idle, words. The theatre! all show and tawdry tinsel; the resort of silly, love-sick, dancing school girls, or apprentices, who have robbed their masters' tills, or of old fools, who ought to know better than to throw away their time and their money on such gew-gaw fooleries!"

"Yes, very idle and very wicked imaginings," says another voice—a croaking, whining, unpleasant voice, appertaining to the person of some dried, skinny fanatic, who would banish merry thoughts and merry laughter from the earth, who would proscribe light hearts as treason against heaven, and music as incense to hell; who, if he had his own way, as was well said of the whole race, would pall over the thousand varied glittering hues of earth and sky and sea with one dreary, all-pervading drab. "Yes, very idle imaginings, and sinful to boot. Should poor lost men ever indulge in such vanities; should they ever be cheated by such gauds? Is not the theatre the school of all immorality, and all profaneness, and its frequenters the carnal-minded, misguided of the world, as, indeed, is every single person, man, woman, and child, who does not think as I think, and practise as I preach!"

But to such we appeal not, such we respect not. To the old play-goer—to the man who has felt his inmost heart sink as the lovers of Mantua sunk to their cold last sleep together in the churchyard vault; to the man whose blood has tingled, and whose face has involuntarily flushed, and his eye sparkled with honest wrath, as Iago drugged with moral poison the soul of the noble Moor; nay, to him who, with his heart warmed, and his feelings allured to indulgence by the merry influence and the friendly intercourse of jolly old Christmas times, has issued forth from beside the crackling, blazing hearth, to sit and roar with hearty laughter almost till the tears came, over the mad pranks, the delicious extravagances of the pantomime;—to such men and women do we appeal. Is not the theatre what we have painted it—a delicious retreat, sheltering us for a few brief hours from all the gnawing, ordinary cares of humanity, softening the great struggle, of "how to make both ends meet," and sending its votaries merrier and wiser and better people to their beds?

We confess to a warm sympathy with your hearty old play-goer. Charles Lambe—racy, honest, delightful Charles Lambe—has sketched the feeling. Give me, says Elia, with his half-serious, half-joking contempt for aught save a town life and town habits; give me a look at a score of honest, happy, anticipatory faces waiting for the opening of the pit door at Drury Lane; such a sight is worth all your stupid pastoral sheep and lambs in creation.

These are not the delicious essayist's words, but they embody his meaning. And Lambe was much in the right.

We have often thought that same waiting at the door—albeit, some of our neighbours generally pronounced it a bore—not an unpleasant time. It is a period of hope and anticipation; eager questions are put, half-laughing guesses are made, jokes and small bonmots go round, particularly at the expense of the young gentlemen next the door, who seem to think it a religious duty not to be by any means neglected,

never to leave off kicking for a moment at the battered old panels. Then people whose arms are forcibly pinioned by the pressure of the crowd make frantic attempts to fish up play-bills from the depths of their pockets, or are visited with divers ominous forebodings of being tumultuously crushed past the money-taker's box before they can get at their cash, and of their being ruthlessly turned back by the check-taker, or, in the present instance, the check-giver. Then comes the movement, the crush, the half-laughing screams of girls separated for a moment from sisters, or, still direr calamity, from sweethearts; the rattling of money on the window-sill, if we may call it so, of the sentry-box, at the hole of which we observe two hands sweeping away the cash with marvellous activity, and giving battered bits of tin, or greasy bits of pasteboard for bright ringing silver, and whose possessor we pity, because he cannot, too, go in to see the play; and then the scamper along the almost unencumbered passage—the momentary hesitation at which door to enter the pit; and then after this difficulty is happily overcome, the delicious embarrassment, the rapid council of war, as to where we are to station ourselves, where we shall neither see nor hear too much or too little.

What a capital picture of the opening of the theatre is that in the imitation of Crabbe in the "Rejected Addresses." We never take our station, either in pit or boxes, that we do not think of it, and inwardly quote

While gradual parties fill our widened pit,
And gape, and gaze, and wonder, ere they sit.

And then when they do select a squatting place, as a Yankee would say, it is curious to observe how people rise, take a deliberate survey of the house, prophesy whether it is likely to be a full one, declare that they don't see a face they know in the boxes, and then turning towards the stage, wonder what is become of the orchestra. "Near seven, my love; the overture ought to be half through by this time." And then when the musicians have made their appearance, emerging, one by one, from some dire cavern under the stage, the mysteries whereof are second only to those of the "behind the scenes;" and after the torture of tuning has been stoically undergone—listen again to the counterfeit Crabbe:—

Now all seems hushed—but no—one fiddle will
Give, half-ashamed, a tiny flourish still;
Foiled in his crash, the leader of the clan
Reproves with frowns the dilatory man;
Then on his candlestick thrice taps his bow,
Nods a new signal, and—away they go!

During the overture, the audience are worth watching; musical people listen; intensely musical people beat time—wrong, very often, and inform their neighbours what the overture is; and non-musical people talk unconcernedly, and think the sonorous preface would have been much better omitted, and only gather themselves up, and prepare for listening by the usual, but curious, process of clearing their throats, when the tremendous rate of speed to which the music seems to have been struggling for five minutes to attain, is at its maximum, and when, amid a full gallop of drums, trumpets, fiddles, and horns, the tingling chime of the bell just makes itself heard, and the curtain rises at last!

In the audience portion of a large English theatre, the pit is always the most interesting to the observer.

The boxes are too often tenanted by people whom conventional usage has drilled into a genteel appearance of indifference, who seem to think that they ought not, at all events, to appear to feel, and who handle bouquets and opera glasses, with a charming *laissez aller* air, and think that it shows a high-bred impassibility of demeanour to look at tragedy or comedy with the same ordinary dining-out expression of indifference. Hence, this class of play-goers think it vulgar to laugh honestly or cordially out, or to applaud heartily and cheerfully with voice and hands. Not that we mean to say that they are a bit less insensible to the beauties of either actor or author than their more unceremonious neighbours; but they are trained in that artificial school of society which inculcates the imposition of a constant guard upon impulse, and smooths down all appearance of individuality under one conventional guise of quiet similarity of manner.

Turn we, therefore, to the less-restrained pittite, and let us scan him in a few of his ordinary developments.

There is the old play-goer—a stout, pleasant-looking, elderly gentleman—with a bright eye and a merry smile. He looks quite at home, and so he ought; for almost half a century has he been a frequenter of Drury Lane. He exchanges a familiar nod with the leader of the orchestra, and seems to be on terms of confidential intimacy with the old apple-woman. Many and many a tearful scene has he seen upon that stage, and many a merry one; and yet he is hardened and callous to the influence of neither the one nor the other. Your true, good-hearted, sound-headed man never becomes *blasé*. For example: here is our friend the old play-goer—he watches the progress of the piece with as much anxiety—looks as touched at the touching, and laughs as loudly at the funny passages—albeit more than one of the jokes are venerable as himself—as if he were a fresh-hearted boy home on the holidays. And yet he confesses—if you draw the old gentleman out—that matters theatrical are not what they were long, long ago, when he was an urchin. “No, no, Sir,” he says; “the days of the Siddons, and the Kembles, and the Youngs—those were the days—those were the actors—those were the times. Then, indeed, it *was* worth while to go, trudging through the wet streets, and pressing through the crowd at the door, to pass your evening; but now”—and the old gentleman shakes his head. Yet, for all this, he is pleased, well pleased, with what he sees; he thinks it only right and due to departed excellence to grumble; but he has a happy, accommodating heart; he loves the play. He may grieve over its fallen state, but he finds much good in it even in its abasement; and he is hearty, and has good hope for the future. He will not protract the conversation a moment after the curtain rises; no, although he has seen the play times without number; for he still enjoys it, and he knows that there are others who would regret the losing of a word. No; he listens all through the act, sometimes rubbing his hands with pleasure, anxiously watching for an old-remembered point or situation, and clamorously delighted when it comes; and then when the curtain falls, he is away again in a moment to old times; contrasting old names with new lights; shaking his head dolefully; repeating that there is nothing on the stage

so good now as there was once; and, after all, when the curtain rises once more, showing just as much pleasure, and manifesting just as much interest, as he could possibly have evinced in the golden age he loves to talk of when Old Drury was in being, and George the Third king.

Near the old play-goer we observe a family party. There is the papa, an honest tradesman, probably from some distant suburb; and the mamma, a worn, pallid little woman, yet good-natured-looking withal, whose existence is taken up in one dull round—yet still not dull to her—of nursing, and washing, and cooking,—and mending the clothes, and minding the shop. The children sit between them, and on each side of their parents; little gaping, staring wonderers; all questions, all vociferation, all open-mouthed marvel. It is evidently a high holiday. It has been a long time promised—a long time looked forward to; and great has been the consultation of bills and advertisements, and speculations as to whether there would be a late omnibus when they came out, ere the day and the theatre were finally fixed and determined upon. The old folks enjoy the play—you can see that—but not without some inward misgivings. “Father” fears the children are troublesome; they ask too many questions; more, indeed, than the good man can answer; and “Mother’s” thoughts alternate from the banquet scene on the stage to the hot supper preparing at home—for there is to be a grand hot supper—none of your bread-and-cheese affairs—and which she feels a horrid presentiment is spoiling, “all along” of Jane having taken advantage of having the house to herself to gossip with the baker’s man, who is “keeping company” with her, at the top of the area stairs. But the evening passes merrily. The old play-goer answers half the questions of the children; informs them that that is not a real king, and that the man killed by the tyrant is not really killed, and that they must not by any means call out to order the assassin with black moustachios to let go the young lady; and gives them, in fact, an immensity of *sotto voce* information. And this is not all; so agreeable is he, too, to “Father,” that they take a pinch out of each other’s snuff-box, with mutual commendations on the mixture; and finally our first friend expresses such an anxiety for the youngest boy to see over the bonnet of that lady in front, and remarks with such decision that Tom is a most intelligent child for his age, that “Mother,” in a flutter of delight, is taken with a strong impulse to ask the old gentleman home to the hot supper. Perhaps she does, and perhaps he goes.

Who has not read Leigh Hunt’s description of the servant girl at the play. Poor thing! such bright evenings are very, very rare with her; yet they do happen sometimes; and then, oh, does she not enjoy them! To her all the acting is equally good—she is pleased with everything. She wonders how people can be so ill-natured as to find fault; she thinks it all beautiful; the ladies so pretty, and the gentlemen so handsome. And then the dresses! Goodness gracious! what silk and velvet! and real silk and real velvet! She couldn’t have believed it. Well, well, what a many fine things there are in the world! She follows the fortunes of the lovers with as much intense anxiety as if the map of her own destiny were being traced before her. She weeps for

their mishaps, good soul! and smiles through her tears at her own weakness; and then when they are united, after Heaven knows how many difficulties and dangers, does she not applaud? ay, and with right good will and a happy heart. Ah! so—she calms her transports a little. Well, it was an excellent play—a beautiful play. They may say what they like, but so it was, and so she'll maintain. Then, after having delivered this opinion to her companion, "Cook," and having obtained that fat and worthy lady's cordial assent, the two produce a snug packet of sandwiches, or at least half a dozen apples, and proceed to make an extempore supper; varying this pleasing process by severe criticism or admiring ejaculations prompted by the dresses of the ladies in the boxes.

Our sketch of pit characters would hardly be correct were we to omit that young gentleman with long hair and a thick stick, who is gracefully leaning over the barrier which separates the orchestra from the pit, pretending to be reading the music of the second violin, and chatting occasionally with the first flute. He is a very theatrical young gentleman. He knows all about the secret tactics of the stage. He is in possession of a wonderful stock of information touching the private lives, manners and customs, habits and peculiarities, of actors and actresses, the latter of whom he always designates by their surname, as "Glover," "Faucit," and so on. He knows of every new piece long before it is in the bills; in fact, he would scorn to draw his information from such common sources as these veracious documents. "Behind the scenes," as he gives you to understand, is no mystery to him; only he prefers being in front to observe the effects. He has a peculiar stock of knowledge about dramas. He does not affect much profound critical lore, but he can tell you to a nicety when such and such a farce was produced, what was the cast, how long it run, and how much it drew. He is intimate with various actors, reckoning in his dramatic acquaintance three heavy fathers, five walking gentlemen, two performers great as banditti or smugglers, besides being on bowing terms with a harlequin, and having, in the course of his experience, twice shaken hands with a clown. This young gentleman can tell you confidentially the real reason of the success or non-success of such and such a management, or the true and private cause why the Licensor refused to yield his gracious consent to the production of such and such a melodrama. He appears to come to the theatre not so much to see the play as to take care that it be properly acted; and breaks off in the middle of a story, not yet in the Sunday papers, of what the manager said to the prompter, and what the stage-manager thought of the prompter's reply; because he suddenly recollects that he has an engagement to supper with Jobberson, at that moment enacting a sanguinary baron at some theatre over the water.

By day this species of gentleman is to be found haunting stage-doors like a troubled spirit, pretending to be waiting for somebody who don't come; and ever and anon, as he walks past, casting a prying, lingering look into the dark recesses, into which and out of which divers ladies and gentlemen inclining to seediness are continually seen entering or emerging.

And truly it has its attractions, the "stage door;" not, perhaps, physically speaking, for the entry is

generally dirty, and has a dark, cobwebby look. Moreover, it is often situated in a dark, out-of-the-way, dirty street, and has no sort of affinity with the portico and pillars of the main front. You would not think that it had anything to do with a theatre, unless you were told. Theatres always carry a sort of holiday look about them; you feel it in the box-lobby, even, and cannot help thinking that the box-keeper is not a mere ordinary, common-place clerk, but that he is within the magic circle, as it were; pervaded with dramatic attributes; and is, in fact, only playing at the mechanical duties of his office for his own recreation. But there is none of this feeling connected with the stage door; it is quite a place of business—ordinary, every-day sort of business. Pot-boys continually haunt it, carrying dinners in and out at all hours, as if each of the inmates had a solar system of his own, and was consequently obliged to fix his own dinner hour without reference to ordinary habits and customs. The number of pots of porter, also, which pass in full and out empty, leads one to the conclusion that there is a brewery somewhere in the neighbourhood set up for, and supported solely by, the establishment in question. You remark upon the number of people with canvass caps and shirt sleeves, none of the cleanest, who abound, and would be surprised if you knew what a wise-looking body of senators they occasionally form in the "Merchant of Venice." Now and then, also, you may see hurrying down the street, and passing rapidly into the dingy interior, among porter-pots, paper caps, shirt sleeves, and all, girls in ones and twos; some of them pretty, all of them pale, wan, and yellow-looking. They are almost invariably muffled in cloaks or old shawls, not over thick or over new, poor things! but they strain them closely round their forms, for the forenoon is lowering, and chilling, and damp; and, pulling their dingy green veils over their faces, hurry by with a quick, anxious step. The street is muddy and wet, and as your eye rests upon the well-turned little feet which pick their way along, you are concerned to see more than one of them not over well shod. The boot was wet once, and so is the foot now, but it must be cold and soaking. Poor things! they seem to struggle hard to keep up a little appearance; but they have a sad, worn, exhausted look, telling of late hours at nights and early risings in the mornings, and a long, long day's work between.

Well, but what are they? Why, fairies! sylphs! sea nymphs! The gay, rosy, smiling, bounding troop, with gauze wings, and white wands, and wreaths of fairest flowers, who seem to sail across the stage as buoyantly as birds of paradise, or dance in fairy revels, or mount upwards in triumphal chariots, or sink smilingly into deep caves, or circle in mystic rounds, with floating drapery and witching smiles and motions, which are love, and gentleness, and purity themselves; as their queen waves her star-tipped wand, and then as to gentlest, lowest music, they finally bear her away amid clouds and rolling vapour, as if to renew the revels in a higher sphere!

And these are the fairies of the spectacle! Yes; night was always the time for seeing the fairies. In that respect alone fairies have not changed. You can hardly believe it, they appeared so angelic, so free from mortal grossness. Who could have imagined the queen of the sylphs darning stockings; or Titania

cooking a chop upon her own account, or speculating upon the practicability of turning her old bonnet once again.

It is through the stage door you get the first intimation of "Behind the Scenes," of theatrical semblance and theatrical reality. And do not think the worse of the theatre, because between the two there is a gulf fixed. So there is in real life: we are always either on the stage or behind the scenes. We try to please other people in the one situation, we try to please ourselves in the other. The people of this world are a "keeping-up-appearances" people. Mr. and Mrs. Jones give a ball, a handsome affair, as fine as lights and music, and silks and laces, and smiling faces can make it. Mr. and Mrs. Jones are all affability; one would have thought that their mission on the earth was to give balls and nothing else; they appear to do it so willingly, so happily, so naturally: Mr. and Mrs. Jones are on the stage. For the next month they must screw a pinch to make up the expense; cold leg of mutton and grumbling, instead of *puté de fois gras* and affability; sour looks, cross words, sullen deeds: Mr. and Mrs. Jones are behind the scenes.

"What a handsome man, to be sure—how like a hero—that Colonel Coldstream." All padding, Madam; no man is a hero to his valet. "What a lovely creature—what a complexion—such an angel, that Miss Flushington." All paint, Sir; no woman is an angel to her maid! Vanity of vanities—behind the scenes—and before!

But because the stage is fictitious in its essence, because its fairies are poor girls hired at ten shillings a week, because the sparkle of its diamonds is but counterfeit, and the king of this hour will sink into the private citizen of the next; it is not untrue or deceptive. The maxims it may teach, the sentiments it may instil, the poetry it may breathe, are true in their essence—lasting and potent. And it is but seldom that it abuses its power. We may sometimes laugh at its failures, at its oddities, at its funny conventionalisms; but even in the most outrageous melodrama, most redolent of blue fire, and most abounding with desperate combats, most full of brigands, and smugglers, and outlaws—all dressed as stage brigands, and smugglers, and outlaws—have been from time immemorial, and all talking as these gentry have talked since they first formed regular appurtenances of the minor drama; even in the midst of all this fustian, we continually see the amiable lover rewarded, and the ruthless persecutor put down in the end. The lesson, perchance, may be a gross one, unskillfully conceived, but well-meant; and it is well taken, too:

audiences, as such, always and instinctively side the right way; their judgment, as critics, may often be at fault; their sympathies, as honest men and women, never. Your playgoer is a good man; he can laugh and he can cry: bad men seldom do either. A gentleman who would have no objection to whip a knife through his neighbour's ribs, does not relish seeing the operation performed in mimicry on the stage; he shrinks from the black shadow of his counterpart. Men and women who live by fraud, and plunder, and lying—who batten on the spoils of simplicity and honesty, wrung from their grasp by cunning and low mean arts—people who lead filthy, grovelling lives, without hope and without aspiration, without yearning for what is right and true-hearted and pure—such creatures do not frequent theatres. They would be taught there lessons which they relish not—which they neither do, nor would wish to understand. They could take no part—unless, indeed, the witchery of the scene for a time charmed them out of their bad selves—they could take no part in that absorbing interest and delight with which an honest audience watches every step of the complex web developed before them; rejoicing and applauding with sound hearts and ringing voices, at every escape from peril—every successful achievement of a man struggling with oppression, and battling manfully for his rights: and who—who ever heard the mighty heartfelt shout which so often rings and re-echoes from pit to gallery—coming from the heart and going to the heart—when in the end, by one great master-stroke, the BAD is struck down, and the GOOD soars aloft triumphing—who has ever heard this, and believed not in its true and honest; and had not all faith in the good heart, the right feelings, which gave it birth?

Yes, the hearty cheer and loud-beaten applause, which we often hear in the theatre when a great truth is uttered—a sharp and needed rebuke inflicted—a stinging cut struck into cant, or vanity, or hypocrisy, is a good wholesome sound, and one that puts us in good humour with humanity.

Yes, to evoke what is good in our hearts—to summon forth the holy spark which often lurks there unseen, but still unquenched—to make us feel that, despite the cold selfish crust which long struggling with the world, and experience of its hollow ways is too apt to encumber us with, that at bottom the well of heart is still bright and gushing, and that its waters can still leap forth, sparkling and fertilizing—to prove all this, often, very often,

The Play's the thing!

MUSINGS OF A WANDERER.—No. VI.

NEAR to the Chilionian Islands once,
I found sweet water 'mid the bitter sea,
And 'gan to ruminate that so we meet
Flow'rs in the wildernesses; in the hives
Of angry wasps a store of honey kind,
And 'mid the fiercest beasts affection fond
For their own progeny! 'Tis we alone
Who war against our fellows without ruth,

And nurture savage rancour unprovok'd!
There is no charity in natural man;
He must be educated in some laws
Of holy principle, before he can
Have aught consideration for his kind!
This is Religion—left unto himself,
Man is not better than the wolf or bear!

W.

YOUNG ENGLAND AND OULD IRELAND; OR,

SOMETHING STRONG AND SWEET FOR THE CUP OF POVERTY.

BY DOCTOR O'TOOLE, T.C.D.

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys (?) and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor. GRAY.

Nor very long ago, Young Englandism was sneered at by the cold of heart, and the canters, and those veriest of all quacks, the half-educated political economists. It was even placed in the category of popular delusions by those who are not afraid of looking beyond their noses, nor of being called fools for wishing that heart had a great deal more to do, and head "the smallest trifle in life" less, with the affairs of the world than at present. The number of these latter—the wise and the good—is not commensurate with the growth of blackberries. Their opinions, therefore, are worth something. In this case, however, they did not hit the nail on the head when they deliberately and solemnly called Young England a humbug. Nor was this term applied in the absolute spirit of discourtesy. Humbug is no longer a vulgarism. It is of common use and observance in parliament and at the bar. Even into the church has it crept a considerable way—up the aisle, and into the pulpit. It is divided into two classes, those who mean badly, and go shrewdly towards carrying out their evil intentions, and those who mean well, but go the wrong way about it. The one deserve an hour or two for the good of their health and morals amongst the gentlemen in trouble at the wheel; the other claim mostly our pity, and sometimes challenge our admiration. Who has pitied without sometimes admiring the crack-brained, but gentle, knight of La Mancha, in his romantic mission to bring about the chivalrous days of old?

A blank banner has few followers now-a-days, although it be as white as a bride's petticoat, the newly-drifted snow on a Christmas morning, or innocence itself. A naked man may swim in the sea, and dive as well as the Sicilian; but *he'll catch no fish*.

Young England started with a deal of benevolence, but we looked in vain for the practical beneficence by which man, individually or collectively, ought to be judged. He showed no broad principles with which men of plain sense and of as good feeling as himself could grapple. At first, Young England showed no principles at all. Those which he has at length shown have been developed by time and unexpected circumstances, as, from these very causes, new bumps are brought forth on men's skulls, according to the doctrine of the phrenologists. The new, perhaps more properly speaking, the renovated philosophy was a very unpromising speculation at first—a suggestion at best thrown upon the waves—a plunge with good heart midway into the waters, even the waters of worldliness, and, as it swims gallantly towards the wished-for shore, men and women, old

and young, stretch out their hands to assist and welcome it.

There appears at length a great deal of good sense as well as good feeling in the new movement which has electrified the provinces. It is a movement of the head and the heart in the right direction.

All that pretty prattle preliminary about maypoles and holidays for the poor was small comfort and consolation for hard labour and half-starvation wages. For downright hunger, and no employment whatsoever, it was rather an Irish remedy. In one of our old glees, a man dances in the future tense and his wife sings. Very proper, and very natural; and, old bachelor as I am, I like the notion amazingly by this or any other legitimate means

To drive dull care away.

Thus to drive away hunger, which produces very dull care indeed, and despair into the bargain, is quite another affair. Do you think you could bring Time to a halt with the nightingale-notes of Jullien's flageolet, or drive back Old Ocean with a *pas seul* by Carlotta Grisi?

The waves if advancing
Shall steal o'er our track,
Thy white feet advancing
Shall chase them all back.

This may do very well for the "Evenings in Greece," from whence the graceful quatrain is quoted; but "English Nights' Entertainments," in the rural districts, are of another and an unpoetical complexion. Poor Paddy, the child of poetry, dances, to be sure, through his long holiday, half the year round, on his meagre potatoe—God help him!—with a grain of salt, or a noggin of buttermilk, now and then, by way of a luxury. John Bull knows better than that. "Dusty Bob," or Drops of Brandy, or the Polkamanian, or some other fit of double-shuffle enthusiasm may now and then stir up our phlegmatic friend, but it must be in a season of prosperity. Things must be going on "all right" before he indulges "on the light fantastic." Most undoubtedly, John never shakes a merry leg whilst there is a wrinkle in his stomach.

By the by, this amusing system of assuaging the pangs of hunger, is not entirely and exclusively Irish. It was tried first in the East, and was in every way worthy of Oriental imaginations.

'Επὶ Ἄττυος τοῦ Μάνου βασιλέως σιτοδὴν ἰσχυρὴν ἀπὸ τὴν Ἀσὶν πᾶσαν γενέσθαι· καὶ τοὺς Ἀσσοὺς τέως μὴν διδάγειν λιπαρόντας· μετὰ δὲ, ὡς οὐ καίεσθαι, ἕκαστα διζῆσθαι· ἄλλον δὲ ἄλλο ἐπιμηχανᾶσθαι αὐτῶν· ἐξευρεθῆναι δὲ ἂν τότε καὶ τῶν κύβων καὶ τῶν ἀστραγάλων, καὶ τῆς σφαίρης, καὶ τῶν ἁλλέων πασίαν παιγνίδων τὰ εἶδεα, πλὴν πασσῶν· τοῦτον γὰρ ἂν τὴν ἐξεύρεσιν οὐκ οἰκιοῦνται Ἀσσοί· ποιεῖν δὲ εἶδε, πρὸς τὸν λιμὸν ἐξευρόντας· τὴν μὲν ἐτέρην τῶν ἡμερῶν παίζειν πᾶσαν, ἵνα δὲ μὴ ζητίοιεν σιτῆα· τὴν δὲ ἐτέραν σιτέσθαι, πανομένους τῶν παιγνιδίων· τοιοῦτε τρόπον διδάγειν, ἐπ' ἑταυ θυῶν δέοντα εἰκοσι·

ἐπεὶ τε δὲ οὐκ ἀνίεναι τὸ κακόν, ἀλλ' ἐπὶ μᾶλλον ἔτι βιάσθαι, οὕτω δὴ τὸν βασιλεῖα αὐτῶν, δύο μοῖρας διεκόντα Λυδῶν πάντων, κληρώσαι, τὴν μὲν ἐπὶ μονῇ, τὴν δὲ ἐπὶ ἐξῶθεν ἐκ τῆς χώρας. καὶ ἐπὶ μὲν τῇ μέναι αὐτοῦ λαγαροῦσθαι τῶν μοιρέων ἐωυτοῦ τὸν βασιλεῖα προστάσσειν· ἐπὶ δὲ τῇ ἀπαλλασσομένῃ, τὸν ἐωυτοῦ παῖδα, τῷ ὀνόματι εἶναι Τυρσηνόν· λαχόντας δὲ αὐτῶν τοὺς ἐτέρους ἐξίεναι ἐκ τῆς χώρας, καταβῆναι ἐς Σμύρνην, καὶ μηχανήσασθαι πλοῖα, ἐς τὰ ἐσθεμένους τὰ πάντα ὅσα σφί ἦν χρηστά ἐπίπλοια, ἀποπλέειν κατὰ βίου τε καὶ γῆς ζήτησιν.*

So much for public pastimes as a cure for the bellyache, which ended after all in an extensive system of emigration. With all my heart let us try them however; let us encourage the poor and lowly to dance and sing away, to bat and bowl, pitch the bar, wrestle, and "jump o'er anywhere." I would even, dangerous as it may appear, let them into the secret of fancy fireworks at their village festivals, according to my reverend and most worthy friend, Professor Henslow's plan, to accustom them to a legitimate flare-up, and hinder any morbid spirits amongst them from gratifying their pyromania at the expense of their neighbour's property. Let us, first, however, ameliorate their social condition. This plain-sense and Christian view of the case has been lost sight of too long, and the more is the pity! Now that it begins to strike men forcibly, appealing to the selfishness of some, and to the humanity of others, we may, amid the happy results which, please heaven, are destined to follow, live to be ashamed of our hardness of heart and short-sightedness. We may blush that we suffered such things to be, as virtuous industry starving in the midst of the wealth and plenty it was mainly instrumental in producing, and poverty punished as though it were a crime.

Next May-day I shall be right glad, and merrily rejoice, to see the English labourer dance round the flower-crowned maypole on the village green when he has had a good breakfast to begin with, and a good dinner to go home to in the afternoon, at which a portion of his own killing, and curing, and sowing, and planting, will smoke invitingly on his frugal board. And, if alive and hearty on that day, I shall, indulging in a fit of peripatetic philosophy, drop in on him somewhere or other for pot-luck. Indeed, if, in the meantime, I hear of one village more renowned than another for the innocence and comeliness of its maidens, and the manly character, conduct, and appearance of their sweethearts, I shall repair thither, and fetch along with me my faithful *testudo* of Cremona, in the shape of my grandfather's fiddle, which I handle remarkably well, heaven be blessed, and more power to my elbow. You may laugh, but if I am to have my will, it will be a merry May morning when somebody shall sing out that

*In the time of Atys, the son of Manes (says Herodotus), there was a great famine through all Lydia. The Lydians for some time lived hardly as they might; but at length, when the famine ceased not, they sought for remedies. Then were discovered all forms of dice and huckle bones, ball, and all other sports, except tables (draughts), whereof the Lydians claim not the invention. This they did for a remedy against the famine. One whole day they amused themselves that they might not feel the want of food. The next day they took food and dropped their sports. Thus they lived for eighteen years. When, however, the evil ceased not, but grew stronger and stronger, their king divided all the Lydians into two bodies, and cast lots for one of them to stay and the other to go out from the country. The king attached himself to the band whose lot it was to stay in the country, and placed his son, whose name was Tyrsenus, at the head of the other. So the first body went forth from their native land, and went down to Smyrna. There they built ships, and placing all their moveables on board, sailed away in search of subsistence and a country.

Doctor O'Toole to the dance is gone,
All down the green lane you'll find him,
With his broad brimmed hat cock'd proudly on,
And his tweedle-di-dee behind him!

Boys and girls, you may then put me on the barrel once more, and you'll have such "a raal thrate," I'll warrant you. My Lord John, I shall expect the honour of your company at the revival of sweet Auburn. If your politics of the heart are to be carried out heartily, you must not confine yourself to playing cricket with the young men of the hamlet, at which, according to your own confession at the Bingley dinner the other day, you are not very 'cute; you must dance with the village maidens, also, and lead off with the Queen of the May. By all accounts, my lord, you can *handle* your feet very creditably in the Polka, and I'll bet a silver sixpence you could acquit yourself in a Morris-dance every bit as decently.

I sincerely hope that the May-day of 1845 may be glowing and beautiful, and in every way worthy of the occasion, and then we shall see what we shall see, and hear what we shall hear:—

The May-pole is up!
Now give me the cup,
I'll drink to the garlands around it;
But first unto those,
Whose hands did compose
The glory of flowers that crowned it!

Chorus, Boys!

Crowned it! crowned it!
The glory of flowers that crowned it.

A health to my girls,
Whose husbands may earles
Or lords be, granting my wishes,
And for lords who won't tarry
Let them commoners marry,
And all be as merry as fishes.

Chorus, Girls!

Fishes! fishes!
May we all be as merry as fishes.

The lover of ancient English poetry will perceive and acknowledge that I have neatly managed Dan Herrick's rather rough and ready idea, and in accordance with the *bien-séances* of society. The chorus, too, I think might be made very effective by our best native composer, to whose attention I recommend the ambrosial hymn most seriously. A good chorus is half the battle. I wouldn't give a button for a song at a merry meeting that had not a chorus. Everybody likes a chorus, and likes to join in it—those who have good voices, those who have bad voices, and those who have no voices at all, which last consideration is more laughable than vexatious, and adds exceedingly to the jocularity of the evening.

Well—I have pictured to myself the revival of the old May-day in merry England. What can be more cheering than the contemplation of such a scene? The sons and daughters of labour healthy and happy in the midst of peace and plenty! Groups of pretty cottages in the rural districts, each with its rood or two of garden attached; and the neighbourhood of the manufacturing towns presenting large tracts of richly cultivated garden grounds laid down in small allotments! What a blessed change from scenes of misery and discontent, almost as painful to the philanthropist as those marked by the desolating track of war.

As regards the rural districts, the too long suffering and neglected labouring population of which, being the son of a small farmer myself, have more of my particular sympathies than any other, I do not despair of seeing the good feeling carried out before many years shall have passed away, and the rood of garden, the waste of which will feed the poor man's pig, increased by the rest of the acre for a field to feed his cow. In looking, then, on the sweet-scented barrier that stands between, he will feel that he has a stake on both sides of the hedge. He will feel comfort and independence and content. What a rich harvest of gratitude, too, will he not afford to those who are willing to reap it by enabling him to feel thus. Alas! that this leaf in the book of humanity should be unread so long; that the light which has at length shone upon it is not so much the reflection from the ever-burning lamp of truth as from the incendiary's torch—from the lurid flare of the burning barns and haystacks.

Each of the great parties who have hitherto divided the state, have made a great mistake in arraying the great productive class—the artizan and the labourer—against the aristocracy of their political opponents. Chartism and incendiarism were the twin offspring of this unnatural union between aristocratic faction and pauper discontent. Both of these parties are now beginning to perceive that the poor man's miseries are not a safe battle-field for the encounters of faction, but the amelioration of his condition a neutral ground on which they can and ought to agree. They are beginning to perceive that it is their own interest to take this rational and humane view of the question; and it is high time that they should. This new spirit of enlightened benevolence cannot stop here. As sure as the rising sun dispels the mists of the morning it cannot. The owners of land must not confine themselves to letting out their estates in large farms for the sake of less trouble in collecting their rents, and securing the votes of fifty pound tenants at will. A portion of the land must be let out also in small farms to those poor men whose sweat and toil are chiefly instrumental in raising the enormous wealth of the soil of England. The Duke of Rutland had an audit last quarter-day of 1100 small tenants. The Duke of Norfolk also patronizes, to a certain extent, the system of small holdings. Look at the picture of a prosperous, independent, and happy population which Belgium presents with its small farms, some of them as low as a couple of acres. Look at Scotland, whose agriculture is fifty years in advance of the English system, and behold where small farms exist, as in Aberdeenshire, of five and six acres, with a clergyman and a schoolmaster in every parish, there are no poor rates. In the north of Ireland in the palmy days of the linen trade, some parts of the country presented one of the most beautiful landscapes in creation, varied into field and garden, with neatly trimmed hedge-rows dividing the little holdings; and gliding gracefully through those richly cultivated scenes, the pleasant waters of the Lagan or the Ban. The opening of the celebrated old song of the "Cruiskeen Lawn" * has allusion to the fact that the northern Irishman had a little green field of his own, on which he bleached the snowy produce of his loom, and felt

* *The little jug of punch*—Who that has heard poor Mathews can ever forget it?

naturally proud of his humble but independent position.

Let the farmer praise his grounds,
And the huntaman his hounds,
And the weaver his sweet-scented lawn;
But I, more blithe than they,
Spend each happy night away
With my smiling little "Cruiskeen lawn."

The latter system, I am glad to say, in parenthesis, is almost wholly abandoned by the less fortunate orders in my poor country, thanks to the great apostle of temperance, now in trouble (I have sent him a sovereign and my blessing, poor man!) and is observed in moderation by those who can afford to patronise it. As it just happens that I am generally recognised among the latter, by those who have the pleasure of my acquaintance, I'll drink in a draught of my native nectar "Success to spade husbandry, and may heaven bless the poor man's garden!" Without anybody's leave but my own, too, I'll give him a song as I'm in the humour for liting, which he may chant at the next "agricultural," without being afraid of vexing the proud ones. Should Sir Roger De Coverley feel fidgetty at being reminded that property has its duties as well as its rights, and that he has a soul to be saved, as well as an account to render of his stewardship, to "the Father of the poor," Hodge is at perfect liberty to shift the blame from his own shoulders to mine, which are broad enough to bear the consequences.

THE COTTAGE AND THE THRONE.

If pride and wealth the year all round
Would give me wages—thirty pound,
I'd rather have, my mind to speak,
Eleven and sixpence every week :—
A slate-roofed cot, with walls of stone,
A homestead I could call my own;
A yard behind it, just so big
To keep my poultry and my pig:
What loyalty would this inspire
For Church and State, and Lord and Squire!
And in good home-brewed, of my own,
I'd drink "THE COTTAGE AND THE THRONE!"

For garden plot a rood of ground,
With hedge of privet planted round;
There greens and parsnips I would grow,
And plant potatoes in a row;
Onions and carrots, turnips, too,
Peas, beans, in season, sage, and rue;
And at the top, to crown all these,
A hive or two of honey-bees.

What loyalty, &c.

Hard by my garden, if they'd yield
Me one green acre for a field,
For that small farm I'd gladly pay
A pound on every quarter-day.
My cow would crop the daisied grass,
And, milked by my own wedded lass,
She'd give me butter fresh and sweet,
And cheese that any lord might eat.

What loyalty, &c.

If pride and wealth this humble store
Would give me, I would ask no more;
For Farmer Grain, or for Lord John,
I'd toil from rise to set of sun;
And after that, I'd work an hour
In my own happy cottage bower;
Or whistle o'er my own green sod,
And bless my Queen, and praise my God!

CHORUS.

What loyalty would this inspire
For Church and State, and Lord and Squire!

And in good home-brewed of my own
I'd drink "THE COTTAGE AND THE THRONE."

Those who question the poor man's loyalty are justly open to being questioned as to their own. True loyalty consists of more than "ego et rex meus." It has wider and more generous sympathies, which extend over the whole body politic. You may talk as you like of the polished shaft and the Corinthian capital, but in a country of corn-fields, commerce, and manufactures, the great pedestal of the whole is industry—rough, robust, well-treated bodily industry. This is the common-sense view of the case, and there is this Christian view of it also, that those who enjoy the goods of fortune should cultivate kindness to the poor and lowly in gratitude to Him who has blessed their lot. I declare to heaven I have no power to describe the disgust which I felt the other day in reading such sentiments as these coming from a Lord—"If I let my land to the poor man at 5d. a perch and can get 8d. for it, I make him a present of 3d., and take so much out of my own pocket!" Why, my lord, that's Irish-landlord morality! the blessed agrarian law of Tipperary! Again, this same lord avers that giving the poor man a garden is a sin against political economy and a subdivision of labour; and one of his cast-iron arguments is so *unique* that I must give it:—"The agricultural labourer cannot work more than a certain number of hours in the day. These ought to be given to his master. Even though a couple of hours be allowed to him of the evening to attend to his garden on his return home, he must reserve his strength for such work, and, consequently, do his master's in an idle, slovenly, and negligent manner. The poor man cannot serve two masters. Of course not. Lord R—— would have him serve Mammon alone, but not for his own sake, his poor dear wife, his humble home, and his little ones. A great dual proprietor, with a great historic name, who sells his kitchen stuff for 7d. a pound to the tallow-chandlers, let a lot of bad land to a number of poor men, on the small allotment system, about six months ago. They were to pay him forty-eight shillings (!) an acre when the land should be declared in a paying condition—when they got it "into heart," as they say in Ireland. Scarcely had the half year expired when the great duke had the heart to demand a year's rent!! And he received it; and with it my hearty contempt for *his* notions of philanthropy. Faugh upon him! say I, if he were of as old blood as the De Courcys, or the O'Briens, or my own, which is at least as pure as either. But there is an old lady in Sussex who "bangs Banagher" in the benevolent line, and doing the knowing thing at the same time, or one word for charity and two for yourself! She gets from five to six pounds an acre for her small allotments!!! The poor have reason to call her "mother," for her maternal solicitude is of the most affectionate order. Hers is indeed a heart surcharged with true goodness and generosity. And yet these people expect to die; they know they will—or they *shall*—as you say in England, and in this instance perhaps your *shall* is the right thing—they shall die. And where do they fancy they are likely to go when they die? I should like very much to know that. No creed, no code of morals—I'll not insult Christianity by naming it in conjunction with such a matter—nothing from Brahminism to

Mahomedanism, from Mahomedanism to Mormonism, from any *ism* you chose down to the dull and hopeless worship of nature, ever thought of sanctioning hard grinding selfishness to the poor? I think not.

Being now sore weary of the Pharisees as well as being of opinion that I have written enough for the present about the poor man's garden, I should very much like to take a walk in my own. And where is that same Doctor, my darling, says Memory to myself; and Paddy Blake's Echo answers "*no where!*" So if you have no objection I'll just step into somebody else's. Not into the Zoological Gardens, which smell not of bergamotte or the roses of Araby; nor into the Botanical, where one sees whole crowds of brilliant and beautiful women wandering alone and unblest, amongst whom a poor devil like myself cannot help repining at his lot; nor into any of those sweet contemplative gardens of the dead, the new cemeteries, in one of which I have bought a tight little freehold wherein to lay down my old Irish bones at last alongside of a few that I have loved and who have passed away—

Bright lips—too bright to wither;
Warm hearts too warm to die.

Heigho, my honey, I shall go to that little Sabine farm time enough. At present, having no garden of my own to perambulate (*quod supra diximus*) I have only to request of such gentle reader, lady or gentleman, as may choose to breathe with me a classic atmosphere, to enter the horticultural retreat laid out for King Alcinous, by a deceased friend of mine, even the immortal Homer. The beauties of the old Grecian have been but partially transplanted by Pope into our English soil. If Chapman, whose "*Iliad*" is "the *ra'l* thing," had also translated the "*Odyssey*," I should have asked him to show us through the grounds.

"Close to the gates a spacious garden lies,
From storms defended and inclement skies.
Four acres was th' allotted space of ground,
Fenc'd with a green enclosure all around.
Tall thriving trees confess'd the fruitful mould;
The red'ning apple ripens here to gold.
Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'erflows,
With deeper red and full pomegranate glows.
The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,
And verdant olives flourish round the year.
The balmy spirit of the western gale
Eternal breathes on fruits untaught to fail.
Each dropping pear a following pear supplies,
On apples apples, figs on figs arise.
The same mild season gives the blooms to blow,
The buds to harden, and the fruits to grow.
Here order'd vines in equal ranks appear
With all th' united labours of the year.
Some to unload the fertile branches run;
Some dry the black'ning clusters in the sun.
Others to tread the liquid harvest join;
The groaning presses foam with floods of wine.
Here are the vines in early flow'r descry'd;
Here grapes discolour'd on the sunny side.
And there, in autumn's richest purple dy'd,
Beds of all various herbs, for ever green,
In beauteous order terminate the scene.
Two plenteous fountains the whole prospect crown'd;
This thro' the gardens leads its stream around—
Visits each plant, and waters all the ground;
While that in pipes beneath the palace flows,
And thence its current on the town bestows.
To various use their various streams they bring,
The people one, and one supplies the king.
Such were the glories which the gods ordained
To grace Alcinous and his happy land.

Here is another goodly garden, one of beauty, and of a later pattern, after the genius of Torquato Tasso, in which, had I been in Rinaldo's place, I confess that I most willingly would have stayed a little longer, for Armida's consolation and my own, and let them fight it out amongst themselves outside that liked such heroic diversion.

The dashing crusader behaved like most of your heroes who do strangely cold things, when duty or inclination calls them away from the poor creatures they have bewildered and bewitched. Theseus and Ariadne, Jason and Medea, Ulysses and Calypso, Æneas and Dido, Major O'Hara and the Widow Malone! Ah! this last *was* a cruelty case *with a vengeance!* But to return to the Garden of Armida. I prefer Fairfax's glowing and energetic language to Hoole's modern version; although the latter is far from not being chaste and beautiful:—

When they had passed all those troubled waies,
The garden sweete spred forth her greene to shew;
The mooving christall from the fountaines plaies,
Faure trees, high plants, strange herbes, and flowrets new,
Sunshinie hils, dales hid from Phabus raies;
Groves, arbours, mossie caves at once they view;
And that which beautie most, most wonder brought,
No where appear'd the arte which all this wrought.

So with the rude the polisht mingled was,
That naturall seem'd all, and every part,
Nature would craft in counterfeiting pas,
And imitate her imitator art.
Mild was the airie, the skies were cleere as glas,
The trees no whirlewind felt, nor tempest smart,
But ere their fruit drop off the blossome comes,
This springs, that fals, that ripeneth, and this bloomes.

The leaves upon the selfe same bough did hide
Beside the young, the old, and ripened figge;
Here fruit was greene, there ripe with vermille side,
The apples new and old grew on one twigge;
The fruitful vine her armes spread high and wide,
That bended underneath their clusters bigge.
The grapes were tender her—hard, yong, and soure;
There purple, ripe, and nectar sweete forth powre.

The ioyous birds, hid under greenewood shade,
Sung merrie notes on every branch and bow;
The winde (that in the leaves and waters plaid)
With murmur sweete, now sung, and whistled now,
Ceased the birds, the wind loud answere made;
And while they sung, it rumbled soft and low;
Thus, where it happe or cunning, chance or art,
The wind in this strange musicke bore his part.

With partie-coloured plumes and purple bill,
A woondrous bird among the rest there flew,
That in plaine speech sung love-laies loud and shrill;
Her leden was like humane language trew,
So much she talkt, and with such wit and skill,
That strange it seemed how much good she knew;
Her feathred fellows all stood husht to heare,
Dumbe was the wind, the waters silent were.

"The gentle budding rose," quoth she, "behold,
That first scant peeping forth with virgin beames,
Halfe ope, halfe shut, her beauties doth upfold
In their deare leaves, and lesse scene, fairer seemes,
And after spreads them forth more broad and bold,
Then languisheth, and dies in last extreames,
Nor seemes the same that decked bed and boure,
Of many a ladie late, and paramoure.

So, in the passing of a day, doth pas
The bud and blossome of the life of man,
Nor ere doth flourish more; but like the gras
Cut down, becommeth withred, pale and wan;
O gather then the rose while time thou has;
Short is the day, done when it scant began;
Gather the rose of love, while yet thou maist;
Loving, be lov'd; embracing, be embrast."

He ceast, and as approving all he spoke,
The quire of birds their heav'nly tunes renew,
The turtles sighed, and sighes with kisses broke,
The fowles to shades unscene by paires withdrew;
It seem'd the laurell chaste, and stubborn oke,
And all the gentle trees on earth that grew,
It seem'd the land, the sea, and heav'n above,
All breath'd out fancie sweet, and sigh'd out love.

Lord Bacon would afford as much space as the Homeric garden occupied to one of the three enclosures of his garden to which he allotted no less than thirty altogether.

For gardens (speaking of those which are indeed princelike, as we have done of buildings), the contents ought not well to be under thirty acres of ground, and to be divided into three parts; a green in the entrance, a heath or desert in the going forth, and the main garden in the midst, besides alleys on both sides; and I like well that four acres of ground be assigned to the green, six to the heath, four and four to either side, and twelve to the main garden.

His lordship very truly observes in the opening of his essay:—

God Almighty first planted a garden, and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures; it is the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man; without which buildings and palaces are but gross handyworks, and a man shall ever see that when ages grow to civility and elegancy, men come to build stately, sooner than to garden finely, as if gardening were the greater perfection.

The fine thought that the Divine Founder of the Universe planted the first garden is also beautifully expressed by Cowley:—

When God did man to his own likeness make,
As much as clay, though of the purest kind,
By the great potter's art refined,
Could the divine impression take,
He thought it fit to place him where
A kind of heaven too did appear,
As far as earth could such a likeness bear:
That man no happiness might want,
Which earth to her first master could afford,
He did a garden for him plant
By the quick hand of his omnipotent word.
As the chief help and joy of human life,
He gave him the first gift; first, ev'n before a wife.
For God, the universal architect,
'T had been as easy to erect
A Louvre or Escorial, or a tower,
That might with heaven communication hold,
As Babel vainly thought to do of old;
He wanted not the skill or power;
In the world's fabric those were shown,
And the materials were all his own;
But well he knew what place would best agree
With innocence, and with felicity:
And we, elsewhere, still seek for them in vain,
If any part of either yet remain,
If any part of either we expect,
This may our judgment in the search direct;
God the first garden made and the first city Cain.

In his epistle to Evelyn, the same poet says:—

I never had any other desire so strong, and so like to covetousness, as that one which I have had always, that I might be master at last of a small house and large garden, with very moderate conveniences joined to them, and there dedicate the remainder of my life only to the culture of them, and study of nature;

And there (with no design beyond my wall) whole and entire to lie,
In no unactive ease, and no unglorious poverty.
Or, as Virgil has said, shorter and better for me, that I might there

Studiis florere ignobilis ott.

(though I could wish that he had rather said, "Nobilis ott," when he spoke of his own). But several accidents of my

Ill fortune have disappointed me hitherto, and do still, of that felicity; for though I have made the first and hardest step to it, by abandoning all ambitions and hopes in this world, and by retiring from the noise of all business and almost company, yet I stick still in the inn of a hired house and garden, among weeds and rubbish; and without that pleasantest work of human industry, the improvement of something which we call (not very properly, but yet we call) our own.

I am obliged to observe that I feel myself in a similar situation; and yet—unlike Cowley, who, persecuted in one country, harassed in another, imprisoned by the usurper, forgotten after the general deliverance by those whom he served (his *friends* at court), found himself, at the end of a long life of troubles, a disappointed man—I don't repine, nor make wry faces, nor repeat with doleful voice

Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,
Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aque fons,
Et paulum silvæ super his foret, &c., &c.

And so forth: if I have not this and

A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace walk, and half a rood
Of land set out to plant a wood,

I have friends that have, who are always glad to see me, especially as I have no wife nor little ones to take with me or leave behind, or keep the wolf from their door, which, at my time of life, is a philosophic consideration, and contributes considerably to my perso-

nal comfort. Independently of this, I need not cross my threshold to the outer world for horticultural recreation. Can I not walk with Cicero in his Tusculan, or with Pliny in his Laurentine Villa, although, between ourselves, those old Romans knew very little about gardening? Or can I not walk with Plato through the sacred groves of ~~Academy~~ ~~Academy~~, standing with veneration before the statue of The Blue-eyed Maid, doing the *affetuosq* before the shrine of love, or pouring forth at the Altar of the Muses such a flood of song as would cause the astonishment and admiration of the great philosopher with whom Marcus Tullius and myself would rather make fools of ourselves than think rightly with the vulgar herd of mankind—"Errare mehercule malo cum Platone quam cum istis vera sentire." If these ancient delights should "fail to move," or not suit my occasional melancholy, have I not the Groves of Blarney with their

Gravel walks for recreation
And conversation in sweet solitude,
Where the lover may hear the dove, or
The gentle plover in the afternoon?

And now, after all that walking, and all that talking, don't you think I want something to lay the dust in my thorax. If you don't you're a hard-hearted heathen, and you ought to be dry-nursed on saw-dust and small-beer for a week, or sent to grass with Nebuchadnezzar!

L A M E N T .

BRIGHT Italian skies are glowing,
All their sunny wealth bestowing,
Where the vine to earth is stooping,
With the golden vintage drooping,
Rich and ripe the cluster springeth,—
Underneath the viper stingeth!
Welaway!

Soft the spicy winds are driven
O'er the cloudless Indian heaven;
With her fruits and flowers laden,
Gaily trips the dusky maiden;
One wild shriek her terror voucheth,—
In the reeds a tiger croucheth!
Welaway!

In his tower the Sultan sleepeth,
And the gate the soldier keepeth;
Purple curtains closed around him;
Foes seem far, and guards surround him:

Lulled at length, their charge forgetting,—
Hush! the slave his knife is whetting!
Welaway!

While the wearied wanderer sleepeth,
To his ear the scorpion creepeth!
High the castle pennon quivers;
On the steps the beggar shivers!
On her couch the queen reclineth;
In the gaol the felon pineth!
Welaway!

Never yet came Pleasure single—
Grief doth in its essence mingle:
When the reveller lifteth up
To his lip the wassail cup,
Straight a drowned asp doth swim,
Floating to the goblet's brim!
Welaway!

Nov. 7.

II. A.

THE PREFACE-WRITER; OR,
AN ADVENTURE OF MR. TOOTLE AND OF HIS SON TOO!



To what base uses we may return, Horatio!
SHAKESPEARE.

ABOUT a century back it was the custom for authors, even of the highest and most admitted attainments, to be so venal as to condescend to be literary accoucheurs; to introduce the most abortive productions to the notice of the world, and laud, without understanding or being interested a jot about them, things of the most silly and puerile pretension, or of no pretension at all, as it frequently happened. Dedications, too, for books that had been only projected, were to be had on the cheapest terms; the prices varying according to the quantity of adulation contained therein, and whether it was addressed to a noble, rich, or influential patron, or to some fashionable but unsubstantial Macenas of the day.

That the custom has not fallen into desuetude in

the present time will be sufficiently proved by the following:—

A Mr. Tootle having thought proper to write a book (upon what subject it is not yet necessary the reader should be informed), was deeply impressed with the necessity of getting it ushered into public notice by a Preface of that kind which he himself styled “summut out o’ the way.” Having exhausted all his inventive faculties in the construction of the book itself—a book which was to confer immortality upon its author—it was with grief and despondence that he found himself totally inadequate, after many fruitless attempts, to produce what to him was a *sine qua non* requisite—a brilliant *ad captandum* Introduction.

Mr. Tootle did not exactly use these phrases to himself; but he *thought* their meaning in more

homely vernacular, and that signifies the same thing. One morning after a fit of two hours' abstracted but unsuccessful application to his favourite endeavour, he reluctantly relinquished his hopeless task, yielding at length to Mrs. Tootle's frequently-urged arguments that the tea and toast were getting cold and sodden, and that there would be time enough for his "pen-an-inkin," a'ter breakfast. Spiritless and appetiteless he sate down in obedience to his spouse's reiterated solicitations, and began to "chew the cud" of "bitter fancy" in sullen silence, over a cup

"Of strong infusion from the far Kathay!"

Suddenly his countenance brightened up, his eyes gladly sparkled, as, fixing them upon a printed paper which unfolded some butter fresh from the neighbouring grocer's, he read the following interesting and comprehensive announcement:—

MR. READYWIT,

No. 1, APOLLO-COURT, FIFTH PAIR, BACK ROOM,
Has constantly on hand the following Literary Articles for the accommodation of those Ladies and Gentlemen who may honour him with their Patronage.

(Terms exceedingly moderate, and the utmost secrecy observed.)

Speeches and Heads of Speeches for Members of Parliament, at the shortest notice.

Dinner Speeches, from five minutes' to an hour's length.

Challenges in a neat and agreeable form.

Sermons, warranted never preached.

Odes, Epigrams, Parodies, &c.

Acrostics, and Impromptus for Albums.

Prologues, Epilogues, Theatrical Addresses, &c.

Prefaces (here Mr. Tootle's eyes glistened with joy) and Introductions to Poems, Plays, Books, Treatises, &c., already written, or to be written.

With every thing else appertaining to the Literary or Scientific World.

At home from Ten till Five (Sundays *not* excepted).

"What's to-day, Too?" said Mr. Tootle to his son, a great lubberly boy, about fifteen, with an anti-intellectual sinister determination of his right optic, and a profusion of red capillaries.

"Why Sunday, 'be sure, Pa; don't you hear the church-bell a-ringin'?"

"We have no time for church to-day, Too!" said Mr. Tootle, "make haste and dress yourself, and come with me."

"Not go to church to-day!" exclaimed Mrs. Tootle; "law, Pa! how can you say so, and Too with his new clothes on, the first time of wearin'?"

"It's no use, wife," said Mr. Tootle, "to go on so; Too must come with me!"

Mrs. Tootle knew her husband's determination, so contented herself by making a muttering exit into the next room, where she vented her displeasure and disappointment upon some of the junior members of the family with the strictest impartiality, as was clear from their unanimous uproar.

It was a decided case: so Mr. Tootle and his son Too sallied forth together in a few minutes.

Mr. Readywit, as has already been shown by his advertisement, lived in Apollo-court, No. 1, five pair back. In his early youth, he had been comparatively affluent, and distinguished himself above the common run of his competitors at the University. He also published some poems, which had an ephemeral

laudation of no ordinary extent, however they may be forgotten by all save a few of the present day; but even these few have not the moral courage to altogether stem the tide of oblivion that has been rolling alike over his works and himself, to still vindicate the just claims he once had to the rank of a distinguished poet. Proud and impetuous when ungenerously or wantonly provoked, but naturally reserved and shy, he soon sickened of a world where none have friends but those who want them not, and where pretension without independence is looked upon as arrogance and presumption. We shall pass over his decline and fall, and merely describe him as he now is, and where Mr. Tootle and his son Too found him.

It was Sunday morning, as already observed. Readywit (a name, by the by, he had assumed for his present derogatory pursuits, his real one was —) had passed a night of feverish excitement; visions of departed joys had been flitting around an imagination already sufficiently distempered by the accumulation of unmerited sorrows, and wrought up his morbid sensibilities to an unusual degree of irritation. The tone of his feelings may be better arrived at by a perusal of the following rhapsody, in which, and similar things, he was wont to give vent to his otherwise oppressed and anguished spirit; and in the composition of which, he had passed some hours of the previous night, enjoying that

Sad luxury to vulgar minds unknown!

HYMN TO A VISION.

Ægri insomnia.
VIRGIL.

Spirit! that in my sleep
Warblest thy wite-hing minstrelsy,
Teaching me melody,—
Hither, Spirit! from the deep
Of those twilight waters whence
Thine image first stole on my sense!

Hither, with thy vermeil cheek,
Moonlit;—
Hue that makes thy beauty speak,
Or rather look unearthly things,
While thy gentle descant sings,
Music fit,
To wail the death of pensive flowers,
Or tell the epitaph of happy hours!

But why now term thee Spirit? Thou,
Whose melancholy brow,
Clad in the soul's drear sickness,
Sorrow,
Must be thence mortal like to mine?
Or canst thou in that world of thine,
Which dimly shadows through Earth's grosser thickness,
Borrow
A beauty from the light distress
That bows the smile to languidness—
The loveliest of all loveliness?

No! Sorrow is all Earth's;—
Thou art then
One of those dream-created births
Which come to melancholy men,
Soothing their rage of madness
Into the calm of sadness!

Nympholepsy though thou art,
Dear thou wouldst be to my heart,
If thy smiles did never give
Semblance to some smiles that live—
Smiles that left me thus to be
The sport of mockeries like thee!

Spirit! away—away!
The sunset of my soul
Comes on apace!—my day
Of life puts on its evening grey,
Shadows around my senses roll!

Spirit, from Earth beneath or Heav'n above,
Wear not the form of Her I vainly love!
Back, back unto thy twilight waters deep,
And leave me to a blank and dreamless sleep!

Poor Readywit was in the ecstasy of reciting aloud the concluding lines of the above rhapsody, when a knock at his solitary garret-door aroused him to the plain prose of "Come in."

"Mr. Readywit's hapartments, I presume!" said Mr. Tootle, entering with his son Too, and looking around him with unequivocal surprise at the misery that presented itself on all sides.

"At your service, Sir," replied Readywit; "what may be your pleasure?"

"I understand," said Mr. Tootle, "that you're a dab at writin' them ere sort of things called—called—called—let me see—called Prefaces; ay, that's it. Am I right, Mr.?"

"Not in taking that seat, Sir," Mr. Readywit was about to observe, but his utterance proved somewhat slower than Mr. Tootle's corporate preponderance, for a rickety chair which had been unceremoniously laid hold of by that gentlemen, suddenly gave way beneath him, and made the fragile fabric of Mr. Readywit's attic domicile vibrate as though "a giant statue fell."

Fortunately, no injury ensued, and Mr. Tootle was soon restored to his legs. The business of the scene now commenced.

"I s'pose, Mr., you've got Prefaces on all sorts of things," said Mr. Tootle, "as ye hannounce in yir 'vertisement?"

"Yes, Sir; or if not already written, they will be supplied in a few hours. May I ask the subject upon which one is required. I presume the book is already composed; or, if not, I have no objection to write it as well as the Preface."

"That's my business," said Mr. Tootle. I don't want any one to know what my book is about till I have a good Preface to it; so let's see what you've got in the way of that, Mr."

"Is your work upon phrenology, Sir?"

"I tell you, I won't tell you what it's upon till I get a good Preface for it."

"But it is necessary, my good Sir."

"Not a bit of it," said Mr. Tootle, warmly; "I have written my book without a Preface, an' I don't see why a Preface can't be written to it without knowin' its contents; therefore, to save trouble, let me hear all ye've got in that line, an' I'll pay up for a good 'un like a good 'un."

Mr. Readywit's "poverty but not his will consented," so he accordingly proceeded to display his numerous preparatory prefaces, occasionally inquiring, "Will this suit, Sir?" "Will this answer the purpose?"

There were several prefaces to future works on astronomy, some to delayed works in the press on various subjects, many that might have suggested a work of themselves, and a great number of others which it is not necessary to enumerate or describe, particularly as they did not very much interest the attention of Mr. Tootle. At last Mr. Readywit

alighted on a manuscript which he assured Mr. T. had been written several years back, on "The Inco-existence of Different Ideas."

"Stand fast," said Mr. Tootle; "that ere is the one for me. I 'ave different hidears on the subject from hanybody helse. Read on, Mr., if you please. Different hidears, indeed! that's sumwhat 'musin'. How could ye know I 'ad different hidears on the subject?"

"I am not acquainted with the subject, yet, Sir," remarked Mr. Readywit, with some acrimony.

"What's that to do with it? If you've got anything as what'll suit, read him out, an' I'll tell you my mind on it."

Mr. Readywit unfolded a paper in silence, and commenced the following recital:—

"I have read somewhere of a learned Frenchman, who, determined in his zeal for originality of authorship, to write a book *peri ton apax eiremenon*, or *Anglicé*!"

Mr. Tootle. What does that mean, Too?

Too. That's an island in Wales, pa!

Mr. Tootle. Ha! clever boy this, Mr.!

Mr. Readywit (*staring*). "Anglicé, for the benefit of my simple English readers, whereof I hope to have a vast number—'Concerning things which had been said but once.' This was certainly a praiseworthy undertaking; but, unluckily, upon more mature consideration of his project, he found he should be under the necessity of publishing!"

Mr. Tootle. Just my case.

Mr. Readywit. "A blank book!"

Mr. Tootle. Just not my case; is it, Too?

(Too shakes his head.)

Mr. Readywit. "There being nothing new under the sun, as Solomon, that wise man, cruelly asserted so many hundreds of years ago!"

Mr. Tootle. There's the New River hard by us.—

Too. And the new Bus in the New Road, pa!

Mr. Tootle. So there is, Too! Ha! there's nothin' like schoolin', after all—schoolin' them in their young days—is there, Mr.? Now I s'pose you must have bin a smartish chap at my boy's age, or you could'nt get up these here sort of things?"

Mr. Readywit (*bowing*). I had the honour of belonging to one of the universities about the age of that young gentleman, Sir.

Mr. Tootle. Ha! I thought so. You shall have a run of a month or six weeks through one of them, Too. Go on, if please, Mr.

Mr. Readywit. "This being the case, what is an unfortunate wight to do at this late hour of the day?"

Mr. Tootle (*pulling out his watch*). Late hour of the day! why it isn't yet one o'clock, is it, Too?

(Too shakes his head.)

Mr. Tootle. I thought not. Pray go on, Mr.

Mr. Readywit. "Late hour of the day, 'smit,' as he may be 'with the love of poesy and prate,' and eager to figure away as a prime one in the literary arena."

Mr. Tootle. Where's that, Too?

Too. In St. Giles's, pa! (Mr. Tootle places his hand affectionately on his son's glowing vertex.)

Mr. Readywit resumes:—

"If there be nothing new, but that which is
Hath been before, how are our brains beguiled
—— Labouring for invention!"

Shakspeare! I beg your pardon, readers."

"No offence," exclaimed simultaneously Mr. Tootle and his son Too.

"Really," continued Mr. Readywit, "it must be allowed that it is very provoking, after deterring or cleansing your imagination from all common-place and vulgarity—and that you fancy you have hit upon something extremely new, elegant, and ingenious!"

Mr. Tootle. Hextremely new, helegant, and hingefius! I'll have that on the title-page. Dot that, Too!

"It is very provoking, I repeat," said the Preface Writer, *con amarezza*, "to meet a friend!"

Mr. Tootle. Not at all; there you an' I can't hexactly agree, Mr. I jist now met Jack Rosin, my old pal, an' I'm sure nothin' could 'ave bin more pleasanter than we was over a pint together, after so many years habsence. Wasn't it, Too?

Too. Yes, pa! I dearly likes that ginger pop and ale.

Mr. Tootle. We'll have some more of it as we are on the way home, Too. Don't say nothing to mother, or she'd say—Go on, Mr.

Master Too telegraphed his acquiescence to the desired concealment by a significant application of his right hand thumb to his nose, followed by a double plunge into his dexter and sinister breeches-pockets, as if they were

Stored with honied sweets.

He could not manage, however, to extract more than a sour apple from each of them; when, on the admonitory opinion of his papa, that they would be better after dinner, he appeared to console himself with the blissful futurity, and allowed Mr. Readywit to proceed for the present as follows:—

"But it is with property in the ideal Parnassus very nearly the same with that in the more substantial acres of this 'working day-world.' Discovery constitutes the '*Jus possessionis*.'

"Explain, Too," said Mr. Tootle.

"The just possession," replied Too.

"That's what I say and controvert," said Mr. Tootle. "A man's patent must no 'manner of ways be pervaded.'

The Preface Author continued:—

"He who comes first is the lord of the soil; and it is vain to attempt to displace or eject him. Would it were otherwise; for many a fellow of antiquity, many a literary dog in the manger, monopolises boundless fertile tracks of invention, making no more use of their fecundity than by barely mentioning them as his; while we, after-comers, like the poor ox, are obliged wistfully to look on with a mental starvation, or to scurvily feed upon a few poor patches cut off the outskirts of his extensive territory, where we lead a miserable, dependent existence, compelled to render unto his rapacious claims, sometimes more than a tithe of the scanty produce of our own hands. The real truth is: go where you will, as a poet, or, indeed, writer of any sort, there has been some one before you."

Mr. Tootle. What o' that? my book will beat 'em all hollow, that you may take my word for, Mr.

* Readywit (continuing). "And '*tentanda via est*' is the worst motto ever worn by a literary adventurer, unless he have some new road in his eye totally different from the old way to Parnassus. If so, the more he proceeds in that the better and surer will be

his reception; for we delight in things foreign to nature and probability. Virgil says, '*Immania monstra perferimus*;' and Tacitus, also, '*Quæ à longinquo magis placent*!'"

Mr. Tootle (chuckling). That bit of Greek will bother 'em, won't it, Too? What will neighbour Stub say now 'bout puttin' his boy to hedication 'stid of breeches patchin'? Go on, if please, Mr. I likes that much. Put a bit more in now and then, if it isn't too dear.

Readywit. "As everybody, when he commenced writing, must have begun at the same point, obscurity, it is strange to remark how very few *radii* have ever attained the *periphery* of fame. Decadence!"

Mr. Tootle. What cadence?

Readywit (unheeding). "Decadence—falling back, again to their primitive unnoticed state—seems to have been the inclination of most writers after their first essay."

Mr. Tootle. I'll have the second edition published first and that'll make 'em 'quire arter No. I., Too!

Too. So it will, Pa! an' we can say it's all bought up!

Mr. Tootle (with parental extacy). Good boy! good boy! there's a bran new shining fourpenny for you! mind you don't let Ma grab it from you for wedgitables, or that like! 'Scuse me, Mr., but I always rewards my son when he hexposes is hintellect! Now let's have a good spell without no hinter-rup

Mr. Readywit resumed with feelings of no ordinary disgust at his auditors, and with certain misgivings, that he should have all his trouble for nothing. But still there was a certain pleasure resulting from the perusal of a long laid aside manuscript, so he continued—

"What in the name of all that is tangible is a Son of Earth to do in order to be *grea*? Why, implore the assistance of the same power that can make him good! And, by the way, a celebrated ancient has asserted that no man was ever great without a certain portion of divine inspiration; '*Nemo vir magnus sine aliquo afflatu divino unquam fuit*,' says Tully, plainly showing how inseparable these two great qualities are—goodness and greatness!—But, hold! I am insensibly falling into a moral discussion, which was not at all my intention, instead of exhibiting the difficulties under which the moderns labour, compared with the ancients, in works of invention. They were reapers—we are but gleaners!

"Is it not discouraging to meet the following assertions, and to be obliged, in a great measure, to comply with their truth? 'An author, now-a-days' (says the Mirror, No. LXXX.), 'can only give new form, not matter, to his argument; a new turn, not thought, to his epigram; new attitudes, not objects, to his picture; new language, not situation, to his story!' Alas! where shall I betake me for 'matter, thoughts, objects, and situations' that were never before heard or attempted?

"As to the last of these *worn-outs*, Situations, I, for a long time, prided myself upon a resolution I had formed of quitting this dull nether world, and choosing the moon for the locality of my projected work, where I hoped to have found situations enow; but, would you believe it, kind reader! (all readers are kind!) having conveyed myself there one summer

twilight, by the means of a poetical vision,—I found it was already horribly infested with mad poets and adventurers; so that, chap-fallen and disappointed, I was obliged to descend again to my mother earth, against which the supposed shock of my fall awoke me! A volume of Shakespeare lay beside me, opened, as it were, by some kind hand for my perusal of these consolatory lines:—

All impediments in fancy's ~~collie~~
Are motives of more fancy!

Upon this I cheered up, and straight my memory assisted me to another encouraging reflection, as if some visible, or rather internal power, had determined upon my doing something! It was a saying of a great painter, poet, and musician (*Leonardo da Vinci*) which I had somewhere found in the course of my diglutory peeps into books, namely, 'that the spots on an old mouldy wall, forming a confused resemblance of different objects, may be sufficient to supply an improving fancy with a fine assemblage of the most perfect images!' Now, thought I, if this answer, as a stimulus to invention in painting, it ought to do still as well in writing; for '*ut pictura poesis*' says Horace, and, *vice versa*, '*mutum est pictura poema*!'

"But here a new difficulty arose: for though to the external vision of a painter they were to be had in abundance, I could not find a single *mouldy wall* that suited my 'mind's eye.' Perhaps I was wrong in finding such a resemblance between poetry and painting. I think I was, too, upon serious reflection, for, having tired my mental optics by presenting them with more than a thousand of these *succedaneum* resources of fancy, I began to be convinced that they were exclusively meant for the inspirations of the pencil, notwithstanding the opinion of Q. F. Horace, Esq. (or Q. H. F. if you like), and others, who assert, as above, that poems are like pictures; particularly when, having carefully considered even a *mouldy map* of the world that hung upon a *mouldy wall*, I was prompted to nothing else than this silly reflection: what a comical nose it should be to carry about this enormous pair of spectacles as the two hemispheres seemed to my imagination! But to be serious. I am going to do *something*—at least I fancy so, and there is a great deal in that. Nicholas Machiavel says, 'let a man but fancy himself capable of high things, and he will, of course, be able to achieve the highest!' Now, I assure you, gentle reader, that *that something*, whatever it is to be, will cost me a world of pains to season up for the dainty appetites now in vogue. I was several times in the mind to abandon altogether my projected work."

"Not a bit of it," said Mr. Tootle, quickening up from a drowsy attention.

The Preface Writer continued:—

"But I was as often urged to continue by one or all of the three grand incitements which, individually or collectively, have been the *motus* of writing in all ages—namely: 1st. The *cacoethes scribendi*, which I translate 'a poetical chlorosis,' that lasts some people all their lives; 2nd. the *largitar ingent venter* (Pers. Prolog., ver. 10), which Dryden happily renders 'witty want;' and 3rd. the *auræ sacra fames* (to which, being a much better Latinist than Virgil, I take the liberty of altering his *auri sacra fames*), the holy thirst for fame (Quintilian uses *aura popularis*); so that with one or other or all of these to spur me

whenever I flagged in my course, the book has come to a finale of some sort or other."

"And a beautiful finale it makes," suddenly observed Mr. Tootle, "I 'ranged it in a buss!"

Whatever were Mr. Readywit's feelings he read on with apparent indifference.

"But in justice to myself, I must assert the last and noblest of these incentives to have been almost exclusively my prompter, or bad adviser, as some critic may say."

That's right, Mr.; give it to them ere chaps," aimed Mr. Tootle.

"By the way, a word to these same critics," continued Mr. Readywit, heedlessly.

"Ay! go it, Mr.," said Tootle.

"I caution them against the inefficacy of fulminating any severe censures against the following pages; they are proof against the bolts of a goose quill, for they were written by a plume from an eagle's wing (see Pliny as to the origin of the fable of the eagle being *minister fulminis* to Jupiter.)"

"Where am I to call upon him?" demanded Mr. Tootle.

Mr. Readywit proceeded, apparently not noticing the question:—

"This mode of self-defence was revealed to me lately in a vision by an author who had been 'done to death' by a flash of critical lightning which flew zig-zag through his whole brain and instantly consumed him!"

"Lord shield and preserve us!" ejaculated Mr. Tootle.

"And now," resumed Mr. Readywit, "I think I should fairly have done,"—

"Well, I think," rejoined Mr. Tootle, "there be enough of it."

"Lest I might fall into the same error as the Myndians, by making my gate greater than my town, and exhausting my reader's patience on a Preface, when it may have a severe exercise to undergo in the perusal of the book itself. Lord Bacon has said, 'Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested.' Now I know not which of these several treatments may be the destiny of my little book; I only hope that the art of printing, by multiplying its copies numerously, will render useless the ancient practice of rubbing with oil of cedar, and keeping in cypress cases those works which were considered of inestimable value (one of which is mine to a certainty I would say, were I in Madame De Genlis' fabled Castle of Truth) and that the benevolent reader will not pass a hasty opinion, but quietly go on 'tasting, swallowing, chewing, and digesting,' its several ingredients, by which means perhaps some resemblance may be found between it and the Appian Way of Horace:

Minus est gravis Appia tardis.

"If you stroll through it at your leisure,
You may find something for your pleasure."

Mr. Readywit arrived at the conclusion of his chosen preface for the mysterious work! A short pause ensued. It was interrupted by a loud snore from Mr. Tootle, which awoke him from a sound slumber, and not a little astonished the abstracted Preface Writer, who had forgotten the immediate object of his perusal. With diffidence he inquired of Mr. Tootle if "The Preface" would suit him, who critically, and with a knowing shake of the head,

replied, "Why d'ye see, Mister, there be some things in it that I don't *quite*, ye see, take in; a bit more of Greek would have given it a relish, an' make people smack their lips after it more; there's no use writin' plain sense to any on' now-a-days. But, that's what I says in *my* book, so I musn't tell you no more about it. What's the damage, Mister, and hand over the paper."

Poor Readywit, with considerable hesitation, replied, "I hope, Sir, you'll not consider a guinea too much, but"—

"A guinea! oh not at all—there's a sovereign—you'll dish it up a bit if there's anything wrong in it"

"Oh certainly, Sir, if I may be allowed to see the proofs."

"The moment they're ready," said Mr. Tootle, "good day Mr. What-ye-call-yirself! But where the deuce is my Too? gone out, I 'spose, to spend that fourpenny bit. Never mind—I'll catch him on the way. Good day Mr.! I'll call again an' see you—there's a trifle more for you—good morning, I must go and look after my boy."

Mr. Readywit bowed his visitor half way down the stairs, and, strange for him, went out and dined that day. The Preface was devoted to a Treatise on the German Flute! Doctor Johnson wrote one *once* upon a time, and another in defence of his favourite Bohea. To what humiliations is genius in want obliged to submit!

W.

CHRISTMAS



HEARTY and heartfelt is the welcome of Christmas in thousands of homes; with gladness is its coming greeted at countless hearths. There is light and music, and the song, the dance, and the merry game. The old are cheerful and the young are gay. There is a smile on the furrowed cheek that tells of many sorrows long outlived, and there is the ringing laugh that rises only from the heart to which sorrow is yet

unknown. Other scenes there are in which the feast deepens into revel and carouse, the wine-cup circling the board, and flashing with a brighter gleam at each revolution, and the hours that see the old year expire are the gayest of all it has numbered during its course. Yes! Christmas is a merry time!

* * * * *

But it was not always thus. Grave and solemn

with the consciousness of their mighty task, were the spirits of those who celebrated the earliest festival of CHRISTMAS. Around them was a world from amid which they had been called as the instruments of a divine mission; only within their own hearts the deep conviction that HE was with them always, which could alone support them in their warfare. The Jew listened to them in hatred not unmingled with fear; the Roman heard with a wonder, blended with contempt, and, believing only in the material power that springs from numbers and wealth, he saw them to be poor, and despised them; few, and laughed them to scorn. But, hated or despised, the successors of the Apostles toiled on; there was much difficulty, but much to encourage also, and they met on that day which saw the birth of their Divine Master, with far other thoughts than those of festivity. An obscure chamber, filled with the mean and poorly clad, the simple prayer and the exhortation to increased energy in the work. Amid such a scene it may be believed the first founders of our faith passed the earliest CHRISTMAS.

* * * * *

Agés have passed away, and the believers in the word preached by the fishermen of Galilee have become too numerous to be despised, too strong to be scorned: they are feared by Prefect and Emperor, and the spirit of PERSECUTION is awakened; the capital of the old world, and the world itself, is ruled by a Diocletian. All the power of the State is directed against them; they are imprisoned, tortured, beheaded. They supply the place of the criminals who were thrown to the wild beasts in the circus. A few grains of incense thrown on a Pagan altar, the slightest acknowledgment of the Pagan creed, would save them—but all evasion is scorned, and thousands on thousands crown a life of toil by the death of martyrdom. No time is this for joy or festival. Though they now number among them men of birth and wealth, there is a cloud gathering over the Church. The persecution has been unsparing, dread, almost exterminating. What could have been the festival of CHRISTMAS at such a time? The gathering thinned in numbers, many a seat vacant, a sadness, though of grief rather than of despondency, visible in all. The meeting collected in secret, separates by stealth and in darkness. Their hour is not yet come.

* * * * *

Centuries have rolled away, with all their changes—many and mighty ones. The temporal power of Rome has long since fallen to decay. Its empire is now divided into states and kingdoms; but in the seat of that once universal sway sits the possessor of a spiritual dominion as wide, stronger, and more complete. The Rome of Paganism has become the Rome

of Christianity; and the churches of that faith rise proudly where the first worshippers were driven to caves and cellars. Nay, the temples of the Heathen persecutor are consecrated by a purer ritual, which has adapted to its purpose things which artists who wrought in the spirit of the old mythology fashioned with a keen perception of the beautiful. Thus the Temple of Jupiter is a Christian Church; an altar of Isis receives the oblations of the charitable; the Bacchanalian vase has become a baptismal font; a tripod supports the vessel of holy water; tablets inscribed to the Dis Manibus are set in pavements hallowed by the knees of the devout; the brass columns of Jupiter Capitolinus are consecrated to the altar of the blessed Sacrament. All is changed. Where the faith was most persecuted, there most it rules; the throne of the Cæsars is the chair of St. Peter, and from thence the Church sways the world, dictating to the kings of the earth—deposing one and setting up another; taking from this a realm, and bestowing it on that. The holder of the keys opens and shuts, and binds and loosens, and wields a power that cannot be defied by the boldest. The early heresies have died out, or been crushed; and those destined to rend the Church in twain are yet in the womb of time. As the temples of the faith are splendid with all that wealth can purchase, so its ceremonial is one of pomp and magnificence, with robe and vestment, mitre and crosier; with the swell of music and the wafting of incense. What is the celebration of CHRISTMAS now? A high festival observed by all classes, openly, with a joyful exultation. There is feast, and sport, and good cheer, in which the poor are not forgotten, being, by the charity of the rich, partakers therein. CHRISTMAS has become a holiday—a grateful period—a cheering and a cheerful time—and such is long to continue!

* * * * *

Onward again into the depths of time! There is change once again; but not so vast as before. No destruction of an old system, but a later development of an existing one. There is a different spirit abroad on the face of society; and it is not a better one. Magnificence is with the Church—even greater than of yore—and splendour that is, if possible, increased. Only in her influence over the heart of man has she decayed. Worldly men have penetrated her sanctuary; her high places have become the "prizes" for which the ambitious play the game of policy, crooked, crafty, and desecrating. There is learning to profundity, and talent most active and sagacious, among those who govern her; but faith is weak, or even dead. A Pope can congratulate himself on the vast riches gathered to the Church by the "fable" of Christianity; and another, while giving to

a whole people, kneeling prostrate before him, the pontifical blessing, can exclaim—"Dio mio; quanto e facile de coglionare la gente!" Appearances are preserved, but the essence is departing. As with the head, so with the members. Bishops are strict exactors of their temporal dues; and the mitred Abbot tithes and tolls, and takes careful note that the tribute of fowl and fish be punctually rendered by the tenants. There are strange murmurs abroad, complaints, doubts concerning the right of the Church to do many things. There have been teachers of strange doctrines arrested and silenced by the death of fire, but it has not much availed. One Luther has arisen, and denounces—many are beginning to think with good reason—various practices which make merchandise of the faith. Kings and Princes are beginning to listen to him; the Church had better look to it, for it begins to be serious. But it thinks itself strong enough to defy all attack; and many redeeming qualities it hath to make it valued. There is abundance of almsgiving at its gates, and the poor of many nations have reason to bless it. Still does the festival of Christmas awake the same feelings as of yore. The good and hearty customs of social life are, thanked be heaven! the last to change.

* * * * *

But even they suffer mutation! Pass onward yet once more, not for ages, but a few generations only. The storm broke sooner and more fiercely than the Church expected it, and one of the fairest kingdoms of the west is severed from it. There the broad lands of Abbey and Priory are given to nobles, who like the Church take all they can, but unlike it render nothing in return. They toll and tithe, but do not teach. The spirit of the people, too, is changed; a dark and gloomy fanaticism is settling down upon them, that breaks out in hatred of all priestly forms. And their hate is endowed with strength; they destroy that which they despise, even to its material symbols. Altar, cross, and window, every "carved image," whether of saint or warrior, niched or on the tomb, all perish beneath the axe and hammer of "iconoclast profanation." It is a gloomy time, severe, rigid, bitter against all the graces of life, as if cheerfulness of

heart or visage was a crime. Festivals and holidays are no more, almost the memory of them has departed from the land, a cold, ungenial, mirth-destroying race! Against CHRISTMAS are they especially envenomed; the very name, as savouring of Papistry, is expunged from the calendar; but, as the day must come, and rents are to be received (they are punctual in their dealings, in the receipt of dues particularly), it may be called for convenience, CHRISTTIDE. No celebration must it have, it is shorn of all its cheer, and in gloom and darkness of soul, heaven, for all its good, is "thanked amiss," by those who have imbibed their theology from a fountain whose waters are bitter.

* * * * *

That has now passed; the gulf of two centuries is placed between us and the reign of fanaticism. But every age has its peculiar spirit, its dominant influence. The charities of life are not now overshadowed by the cloud of religious bigotry; we are tolerant of other faiths, oftentimes indifferent to our own; but the souls and hearts of far too many are absorbed by a worship as deadening and more sordid than that which blinded the Puritans to so much that was kindly and cheering. The pursuit of wealth engrosses and distracts; bigotry trampled down the flowers that strew the path of life, but the spirit of mammon does not suffer them to grow. In such an age the recurrence of a festival that brings with it associations of a better and higher nature than are linked with the daily life of the world, that is solemn in its memories, yet cheering in its influence, that unites friends and gathers together many a scattered circle, is surely to be hailed with thankfulness and joy. It has come down to us, through the lapse of many centuries, through every change, remembered by those who bear the name of Him to whom the star-led kings of the East paid adoration in the cradle. It was an old belief—too beautiful to be called a superstition—that no evil spirit had power on mankind at this season. May its spell be equally potent over the many evil things that haunt the heart, and may they yield, even if it be but for the briefest space, to the brighter hope, the kindlier thoughts, and the wider charity that CHRISTMAS wakens in the generation in which our lot is cast.

HEY FOR THE GRASSHOPPER!

AN UNPREMEDITATED GRESHAM LECTURE.

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

DR. JOHNSON, I remember, tells his friend Boswell that he never but once declined an invitation to dinner on the score of pressing business, and upon that occasion that he stayed at home the whole evening and did nothing. I confess I can hardly understand or make allowance for so signal a want of philosophy on the part of our great moralist. He needed not to have gone far into his dictionary before he came to the word "abstinence," and, a little further on, he would have found the word "application." Now, I do not happen to be a Dr. Johnson; and making no pretensions to the title and the attaching honours of a philosopher, am proof against pressing note, card of invitation, theatre-ticket, or "seat in my brougham." Nay, I really think a free admission to Exeter Hall would make little impression upon me.

Still, I am not "locked in complete steel." Pleasure knows the weapon to which I am vulnerable. Sight—out-of-door sights and shows—such as an enlightened Ministry sometimes sanctions, or a princely municipality now and then dispenses—I cannot fortify my philosophy altogether against these. Yet, when her Majesty, some seven years since, made her entry into the City to accept the hospitality of my Lord Mayor, although a front seat in the best part of the Strand awaited me, I manfully resisted the proffered rosewood and octagonal cane-work. On the whole, I came off pretty well at the Coronation. A mighty seneschal and a yeoman of the guard sought me, severally, and whispered, "the interior of the Abbey," but I turned a deaf ear to the temptation; and if, at length, Hyde Park with its fair and fire-works *did* capture me, let me not be altogether condemned.

The 28th of October last racked me terribly. Duty plainly commanded strict devotion to the desk; inclination exhorted an incursion into the City. I—a native of the City—born within a hundred yards of the site of Gresham's house—proud of her great names (I do not mean in the Corporation), her Milton, her Spenser, her Pope, her Jonson, her De Foe, her Gray, and how many others—should I vegetate—rather, pine away, go out, be extinguished in the vile suburb of Camden Town on such an occasion as the opening of the New Royal Ex-

change? "Perish the thought," as some modern dramatists say, in whom thought has indeed perished. The long majestic march of the procession bade me "fall in" and make one; the ghost of the old Exchange rose up before me, and invoked me, in the name of our former friendship to come and see his successor; and the fire-new grasshopper sent forth a stridulous citation to me.

The newspaper had furnished glimpses of great things to be done on that day. News must indeed be rife and of no slight import when it circulates nimbly through char-women. One of the sisterhood imparted to me that there was to be a great "to do," but added, while she dusted a table, that there would be no lighting up—that it would'nt be much of a sight for the poor folks, let alone any good to 'em. The newspaper had hinted this too, but this was clearly impossible. What! a set of men—the trustees, and, so to speak, the executors of one of the most princely merchants that ever chartered vessel from the port of London—the representatives of the greatest city in the world, met to offer homage to, and receive assurances of protection from, the monarch of a commercial country on what may not improperly be called the anniversary of the birth-day (new style) of commerce—men like these, so met, and for such a purpose, and on such a day, do the shabby genteel! draw in their horns of plenty before they were half extended! cut triumph in two with a wise saw! and, too well remembering some old proverb of thrift, make themselves proverbs of parsimony to the end of time!—it could not be. But of this more anon.

The procession pleaded in vain. It drew me not away from my labours. Yet, as I looked out of the window from time to time, I could not fail of observing that the neighbourhood was in a high fever. Omnibuses drew up for a moment and carried away excited ladies and gentlemen; vehicles of all sizes and descriptions, fraught with all sizes and descriptions of humanity, wafted their complement along—middle-aged people ran in and out of shop doors—young people issued from private houses, nodding and smiling to the mother on the threshold, with her "mind-be-sure-you-take-care-of yourselves" expression still on her countenance

after they had turned the corner—all was life running after ultra-life elsewhere.

Towards afternoon the holiday feeling became too strong for me; I could hold out—I should rather say, I could hold *in*—no longer. The world and his wife were abroad, and I was one of their children left at home. I closed my desk slowly, and drawing on my boots and (sagacious of the hubbub from afar) fixing my hat firmly on my head, I issued forth.

When I reached Holborn, shoals of visitors were drifting eastward, while loose squadrons were beating up from that quarter. The visages of these latter looked ominous, and grew darker as I proceeded. Vexation was strong upon them at Snow-hill—disappointment was preying upon their vitals in Newgate-street, and to have hailed one of them with a “What cheer, brother?” in Cheapside, might have drawn a broadside from the enemy.

How I got into the Poultry, or, being there, how I got out again, is one of those mysteries time will never unravel. Cheapside and Cornhill seemed to be contending for me, and with various success, while I was tossed about “like a wave o’ the sea” off St. Mildred’s Church. I think that the ward of Cheap would have had me at last, but that, having insured my life to the tune of a few thousands in the Imperial, the presiding genius of Cornhill interposed to my rescue.

And now, having arrived at the spot, that is to say, at the corner of Cornhill, what a scene was presented to me! The lamps were now lighted, and the gas had been just turned on a solitary V. A. in the front of a house, which blazed away, audacious with its monopoly of splendour, and in evident ridicule of a bilious star opposite, which a man, under the especial patronage of a few urchins, was endeavouring to kindle with a painful long stick. Turning my eye in the direction of the Exchange, it loomed darkly before me, certain dreary things (afterwards ascertained to be flags) hanging about it, and giving it the appearance of a dyer’s and scourer’s on a large scale. And this was the sight that thousands as well as myself had come forth to see! The pass of the Poultry—the fierce contest of Metropolitan mankind in that narrow defile—was now explained to me.

When some Jones, Brown, or Robinson, invites a guest of more than ordinary standing in society, and lays himself out to receive his visitor with unusual lustre, it is not surprising if, as soon as his guest has gone, he puts out his wax candles, collects together his spoons, locks up his confectionery, and retires to his private room to calculate whether the positive outlay balances the probable advantage. But we may well marvel when we find that the corporate magnates of the city of London are so many Joneses, Browns, and Robinsons. It was due to her

Majesty that festivity should have been kept up after her departure. The occasion—never, we trust, to occur again—demanded it. The royal guest was gone, but she had not carried thence her influence, neither should they have allowed it to seem that she had done so. Another peering glance through the obscurity at the solemn building. Shades of Gresham, Barnard, and Whittington! Even a few sparkles from the back of Whittington’s cat might have been of advantage here.

Full of sad and angry reflections, I bent my course up Cornhill, and, turning into a passage on the right, entered a tavern and ordered a steak, which I ate with what appetite I might, not unobservant the while of a gentleman about thirty who sat opposite, and who, on the completion of my repast, exchanged snuff with me.

“Seen the grand sight to day, I presume, Sir?” said my companion, when I had mixed my “go” of brandy—“though, judging from the expedition with which you disposed of your steak, no partaker of the banquet, I should say.”

I replied that I had not been a spectator of the procession.

“Considering the day,” he resumed, “I think there were fewer Victorias in the City than might have been expected.”

“Fewer Victorias! my dear Sir,” said I in some surprise, “one only, I believe, was looked for, and surely that one”——

“I perceive you don’t take my meaning. Are you not aware that no sooner does an illustrious personage ‘swim into our ken’ than he or she sets the fashion of faces? The Victoria face, as you must have observed, is now quite the rage with the ladies; nor do I wonder at it, or blame them for it. How it was at the time I don’t know; but now that thirty years have passed since the battle of Waterloo, I see as many ‘iron Dukes’ about town, with their eagle glances and high noses, as would suffice to fight all the battles in the universal history. Byrons, Sir, are pretty nearly out, but Buonapartes have not yet abolished themselves. The other day I stole behind a Whitechapel Napoleon of my acquaintance, and withdrew his snuff-box from his closed hand, and received a pinch of the ear for my familiarity.”

Perceiving my companion was a good-natured fellow, I encouraged his advances towards conversation, though I guessed he needed little encouragement. I inquired whether he had seen the procession.

“Why, how *that* was, Sir,” said he, “I’ll tell you—hoping it may go no further. The fact is, I was informed there was one seat to be spared in a shop-window not a hundred miles from the Poultry. I had reason to expect that a young lady,—that is,—hem! that a young lady would be there. I secured it on the pay-

ment of certain silver, and had the temerity to think myself in luck. Now, it so happens, Frodsham never made a chronometer that would not go too fast for me. When I got to the end of a street on the way to my seat, there was a vile Gresham Committee barrier, with a policeman stationed at it, brimful of duty, irascible, untameable, and yet stolid. Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood, but this man's had been quickened by Daniel Whittle Harvey. On attempting to slip by this functionary I received a dig in the digestives which enforced a parley. In vain I protested I was Smith, Payne, and Smith, going to Jones Lloyd's. There never *was* a bill to be taken up that required so immediate a lift as mine. 'Your pass, your pass.' You might as well, Sir, have attempted to mollify a rattlesnake, or to mesmerise a bull-dog. At length I drew from my pocket something which painted truncheon never yet withstood. Whether it was that her Majesty's likeness avouched my loyalty, or that, the obverse of the coin being uppermost, the George and Dragon suggested kindred qualities in me, I cannot say"—

"But he let you pass instantly?" I interposed.

"Just so, and away I hied to my shop, and was admitted. Now, Sir, being last comer, and, moreover, last perch-purchaser—the majority of the company, too, being ladies—you may easily believe that I had no choice of seat—and the seat I had! How shall I describe it to you? The original intention on the part of the shopkeeper, I have reason to think, comprehended the convenience of a less number of visitors; but Mammon and second thoughts enlarged his views. Benches had been fixed which required for their greater stability pieces of deal at either end, inclining downwards towards the wainscot. One of these inclined planes received me. Here were the eighteen inches by eight for which I had paid my three half crowns. Here was my seven and six-penny worth of tribulation; and here I sat, or rather leaned, against the wainscot during the whole procession, like a devoted loyalist at the last gasp, or a barber's block upset in reaching for a pot of pomatum."

"Really, Sir," I remarked, "you were not a little to be pitied. You must have seen the sight at great disadvantage."

"Seen the sight!" he returned, "let me set you right there. I saw *nothing*—nothing but a little, dry, untortured curl at the nape of the neck of a young lady before me, and the lace pattern of her tippet, or whatever else it may be called, which will never depart from me while memory holds a seat (aye, even *such* a seat as mine was) in this distracted globe. There was a stout old gentleman next me, who had

contrived to make his optics available by sitting on his immense great-coat. I thought to have obtained second-hand intimations of what was going on from him. 'God bless my soul!—noble!—God bless my soul!—grand!' which proceeded from him at intervals, quickened my perception of the gorgeous magnificence passing before us. I say, these apostrophes to his '*Anima, vagula, blandula*,' put me upon applying to him. But all to no purpose had I him under the fifth rib with my forefinger. He was inaccessible. His sense of hearing had been absorbed by his eyes, and when with a long, a loud, and a last appeal, I took him by the hand by way of awakening him to a knowledge of my condition, he pressed mine fervently, and, his under lip quivering, ejaculated, 'God bless *her* soul!' from which I conclude (but am not certain) that her Majesty passed at that moment."

"Then do you really mean to assert," said I, indignantly, "that you saw nothing whatever, and that, seated as you state, and where they placed you, there was no possibility of seeing anything?"

"I do, and it's as true as that I sit here now, where I *can* see, and may be seen."

"Then you should have compelled the man to return you your money."

"Why," observed my companion, "tradesmen are tradesmen; and not one of them to-day, living in the line of the procession, but has been a dealer in wood and wickedness. On these occasions every man lets his shop-window. At first, every man intended to accommodate the public comfortably; but, as the day drew on, every plank had its price, every inch of timber its value, and the end of it is, each renews the old miracle, and makes bread out of deal boards."

At this moment, a little apoplectic-looking gentleman, dressed in everything that seemed too light for him, entered the box where we were sitting, carrying in his hand a small glass of brandy and water.

"Ha! Wigmore," said he, nodding; and then, holding his spoon upright in the centre of his goblet, stared hard at my companion, as though waiting to be asked questions.

"Seen the procession, of course, Mr. Dipps?" observed Wigmore.

"Seen the procession!" echoed the other, with the air of a man whose eyes were daily familiar with sights of a more august description—"was there—was there"—

"Where? In the procession?"

"In the procession!" answered Dipps very slowly—"No—in the edifice—in the building itself, my good friend; a building which has been erected by the public spirit of the City, the munificence of Parliament, and the splendid genius of a Tite."

"Then you got tickets? I thought they were not easily procurable."

"Tickets were *not* easily procurable. You may tell that to all your friends, and make no secret of it. But I think it would be strange if Robert Dipps couldn't get tickets for whatever he wanted to see, without going down on his knees for 'em. Six-and-thirty years in one ward"—and here Dipps seemed to address himself more particularly to me—"and always a staunch friend of the Church, an uncompromising upholder of the Throne, and an unflinching defender of the rights and liberties of my fellow citizens—I think that's *the* ticket. What do *you* say, Sir? Tickets! I should think so."

The thought was too absurd. Dipps hung over his brandy and water with a kind of bland sneer upon his countenance, and then took a hasty sip at his beverage.

"Then you had the honour of seeing her Majesty, I presume?" I inquired.

"I saw her Most Gracious Majesty, Sir, and a more imposing spectacle I never did see. I was in the room, Sir, where she dined—that is to say where she had, what was to her, merely a snack. I partook of the *déjeuner*" (Dipps's accent was not altogether Parisian) "in Lloyd's Subscription Room, and a more magnificent spread than was provided on that occasion, table never groaned under. I'm thinking it must have given a sort of a hint of our commercial greatness to some of the representatives of our foreign potentates. On the whole, looking at the concern in every point of view, it was *glorious*. I and my wife and daughters were there before ten o'clock, and the women, as usual, being a deuce of a time at their toilets, we just managed to go without our breakfasts—a treat that, wasn't it? You may take your oath I was in good cue for the *déjeuner*. The dress of the ladies, all of 'em, was superb—and her Majesty's! My wife and daughters say they never saw anything more elegant. I say, Wigmore," addressing that gentleman, who was reading the paper, "I wish you had been there. It was glorious, as I've been telling this gentleman."

"I think it might have been made much more glorious," answered Wigmore.

"How's that?" exclaimed Dipps. "Much more glorious! but you've no conception of it, because of your not seeing it. The magnificent service of gold plate! the trophies of armour! the flags! the famous figure of Queen Elizabeth, brought from the Tower on this auspicious occasion! the banners! the superb dresses of the ladies! and the military and civil dignitaries! the"—

"All very well," interrupted Wigmore; "but I see that her Majesty, in answer to the address, has this paragraph, which I will read to you:—'The relief of the indigent, the ad-

vancement of science, the extension of commerce, were the objects contemplated by the founder of the Exchange.' Noble objects these."

"I should think they *are* noble objects," answered Dipps; "how could we get on without 'em? Sir Thomas Gresham, I fancy, knew what he was about as well as most men. The light of his age—an honour to his country."

"Now doesn't it occur to you," said Wigmore, "that if the quadrangle had been covered with an awning?"

"Covered with an awning? Why? What for?"

"And tables had been placed, and laid out with"—

"What! dine—*déjeuner* in the quadrangle—stuff!"

"No," pursued Wigmore; "a few thousands of the respectable poor dine there—that when her Majesty entered, she might have seen poverty in its most pleasing aspect, and wealth in the performance of one of its noblest duties."

"Preposterous! absurd!" cried Dipps, looking at me to see whether I was observing what a clever fellow he was going to show himself. "The respectable poor! There *are* cases, certainly; but what is it? Let me see: ay—dirt, and consequent immorality—that's it. Do you think, on such an auspicious occasion—on the opening of our splendid edifice—thousands of suspicious characters should have been turned into it! It couldn't *be*, Sir; it couldn't be *done*, Sir!"

"But their characters might have been beyond suspicion," suggested Wigmore.

"It couldn't be done, Sir; that's the short and the long of it. The respectable poor!"—and here, relapsing unconsciously into the idiom of his former state, which was probably that of a parish apprentice, he ejaculated, "*My wig!*"

"Let me ask, then," said Wigmore, "how the advancement of science was illustrated up stairs, in Lloyd's Subscription Room. How many scientific or literary men were present? Was there one?"

"Can't say," answered Dipps; "really can't say. There were a great many nobs partook of the splendid banquet; this the papers will tell you of to-morrow morning; but how many of the sort you mention I don't know. But I must be off; I'm going to take my wife and daughters to the theatre. Being all ready dressed, they can kill two birds with one stone, as I told 'em."

So saying, Dipps arose, and shaking Wigmore by the hand, and regarding him with an air of superior pity, he brought forth leisurely, "The respectable poor! You're a rum fellow; good bye;" and departed.

"Should it ever happen," observed Wigmore, pointing to the vacant seat of Dipps, "were the chance likely, that the City would ever be filled with such men as this—then the time will have arrived when, as Solomon says, 'the grasshopper shall be a burden.' Exchanges are built, and proclaimed 'royal' in vain, if they are to receive such sordid wretches as this man."

"Nay, judge him not harshly. He may possess estimable qualities, which he confines to his own circle. One thing is pretty clear—he has an affection for his wife and daughters."

"Selfishness in another form," said Wigmore.

"Which would take yet another shape, if it knew how to extend itself. Had the area of the Exchange been occupied as you suggested, he would have thought it all right, and applauded it to the very echo."

"I was not joking when I made that suggestion," remarked Wigmore in some confusion. "From my talk, before Dipps came in, I dare say you took me for a futile fellow enough; but I really do think something of the sort might have been done."

"And I. But its omission is of little importance, if the spirit of Gresham yet abides in the City."

"And you think it does?"

"Certainly; and pervades the empire. Every day brings us fresh proof of it. The discovery having been made that property has its duties as well as its rights, the contemplation of these duties will lead, has led, to a discovery of the rights of the poor. There never was ground of so much hope for mankind as now."

With this, my glass being out, I bade my companion good-night, and made the best of my way home.

STARS! STARS!

Stars! stars! beautiful stars!

Riding in radiance, throned in your cars.

When day dies in beauty

Afar o'er the deep,

Ye come to your duty,

Your lone watch to keep.

I love your light dancing o'er river and wood—

Like Virtue's existence, as gleesome as good.

Stars! stars! beautiful stars!

Lighting the lonely night, soothing its jars.

While gazing above me,

Your soft lights appear

Like sweet eyes that love me,

And watching me here.

Eyes that have left this cold world of despair,

But now beam from heaven, and beckon me there.

Stars! stars! beautiful stars!

Watching, till morning the day-gate unbars.

In crowds how you cluster,

Or singly ye go,

Still lending your lustre,

To mortals below.

How beautiful night is, a bride fond and warm,

And ye hang like jewels about her fair form.

JAMES BRUTON.

MUSINGS OF A WANDERER.—No. VII.

YE everlasting stars or worlds around
This tiny earth, but far away removed,
Add but a voice to your expressive eyes,
And tell me if within your distant spheres
There be such hearts as ours; if they have dreams
Of Immortality, with hopes and dreads,
Intense anxieties, and kindred links
Of parent's, brother's, sister's fond affection,

With that 'bove all which cost our general sire
His happy Paradise, and sent him forth
In married exile on a wintry waste!
Oh! 'tis a thought profound, a question deep,
That like th' incessant sea may beat and knock,
And get no answer from the eternal rock!

W.

ABROAD AND AT HOME.

BY CALDER CAMPBELL.

WHEN I think upon the palm trees
In that Eastern land of sun,
Where, in idleness of heart and mind,
I did not care to shun
Youth's wildest walks of folly,—
I sigh as if I yet
Could mend the past by wishing
That the past I could forget.

And a frequent pang comes o'er me,
When I sift my inward thoughts,
To find that all my labours, now,
Are but as dazzling motes
Seen 'twixt us and the sunshine—
Scarce giving depth or tone
To the clear and vacant atmosphere,
Where they spring up and are gone!

Oh! I feel that youth's free idleness,
Without a thought of sin
To steal—like vapours dank and dark—
The careless heart within,
Was holier than the toils, by which,
In after years, we think
It is a wise and clever thing
To live—and eat—and drink!

When I dwelt amid the palm trees,
And sipped their morning wine,
I did not tell a rosary,
Nor kneel at monkish shrine;
But neither did I look upon,
With thankless heart and cold,
The living emeralds of the woods,
And skies besprent with gold.

I had a feeling in my breast
That every thing was good;
From casual sorrow's stroke my hopes
Rose ever unsubdued:

I leant against the palm trees,
And watched the parrots there,
And knew that birds and boughs were both
Beneath a Father's care!

But now I hurry through vast streets,
And pace the peopled town,
Where human life seems one vast scheme
Of traffic up and down:
No palm trees, loud with parroquets,
No golden sunshine there;
But barter—Bargain—Avarice,
Dishonesty, Despair!

'Tis labour all!—the labourers
Toil on for bread and gain;
Enough for self, but not to spare
For other's want or pain:
The rich look on the poor with dread—
The poor, in turn, on them
With doubt and covetous despite
They do not try to stem.

And do I miss the palm trees,
When I had nought to do
But look up to an azure sky,
And think all good and true?
'Twas youth which lent the lowering
Of peace and joy; for though
I saw them not, be sure that there,
As here, were want and woe!

We have our tasks before us,
Wherever we may go;
And if we loiter over them
Time soon will let us know:—
'Tis well to labour thoughtfully,
And with an honest mind—
But woe to him that heaps up wealth
Not for his human-kind!

NEW BOOKS.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON ALMANACK.
To compile an almanack is an easy *task*—to compose one upon new, still correct, principles, is a

work involving some difficulty. This undertaking has been performed most successfully by every one connected with the present publication: we say



every one—for no individual, we think, could have supplied the various information which it contains: there must have been many and able hands employed. The epitome of synchronous history which it affords is more lucid and comprehensive than we have seen in any work of a similar nature—the astronomical remarks and illustrations are in the highest degree instructive and amusing—and the tables for every man's capacity, profession, or calling, most satisfac-

tory and concise. The work is interspersed with some pleasant sprinklings of poetry, and, altogether, we can recommend it to every member of society, no matter what station he may hold.

SONNET FOR NOVEMBER, 1845.

The mournful music of bleak forest trees,
The noisy gushing of the yellow brook,
In miniature a Tyber, and the book
Of Nature's leaves wide scattered—the rude breeze
That comes not gently, as it did in Spring
To fan the flowers with its dewy wing;
All lead the mind to sad philosophy,
And make it ruminate upon the change
That is in motion quick eternally;—
Where'er we turn, where'er our thoughts may
range,

We see some emblem of our life's decay—
At least upon this earth; if up we flee,
On wings of thought where spherical minstrels
play,
Immortal then we know ourselves to be!

W.

We had almost forgotten to notice the, ornithological portion, which presents us with some interesting portraits of our native birds, executed with great fidelity and exactness. In short, it is a hand-book to the great world of England, and will be found equally useful to all classes of society, particularly the commercial; but, indeed, we should not particularize when, upon consideration, it will be found of general, nay, universal utility, instruction, and amuse-

ment. We give one of Mr. Kenny Meadows's charming allegorical illustrations to each month, from which some idea may be formed of the beauty of that department.

SONNET FOR DECEMBER, 1845.

How different are the closes of each year!
Oh! Nature seems to change her garb, and dress
With all her child's (fair woman's) fickleness!
For sometimes at this season she'll appear
In robes of snowy whiteness—sometimes clad
In rainbow hues of summer morning skies,
Redeck'd in field and grove with thousand dyes
Of gaiety—and then again as sad
Will be her gloomy cloak and stormy train!
Alas! how like the closing hours of life!
Some Hope-led, smiling on their present pains—
Others, with horrors, darkly impending, rise,—
Some scoffing at the sunset of their soul's
On Earth!—some running upwards to Heaven's
goal!

W.

Vide the account of Rousseau's last hours.



LECTURES ON PAINTING AND DESIGN. BY R. B. HAYDON. *Longman and Co.*

LEONARDO DA VINCI was perhaps the only Artist who was equally distinguished in Poetry, Painting, and Music; but in our days Mr. Haydon is a more extraordinary man, for he gives a curious, historical (?) research descriptive of the various qualities of not only a Poet, Painter, Musician, but moreover of a Sculptor, by which he would insinuate, no doubt, that it was reserved for him to be, as the contrapuntists say, *four in one*.

We shall extract a portion of his theory, from which it will be seen, that like the currier who thought there was nothing like leather, Mr. H. thinks there is nothing like PAINTING, for he places it foremost of the Arts.

"According to my principle," says he, "the very first man born, after the Creation, with such a peculiar and intense sensibility to receive impressions, through the eye, on the brain, of the beauty of colour, light, and shadow, and form, so as to be irresistibly impelled in his earliest childhood to attempt the imitation of what he saw and felt by lines and colours to convey his *innocent (how pastoral!)* thoughts and combinations, in him originated PAINTING!"

Good! now for the next one:

The very first man who felt more deeply than colour or effect (?) the beauty of form as an actual substance itself, in him originated *Sculpture*!

No doubt this primitive gentleman's name is lost.

The very first man, again, who received, more strongly than either colour or substance, the impressions of sound, in him originated MUSIC. And lastly, the very first man whose recipient susceptibility to the beauty of form, colour, substance, or sound, was not adapted to receive such exclusive impressions from either, as to be propelled to convey his intellectual associations by their positive imitation; but whose expansive powers preferred words as the most subtle conveyors of thoughts excited by the impressions of things, with all their infinite varieties and shades of difference, past, present, and future, moral and physical, and gave vent to his immortal impressions in measured cadence, in him originated POETRY.

This attempt at definition borders upon something very like nonsense: he leaves the poor poet very few qualifications indeed, saving that of *preferring words as the most subtle conveyers of thoughts, &c.*—Now, in order to prove the superiority of the Poet and Musician, over the Painter and Sculptor, we need only state that their productions can be recited and sung or played in the dark, where the divine Raffaele's Transfiguration, or The Sign of the Three Blacks, might be hung up in equal indifference.

Mr. Haydon's Book consists of seven lectures on the following interesting subjects:—1. The Origin of Art. 2. Anatomy in General. 3. The Muscles. 4. Standard Figure. 5. Composition. 6. Colour. 7. Invention.

Throughout these lectures there is a considerable quantity of loose learning scattered, but many of the inductions, from the assertions of the Ancients, are either illogical, false, or inconclusive. In Lecture 1, page 17, Mr. H. asserts that "the greatest and only perfect artist the world ever saw, was Phidias!" Did he never read of Polyclethus, who, according to Pausanias and Quintilian, was the superior? His statue of the King of Persia was *par excellence* called *The Rule*. Mr. Haydon's enthusiasm for the Elgin Marbles savours somewhat of the ludicrous.

"I cannot give you," he says, "a higher idea of the Elgin Marbles than by saying they are essentially Shaksperian." "Were the Elgin Marbles lost," he says in

another place, "there would be as great a gap in Art as there would be in Astronomy if Newton had never existed." "The last words I should wish to utter in this world," he tells us, "till Art gave way to more awful reflections, while my voice was articulate, and a fibre of my vitality quivered, are, Elgin Marbles! Elgin Marbles!"

(Bravo! Haydon!)

I have lived to see the triumph and the glory of these immortal productions! I have lived to see them purchased by an English Parliament, and contributed by my writing to influence that purchase! I have lived to see England visited by illustrious foreigners to study their principles, after having studied them myself, night after night, in a damp and dusty pent-house! I have lived to be the first to send a cast of the Ilyssus to Rome to Canova. I have lived to be the first to introduce them into Russia; and I shall yet live to see the glory of English art, and the emancipation of British artists.

In Lectures 2, 3, and 4, much useful information can be found, although we do not agree with the phrenological notions relative to the human head, or admire the Artist's illustration.

In Lecture 5, on Composition, there are many curious passages, quotations, and aphorisms. The following exhibits the Author's gallantry:—

Let your colour be exquisite, let your light and shadow be perfect, let your expression be touching, let your forms be heroic, let your lines be the very thing, and your subject be full of action,—you will miss the sympathy of the world, you will interest little the hearts of mankind, if you do not lay it down as an irrefutable law that no composition can be complete, or ever will be interesting, or deserve to be praised, *that has not a beautiful woman*, except in a series.

A little further on, Mr. H. asserts and "defies refutation," that "a picture without a beautiful woman is, and must be, in opposition to all the sympathies of mankind."

Poets, it is said, are but sorry critics, and by a parity of reasoning so should painters be: *e.g.*

"Reynolds," says Mr. Haydon, "was a great artist in the second rank, but with a different education and in a different period he would have been a great artist in the first rank: but his genius for High Art was not sufficiently intense to make him a great artist in spite of time and education. He was a great man, but certainly a light thinker."

Reynolds says St. Paul was of mean stature; but Raffaele has not made him so; now I affirm if St. Paul was little and deformed, Raffaele ought to have made him so, as much as he ought to have given Alexander his peculiar neck, Cæsar his bald front, Socrates his short nose, Edward his long legs, Richard his terrific hump, or Napoleon his little figure. All these peculiarities, so far from detracting from the grandeur of their picturable actions, would have increased by their very singularity and contrast the power of their actions and expressions.

Was there ever such absurdity?

The following turns Macbeth into a Midas.

"In my picture of Macbeth," says Mr. H., "when he was listening in horror before committing the murder, I ventured to press his ears forward like an animal in fright, to give an idea of trying to catch the nearest sound; and it was certainly very effective, and increased amazingly the terror of the scene, without the spectators being aware of the reason."

This was "*porrectis auribus*" with a vengeance!

The following is an instance of felicitous story-telling!

Many years ago Wilkie, a musician, and myself, passed the evening together in my studio, and we got upon the respective powers of the three arts: of course the musician insisted upon it, that there was nothing painting or poetry could do music could not do as well. Wilkie said, once upon a time, a poet, musician, and a painter, had the same dispute, when it was agreed they should all three retire to a tavern, and ask for their supper by their respective arts, and

whoever made himself the quickest understood should be crowned victor. The musician played most exquisitely for three quarters of an hour, but the waiter shook his head; the painter dashed out the resemblance of a roast fowl; and the poet at once said he would have a boiled one. It was agreed the poet won; and when Wilkie came to this part, our friend the fiddler rushed out of my room in a fury, saying we had no feeling, and never forgave us to the day of his death.

We wonder what poor Michael Angelo ever did to our English Parrhasius so as to deserve the following:—

Michael Angelo often overstepped the modesty of truth, and gave a swaggering air; every figure of his looks as if he was insulted, and preparing to return a blow; if they sleep, they seem as if they would kick; and they move when they are awake, as if all their muscles were cracking. His art is a perpetual effort; his figures always seem irritated and in a passion.

In another place Mr. H. says:—

I yield to no man in veneration for the immortal name of Michael Angelo.

The following comparison between Reynolds and Lawrence is in our own vein of thinking:—

There never were two men so totally opposite in the art as our Reynolds and Lawrence, and great instruction may certainly be attained by a comparison. Lawrence got his expression and likeness by an intense perception of the individual parts, and keen perception of the best look of a sitter—and I believe no man ever exceeded him in catching the best expression: Reynolds by a masculine comprehension of the masses. Reynolds's men had all the air of rank, without being dandies; Lawrence's were all dandies, without being men of rank. Such were the gentleness, the sweetness, the chastity, the beauty, and bewitching modesty of Reynolds's women, that you would have feared even to have approached without apprehension; while you feel quite sure you might compliment the women of Lawrence to any excess without much fear of offending.

With these remarks we conclude our notice of a book, the contents of which may be compared to Martial's epigrams;

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocritas,
Sunt mala plura.

With the exception of his devotion to the Elgin Marbles and Phidias, Mr. H. is not a coherent reasoner; but his book is the work of an Enthusiast and a Genius in his art, and cannot fail to merely amuse but instruct.

I PROMESSI SPOSI; OR THE BETROTHED. By ALESSANDRO MANZONI. A New Translation. Burns, Portman-street.

OUR own narrative literature is so rich that seldom (if ever) have we any occasion to borrow from the productions of our neighbours, and to readers conversant with the dramatic portraiture of Scott's novels, the present work will appear rather prosy and insipid; but still there are some sweet passages throughout these volumes; and if they cannot boast of the graphic power of some compositions in our own language, they nevertheless exhibit a delicacy of description which is quite charming.

The following is a subject for the pencil:—

Lucia had just come forth adorned from head to foot by the hands of her mother. Her friends were stealing glances at the bride, and forcing her to show herself; while she, with the somewhat warlike modesty of a rustic, was endeavouring to escape, using her arms as a shield for her face, and holding her head downwards, her black pencilled eyebrows seeming to frown, while her lips were smiling. Her dark and luxuriant hair, divided on her forehead with a white and narrow parting, was united behind in many-circled plaitings, pierced with long silver pins, disposed around, so as to look like an aureole, or saintly glory, a fashion still

in use among the Milanese peasant girls. Round her neck she had a necklace of garnets, alternated with beads of filagree gold. She wore a pretty boddice of flowered brocade, laced with coloured ribbons, a short gown of embroidered silk, plaited in close and minute folds, scarlet stockings, and a pair of shoes also of embroidered silk. Besides these, which were the special ornaments of her wedding-day, Lucia had the every-day ornament of a modest beauty, displayed at this time, and increased by the varied feelings which were depicted in her face: joy, tempered by a slight confusion, that placid sadness which occasionally shows itself on the face of a bride, and, without injuring her beauty, gives it an air peculiar to itself.

The gist of the tale is this:—

Renzo and *Lucia*, a young man and a maiden in a humble rank of life, are betrothed. The day for the marriage is fixed. The evening previous to this event, *Don Abbondio*, the curate of the village, a weak, time-serving, timorous creature, is met by a couple of bravoes, the hired mercenaries of a neighbouring robber-baron named *Rodrigo*. These worthies threaten the pliant curate with the wrath of their terrible master if he should dare to perform the ceremony on the morrow. He promises obedience. Next morning *Abbondio*, under several pretexts to *Renzo*, excuses himself from uniting him to *Lucia*. The cause is discovered. *Lucia* entreats a noble-minded friar named *Cristoforo* to intercede with *Rodrigo*. His mission to the local despot is unsuccessful. *Lucia* and her mother are compelled to leave their native village, and seek protection in Milan. *Renzo* accompanies them.

The author of the present translation says he gives, for the first time, "the whole un mutilated work of Manzoni; the only other book in English, professing to be a translation of it, omits and alters, *ad libitum*, many passages and opinions;" for our own part we think that there are many objectionable tenets and doctrines which might as well be altogether omitted in the new version. We cannot dismiss the subject without noticing the introduction, which is full of weak arguments and miserable conceits. The idea of asserting that there never was "an author who proved so undeniably that he had done well," (as who? Manzoni? *Quis ille* in the ranks of genius!) is ridiculous. Altogether, we think the work a great accession to the prejudices of a certain portion of our bigotted countrymen, but a comparatively small one to our general literature. It is in great repute upon the Continent, but we should be sorry to see its principles disseminated here.

A DICTIONARY OF ARCHAIC AND PROVINCIAL WORDS, Obsolete Phrases, Proverbs and Ancient Customs, from the 14th Century. By JAMES ORCHARD HALLIWELL, Esq., F.R.S. Part I. Smith, Old Compton-street, Soho.

THIS work professes to be "a key to the writings of our Ancient Poets, Dramatists, and other Authors, whose works abound with allusions of which explanations are not to be found in the ordinary books of reference." A most praiseworthy undertaking certainly, but a most difficult one, and as far as we can see in this first part, which we hope is not merely experimental, one which has been carried through with diligence, research, and considerable ability. Philology is one of the most delightful studies that the human intellect can be engaged in. Nothing so strongly impresses upon our minds the history, manners, and customs of other countries; ancient or modern, as a consideration of the rise, progress, and construction (dead or living) of their languages. The genealogy of a people can be traced more accurately by their speech than by their individual form or

colour; and identities or connections of nations can be proved more satisfactorily by the affinities of conventional similarities in the names of things, which they use, than by any accidental neighbourhood of the locality of their situations. Old Johnson gave us an advice that we should never be the first to adopt a new term, or the last to abandon an old one—thereby making language a matter of mere fashion, a kind of *long-champs*, as the French would call it; but we contend that a word which ever had any meaning at all, should not sink into desuetude, but, on the contrary, be revered as having passed the threshold of our forefather's lips, and be held sacred, if it were for no other sake than Time's—that "beautifier of the dead."

A good word should never become obsolete—fashion, whatever it may have to do with *millinery*, should possess no whimsical influence over literature or language, and therefore we thank the learned and industrious compiler of the present work for bringing back to our recollection and our aid, many a term which has escaped its just retention. At the same time we do not think that provincialisms, or rather vulgarisms, should have been admitted into the work, although they often, certainly, serve as illustrations of some obscure passages in old writers. Corruptions should be avoided, but perhaps they are indispensable as proofs, and, as such, we tolerate them, although we cannot fully give our approbation to the matter. The present part arrives at only AN, but we hope the alphabet and the Dictionary will soon be completed, and then indeed, the work, as has been intended, will "furnish a manual, the want of which has long been felt by most persons who have had occasion to study or refer to the works of our old writers. No general dictionary of the early English language has hitherto appeared, and the student often finds himself at a loss, when probably a comprehensive glossary would at once give the information required. To remedy this inconvenience, the present publication has been projected;" and we feel assured, from the specimen before us, that it will amply fill up a long deplored hiatus in our literature.

EVENINGS OF A WORKING MAN. By JOHN OVERS. With a Preface relative to the Author by CHARLES DICKENS. *Newby*, Mortimer-street.

THE recent death of the author of this little volume—an event but too well foreboded in the kindly preface by which it is preceded—has invested it with an additional, and, alas! painful interest. John Overs was, as he described himself, "a working man," but "he left no calling" for the "idle trade" of an author; he wrought at his occupation stoutly and earnestly as long as bodily health permitted him, and it was scarcely till his hands failed him that he endeavoured to eke out a subsistence for himself and his family by the exertion of his mind. In his leisure hours he then wrote several tales and sketches, which appeared in a monthly magazine, and which were there read and admired, for they have much talent in them, and wake in the reader a wish that he had written more. In a more expanded form, his "Leaves from the Register of the Abbess of Godstow," his "Legend of Runna Mead," and his "Norris and Anne Boleyn," might have taken a

place in literature, for they each contain the germ of a novel; necessity compressed them to the limits of a magazine paper; yet even in this form they exhibit much constructive skill and ability in the delineation of character. That he had an observing eye and much descriptive power, is proved by his sketches of the "Costermonger," the "Baker," and the "Carpenter." But what cultivation and practice might have done towards developing each of these gifts, is a speculation, now cut short for ever. The book is a pleasing little volume, even if it stood alone; but, recommended by an introduction by Boz—and never did he pen any pages of his own in a better spirit—as well as by the knowledge of the importance its success may be to those who survive, it can scarcely fail, we should hope, of securing the support of a large circle of readers.

THE LAW OF KINDNESS. *Wiley and Putnam.*

THE issue and extensive circulation of works of a moral and religious character, forms a peculiar and distinctive feature in the literary history of the present epoch. America reciprocates in this respect with England, and the reading public on both sides of the Atlantic reap, thus, a twofold benefit. The unassuming little volume before us is an accession to our religious literature, from the pen of a minister of the gospel, in the United States. To illustrate, by apposite and forcible example, the beauty, wisdom, efficacy, and paramount importance of the divine precept, "Overcome evil with good;" to prove its universal practicability, its benign tendency, and the "twice blessedness," which is a natural result of its hallowing and hallowed operation, has been the author's aim; and, we trust, a wider and more general recognition and observance of the precept will be his reward. The present edition is a reprint of the American, and the gracefully-written preface and feeling dedication which the English editor has prefixed, do equal honour to his head and heart. Published in an elegant, though inexpensive, form, it is, extrinsically and intrinsically, a work we can confidently recommend for circulation to the heads of schools (especially at the approaching season of presents and rewards), to peace and religious societies, and, indeed, to all who are sincerely desirous of carrying out the beneficent principle which constitutes the "be-all and end-all" of the "Law of Kindness."

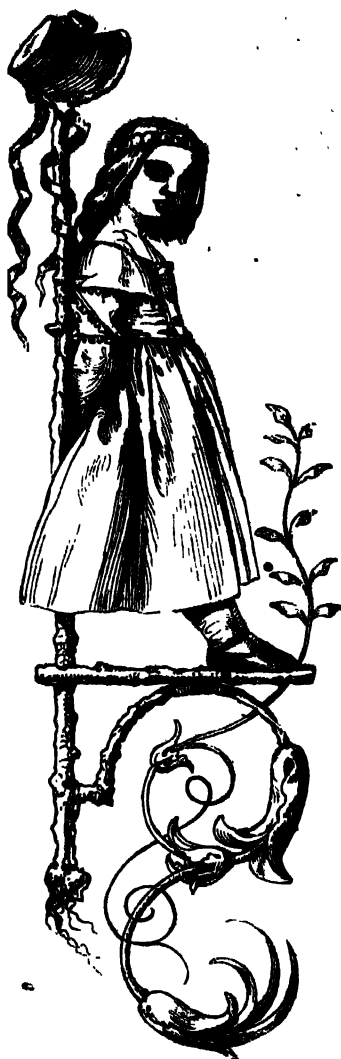
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THIS little book, though not an annual, deserves to be placed amongst them as one of the most exquisite and richly-adorned presents for the young that the season puts forth. We can with much pleasure bestow our meed of praise upon it, and introduce a few of its beautiful engravings, that our readers may have an opportunity of judging for themselves. It is not often that juvenile books like the present are so tastefully illustrated by the genius of riper years. The effect upon the young eye must be productive of the best possible results as to forming the judgment and improving the taste. Still we wish a *little more* consideration had been bestowed upon the intellectual portion; children often remain children all their lives from first false impressions.



1.
Little maid, pretty maid,
whither goest thou?
Down in the forest
to milk my cow;
Shall I go with thee?
No, not now;
When I send for thee,
then come thou

Little lad, little lad,
where wast thou born?
Far off, in Lancashire,
under a thorn,
Where they sup sour milk
in a ram's horn.

3.
One misty moisty morning,
When cloudy was the weather,
I met a little old man
Clothed all in leather,
Clothed all in leather,
With cap below his chin.
How do you do, and how do you do,
And how do you do again?



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The first dose (ONLY TWO SMALL WAFERS,) gave me great relief—the second more so,—in short, the first box laid the ground work for the cure, which only four boxes has effected, and I am now quite well.

I remain, Sir, your most obliged,

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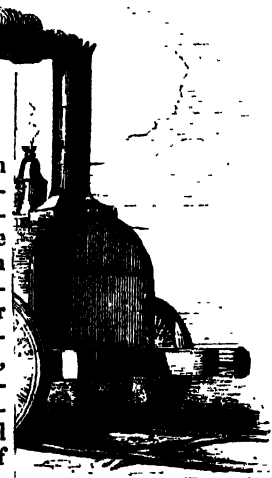
SIXTY YEARS AGO

BY LUKE RODEN, M.D.



THE changes which have taken place within the last half century in the whole fabric of society—in dress, manners, feelings, habits—in roads, in locomotion—in morals, politics, and religion—in short in every thing which interests the human race, are so extensive, so universal, that the young of the present day can form to themselves no more idea of the modes of

Let the young bear in mind that between absolute truth and their present convictions, the space is enormously greater than between their present opinions and those of their seniors, and that it is possible, nay highly probable, that their present convictions may ultimately appear to them as irrational and absurd as those of their predecessors.



acting and habits of thinking of the last century than of those in the empire of China. Let me then enjoy the sad privilege of old age, and be garrulous on the subject of former days. Such a retrospect is by no means useless. The men of to-day may be taught thereby how much it is possible for one generation to accomplish—they may be taught to hope for the changes and improvements they yet desire, from the quiet progress of thinking, and may be made aware, that as an instrument of warfare against old abuses and errors the pen is a vastly more potent instrument than the sword. That the erroneous efforts of the well-meaning to oppose the advances of social and political changes, are harmless so long as they are confined to the goosequill; that, in fact, they are beneficial, by compelling the men of the progress to reconsider their plans, and moderate their expectations. The delay may convince them of the inestimable privileges and advantages which they enjoy over their predecessors, and that these must not be lightly hazarded in the attempt to enlarge them more rapidly; that it is not wise to stake their present and prospective blessings on the results of a physical contest, in which the battle is not to the strong nor the race to the swift. They should consider (and even their own limited experience may afford examples) that changes which are resisted with violence at one time, are (by the gradual alteration of convictions), ultimately promoted with cordiality by their original adversaries, if they are not "driven into a corner," as the phrase is, and compelled to make it a point of honour to be consistent.

VOL. I.

Mutual forbearance and gentleness are necessary to steady and beneficial progress—calmness in stating opinions on both sides, and still more the absence of all exaggeration,—these things are essential, if we wish the truth to prevail, and do not merely argue for victory or for the display of our own talents—ignoble motives, which desecrate the holy cause in which we profess to be engaged, and positively retard the consummation of which we are so desirous;—oil obviates friction better than gall and vinegar.

For many centuries it has been the custom to fit every child with a pair of moral spectacles, through which he is to view the world correctly. Unfortunately, these spectacles have generally been coloured, and as in the mutilation of the Chinese foot, the eye has gradually adapted itself to this artificial state, and become unable to exercise natural vision. Let the impatient reformer reflect that he himself was fitted with spectacles like the rest, and that if he have succeeded in throwing them off it is very possible that his eyes have not yet entirely recovered the powers originally given by nature.

To pursue the metaphor—he is certain that he has laid down his green, blue, or red glasses, and believes therefore that he now sees correctly. No; like the Chinese foot, it is not sufficient merely to take off the bandages—the limb is no longer the same, and in some instances, perhaps, it is only by retaining these bandages that the sufferer is able to walk at all. So with the moral spectacles I have spoken of—you may remove from the Mahomedan all fear of his prophet and his

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Deity, but he is then utterly incapable of self-restraint, and (to continue the metaphor of the foot) he either sits down in despair, or without the artificial support to which he had been accustomed, totters onwards to destruction.

The analogy is perfect when applied to politics and morals; but it would be tedious to follow it out. If you, reader, be one of those who have laid down their spectacles, let your efforts be first directed, not to convince the wearers of them that your vision is perfect, and that they are foolish or wicked in believing their own—above all, do not speak contemptuously of their present opinions, set yourself gently and steadily to convince them that they are wearing spectacles, and do not hesitate to acknowledge that you once wore them yourself, and were equally prejudiced against any efforts to convince you of it. It will be time enough to argue for the abstract truth of your opinions when they have resorted to the use of their natural eyes.

It strikes me that by birth, education, and habits, I am peculiarly fitted for the task of laying before the public a statement of some of the mighty changes of the present century—having been born in that middle station in rural society which gave free access to those above and to those below. My father was what is called a gentleman farmer—a squire—a lord of *à la* manor—a lay impropiator of great and small tithes, and possessor of innumerable fragments (I should rather say rags and tatters) of feudal rights. A large forest, and various unenclosed commons were in the immediate vicinity, inhabited by a class of people now utterly extinct, whose free life of picturesque romance was a poor compensation for the idle, profligate, vicious, depraved, and even atrocious habits engendered by their position. Had I the pen of Walter Scott I would represent a state of society “Sixty Years since,” compared to which his description of the Highland marauders is tame and spiritless. Unless, however, his faculty were bestowed on me, it were vain to attempt to characterize the period with such an air of truth and nature as can alone produce conviction. I could give the anatomy of the dead body of the age, but could not breathe life into the corpse and show it in action. It is the sublime privilege of genius alone to re-create existencies.

But what my descriptions may want in vivacity may be partly compensated in fidelity. I shall not be tempted to embellish, and if my narrative be tame, it will be correct; though requiring more effort on the part of the reader to master the subject, it may perhaps better direct his efforts to influence the future. I have travelled much out of my own country, and am in that respect a safer guide, from knowing not only the state of society where these great changes have not yet been accomplished, but the good as well as the bad of the old system. It is not permitted to man to establish perfection in any human institution.

The town in which I viewed the scenes first described in these papers, had been once of considerable importance and possessed many feudal privileges. It was on the great road from London to Ireland, and near the centre of the kingdom; but the rapid advance of other towns in the vicinity (better situated for trade by reason of rivers, canals and roads) had fixed them as centres of great manufacturing districts, and caused the decay of such places as were less favourably located. As, in the present day, the direction of

a railroad leads to a rapid increase of population in one quarter, and proportionate diminution in another, so this town gradually sank into obscurity from similar causes—its market ceased to be frequented, and at last was abolished—coaches changed their route for roads more densely populated, and thus it became a large straggling village, half peopled, instead of a bustling town.

Should the recollections of other men of equal age scarcely carry them back to a state of things such as I have described, let them bear in mind that the little intercourse between the capital and the provinces at that period, and still less between town and town, made the habits of a village, thus abandoned to depopulation and decay, at least ten or a dozen years in arrear of a place of manufacturing and increasing commerce and industry. To have once been in London was, at that time, a distinction like that which now renders a man eligible as a member of the Travellers’ Club—and if an aspiring young draper or tailor, who had completed his studies in the metropolis (whither he had been sent, by what the neighbours considered the absurd ambition of his parents), returned to visit his bumpkin relations, he looked down with at least the due share of contempt on the ignorant rustics who listened to the wonders he recounted. How often has this occurred to my mind when listening to the calm boasting and compassionate condescension of men who have been round the world, towards the unhappy beings whose peregrinations have been confined to Europe.

I remember an inhabitant of my native village, whose desire of travel was so intense, that he at last resolved to appease his cravings by accompanying the broad wheel waggon to London; he arrived in the metropolis about six o’clock on a winter evening and left the next morning before daylight. His thirst was appeased and he was happy!

He *had* been in London!—and took brevet-rank accordingly.

Part of my father’s income arose from the great tithes, and another part from a set of feudal fictions, called fines and amercements—these latter varied from four-pence to twenty or thirty shillings; and, although the sums were so small, amounted altogether to a considerable income.

The habit of considering abstract questions (especially political questions) among the ignorant and uneducated leads to very dangerous results when their own pecuniary interests are concerned. It requires much more cogent and irresistible arguments to convince us that we ought to pay, than to convince us that we ought not to pay—a very slight degree of evidence is necessary in the latter case, and we listen to the orator with a disposition to be convinced that saves him a world of trouble. How much more when the origin of the claim is, if not doubtful, at least mystified by the obscurity of antiquity. The American rebellion* had been successful, and the French revolution was preparing—men’s minds were fermenting, and there was an abstract disposition to resist all claims, just or unjust; in a case in which the enforcement of the claim was tedious and expensive it is not extraordinary that our “fines and amercements” became the object of passive resistance. Accordingly, one by one, our groats and nobles were refused, and the claim to them defied—litigation became enormously expensive

* War of Independence. I by no means subscribe to all the opinions of the esteemed and able author of this paper.—[Ed.]

—and when once a few claims were waived, the whole were opposed. Those who had no doubt of the right, and had taken their farms on those conditions, and who had, perhaps, at first condemned their neighbours for resisting a just claim, became gradually convinced that their neighbours were right, and they themselves were wrong—that no doubt the claim was bad or it would have been enforced—so they joined the rest, and the income was at last entirely abandoned.

Tithes were, however, more “sacred;” and although not a clergyman, the lay impropriator had the law on his side, without the necessity of any great archaeological researches, and the amounts were worth litigating; but these were evaded in every possible mode. We had, amongst others, the tithe of all lambs yeaned in the parish. By driving the ewes some distance into another parish, where the lambs could be born on tithe-free land, hired for the purpose, this claim was evaded; and though in some instances the law rectified the wrong, there was still a large source of income cut off, and a state of permanent animosity established between tithe owner and tithe payers.

All these things are necessary to be understood, in order to know the state of feeling at the time. I remember that when, as a little boy, I accompanied our titling man on my poney, and took in succession from

his hands the little boughs to stick in the shock of corn, and “mark it for my own”—I felt a pride similar in kind and equal in degree to that which animated the breast of a British captain, at the time when every foreign ship was compelled, on pain of cannon balls, to lower its flag in the narrow seas, in concession to our naval supremacy. I presume the farmer in turn felt like the foreign commander, when forced to pay this unwilling homage.

On these and similar excursions I and my brothers were generally mounted on “straits;” that is, cattle which had strayed from the adjoining forest, where the animals bred in almost a state of nature. If not claimed in the course of twelve months and a day, they became our own; but during that period, if used, it was necessary to have a large feather (generally a goosequill) fastened transversely in the tail, as a signal to the claimant, if there were any. This feather in the tail I always considered as a feather in the cap, and was often shocked at the wicked people who mocked at it: those who resisted the payment of tithes, it was some consolation to reflect, were sure to go to the devil when they should die; but I was not quite satisfied with this deferred annuity of vengeance, and often regretted that we could not anticipate the payment.



PLOUGH MONDAY.

Among the very earliest recollections which remain in my mind is that of Plough Monday. I could have been scarcely four years of age when first conscious of the universal terror which announced the approach of the annual saturnalia. Year after year was the subject debated in solemn domestic conclave, and plans of resistance considered; but year after year did the courage of the household fail at the approach of the dreaded day. The subject was with me one of wonder and interest, mixed with alarm, before I grew old enough to estimate the danger. Often did I hear my father express his resolve no longer to bear the infliction; but my mother's terrors always prevailed, and he was once more persuaded to defer his resistance and his vengeance till the next anniversary.

And what was Plough Monday, the reader will say, that it should be anticipated with such terror? It

was an ancient festival of Ceres, I believe, which had gradually degenerated into an agrarian revolt. An enormous plough, decorated with flowers, ribbons, and other trappings, was drawn by three or four hundred young men similarly ornamented, preceded by a band of what was then called music! and accompanied by an enormous crowd of men, women, and children, with full grown boys and girls, hooting, shouting, screaming, dancing tumultuously, like so many drunken bacchanals, and uttering oaths and obscenities which would not in the present day be tolerated in the regions of St. Giles's and the Mint. As they approached the house a messenger was sent on to know what ransom would be given—if this were refused altogether, they proceeded to plough up the front of the house. Walls, railings, posts, trees of considerable size, could not for a moment resist the ponderous

machine, which, dragged by chains, tore its way through the ground to a great depth, leaving devastation behind it. A grass plat was destroyed—vases broken—shrubs torn up by the roots or cut off close to the ground, and a scene remained as if a mine had been sprung on the spot. If a sum below their estimate of their "Rights," as they termed them, was given, they still proceeded to do considerable mischief, but did not wreak full vengeance—it was only on the payment of their arbitrary demand, without hesitation or resistance, that they passed by without injuring any thing. For the house of a gentleman, this black mail was, I believe, two or three pounds; and it was graduated down to a shilling or two from the poorest labourer. The regular plough team was always composed of persons from a distance, and those inhabitants of the district who could have resisted the invasion, had they been so inclined, were themselves gone to distant places on a similar errand.

The money thus obtained was expended in profligacy and debauchery, little less extravagant than that of the followers of Juggernaut. A fortnight previous to the day was occupied in anticipations and preparations, and at least a fortnight afterwards was required before things could subside into their regular channel—so that every year a month of labour was wasted, besides the utter disruption of all habits of order and decency. The general morality may be judged of from the fact that the district afforded no instance, I believe, of a girl being married till ready to lie in, when it became necessary that she should select one of her paramours to take on him the character, but not the restraints of a husband. It was, indeed, rare that a girl consented to become a wife till she had had one or two children, when the annuity granted by the parish for their maintenance formed the dowry which attracted the penniless swain. Let us admire the wisdom of our ancestors!

A still greater object of alarm, however, than Plough Monday, was that of the approach of Gypsies, who from the numerous unenclosed commons all over the kingdom, found everywhere shelter and food. Regular encampments of three or four hundred persons were sometimes located on the same spot for a month at a time, to the utter destruction of poultry and game, and not unfrequently they helped themselves to pigs and sheep. The neighbouring farmers did not dare to be severe, or to call in the imperfect aid of the law, lest their fences or their cattle should suffer from the vengeance of the marauders. I remember, on several occasions, the town being literally taken possession of by this gang of ruffians, who gave it distinctly to be understood that they should not budge till a certain sum of money was raised, when they would pass on to the next town and bestow similar patronage. For two or three days the streets were crowded, and every hay-loft and shed occupied by the nomadic tribe. Their departure was like that of the Israelites from Egypt—they borrowed (without divine authority) whatever vessels of gold and vessels of silver belonged to the parishioners. Of the former, I imagine, there were few; and the latter were, I presume, only spoons and cruet-tops—but such was the terror inspired by the threats of these lawless ruffians—some of which distinctly concerned their temporal goods, but not a few were addressed to their superstitious fears of ill luck, sickness to themselves, and a

murrain to their cattle—such was the terror inspired by the unwelcome visitors, that on their exodus, the universal voice was not one of lamentation for the loss, but of thankfulness for the ultimate escape. These inflictions were endured as men endure the consequences of earthquakes, storms, and inundations—as natural and inevitable evils which, as they must be borne, it is best to bear without repining, and each time it was hoped that it would not happen again.

The drawing for the militia—the numeration of the population—the establishment of yeomanry—and the enclosure of forests and commons, gradually broke up this interesting state of society, and made the trade of deer-stealer, poacher, thief, and fortune-teller too hazardous to be worth following. A large number of these very enterprising gentry have passed to the Antipodes at the public expense, and they have now full room for their peripatetic researches—but if they wish to rob hen-roosts and pig-styes they must first breed the animals—for the establishments of their neighbours are too much dispersed to be worth the glancing.

I can well remember, as a boy, the extraordinary beauty and even grace of these wandering outcasts—the large speaking eye, the ruddy lip, the well-formed bust, and all the well-understood allurements of the young females. I do not believe, however, that they were so accessible to the approaches of "outside barbarians" as was generally supposed; and I form my opinion on the fact, that they remained a race of very characteristic features—with the intensely black hair and peculiar complexion which mark their tribe;—this could not have been the case had there been a free admixture of other races in indiscriminate intercourse; neither (I believe) could any other race have borne the hardships and occasional privations of their migratory and unsheltered life. The fair-complexioned would have passed into scrofula and consumption, from a small part of the inflictions that the Gypsies bore, not merely with impunity, but without injury to their physical beauty and power.

The festivities of May Day—the morris dance and the May-pole—are well known, and not peculiarly characteristic of the state of society; their universal prevalence, however, at that time, shows clearly that there was more room in the world, and that a larger portion of the year was given up to amusement and relaxation from toil. When we consider that the population of the country at the period I now speak of, was much less than half its present amount, and that so large a portion of the soil was left uncultivated, it is clear that the incessant toil of the present day was unnecessary, when every man had a claim on the bounty of nature. That the race was happier in the latter part of the last century than it is now, cannot be questioned, but it was the happiness of the pig or of the fox. Ceremonial religion had been abolished, and there was neither education nor self-respect to adopt the substitute of dogma disputation then recently introduced by Wesley and Whitfield.

On this subject, however, I have much to say in another place, when the state of the clergy shall come under discussion—whether cause or consequence of the degraded state of the populace I will not attempt to decide: it is probable the action was reciprocal—that the immorality of the clergy influenced the conduct of the laity, and that the universal prevalence of vice and profligacy among the populace took away the restraint

of opinion on that of the clergy. Comparing education and motives, I cannot but pronounce the latter to be the most criminal of the two classes. Happy are we in the present day, in the possession of a body of enlightened teachers, whose example is even more influential than their precepts.

Among the amusements of the people at the period I am treating of, the universal practice of bull-baiting is, perhaps, the one most characteristic of the state of society. I can hardly to this day forgive my parents for allowing me to attend these horrible exhibitions. My father, however, held some seigniorial rights on condition of furnishing a bull to be baited, and I will do him the justice to say, that he made many attempts to abolish the practice long before the patriot Wyndham undertook its defence. Whether the eloquence of that noble gentleman in vindication of the savage and inhuman sport had any effect in altering his views on the subject, I cannot say; certain it is that the amusement continued (as Mr. Wyndham phrased it) to stimulate the noble courage of Englishmen, till abolished by the goosequill. My father offered a fat ox, nay, I believe, a couple of fat oxen, to be roasted for the recreation of the enlightened and humane people, as a vicarious sacrifice for the bull; but free-born Englishmen disdained the degrading appeal to their bellies, and insisted on the bond—nay, they even contended that the flesh of a bull which had died of rage, exhaustion, mutilation and terror, had a zest beyond that of ordinary meat, and which fully compensated for its toughness—so the practice was continued.

The poor animal was brought out with great soothing and gentleness, and led to a stake in the centre of a place, which like the "Grande Place" in France, was the modern Forum of every town, and called the Bull Ring. When he was once secured, or believed to be secured (for there were instances where, in his agony, he broke his bonds, and wreaked vengeance on his persecutors)—when once believed to be firmly secured, a loud shout from the multitude pronounced the approaching triumph of humanity—one by one, the ferocious bull dogs were loosed upon him. While he possessed his full vigour, he was able to anticipate the designs of his opponents, and when the dog, in the instinct of his nature, tried to seize the nose, either impaled him on the point of his horn, or tossed him aloft higher than the houses, when his fall sometimes burst his bowels, and sometimes, though rarely, killed him on the spot. I have seen the mutilated dog, torn and bleeding, drag himself again towards the bull with all the ferocity of his nature, and die before he could reach the spot, or perhaps the bull, unable to reach him with his horns, turned round and trampled him into a shapeless mass with his heels.

"Then rose the cry of women, shrill
As goshawks' whistle on the hill,
Mingled with childhood's babbling trill
Of curses stammered slow."

The monsters in human shape, who bred the dogs for this horrible pastime, filled the air with imprecations, or notes of exultation, as the failure or success of their favourites brought them gain and honour, or loss and disgrace—wagers were bandied about with a vivacity amounting to frenzy, and many a man, led on by the excitement of the moment, lost a sum which ruined him for life.

The ferocious tenacity of these dogs, when they had once seized the nose of the bull and pinned him to the ground, was wonderful; the bull could not move from his position because of the agonizing pain of that exquisitely sensible organ; any attempt to shake off his opponent was vain, and in this dreadful torture was he retained, till, either from the difficulty of breathing on the part of the dog (while his jaws were thus fixed) or from the period allowed by the laws, laid down for the regulation of this humane amusement, having expired, the dog was pulled away by his master, a difficult thing, and seldom accomplished without the aid of snuff crammed into his nostrils; the snuff was bestowed liberally also on the bull, and when he raised his mutilated lips aloft and roared with agony, another universal shout of exultation announced the delight of the bystanders.

One of these bull-dog breeders staked a large sum of money that his dog would allow his shoulder to be separated from the body without relinquishing his hold of the bull, and he won his horrible wager! Having just anatomical knowledge enough to know where the principal artery was placed, he passed his knife behind the shoulder blade as we do in carving a rabbit at table, and separating the whole shoulder and limb from the body left it dangling by the blood-vessels, and a few fibres of muscle which he had avoided to cut. The dog retained his hold for a quarter of an hour, when the loss of blood made him faint away, and his noble master rewarded his merits by cutting his throat. This was mercy!

At last, however, the poor bull, worn out with fatigue and agony, would crouch down, and burying his nose between his legs, leave his whole body exposed to the malice of his enemies. Sticks armed with sharp nails were driven into his flesh, and especially into those parts deemed to be most sensitive! the hellish cruelty of the crowd never ceasing to reproach him with cowardice. Cats were tied to his tail; this generally roused him to fury, and as the poor creatures were swung backwards and forwards screaming and clawing, sometimes fastening his tail to his side, sometimes to his back, and sometimes fixing their talons between his legs, shouts of laughter and obscene jokes told the joy of his tormentors.

When still further exhaustion proclaimed the approaching termination of the game, and the wretched animal lay down in a pool of his own blood and that of the dogs he had destroyed, a bunch of furze was tied to his tail, and others fixed by nails in his back, and set on fire. This was capital fun; at this moment my heart is sick with the recollection of having clapped my own little hands in transport at the wild fury of the mutilated beast in his staggering agony of terror.

Loathsome and horrible as are these details, I have suppressed some which are too filthy and too shocking to be recorded. Let us not talk of bull-fights in Spain. Humanity is of so recent a growth in our own country that we have little cause for pride. Nothing I have ever read of them can be compared with the atrocities I have witnessed in England. Thank God they are gone! and the mechanic or manufacturing artisan, who once took delight in such atrocities, has been partially awakened to a sense of the dignity of his own being, and has learnt to prefer the coffee-shop and the reading-room, the mechanics' institute with its lectures and its elevating intercourse between mind and mind, to the unspeakable horrors of the bull ring.

I must be permitted to cite one more instance of the state of public feeling on such subjects, and then I have done with cruelties. Badger-baiting and bear-baiting have considerable analogy with bull-baiting, but were never attended with such glaring and long continued cruelty. Cock-fighting and dog-fighting are in a different category, and, however reprehensible, admit of the excuse that they are merely exhibitions of the pugnacious instincts which such animals exercise in a state of nature. Strange perversity of judgment. We did not hesitate to be present at the bull-baiting, but it was low and vulgar to participate in these contests of the dog, the bear, the cock, and the badger. These were for common people, our refinement looked down on such amusements with lofty contempt.

Still there was one other exhibition of cruelty which it was permitted to the gentry to enjoy along with their inferiors. I do not allude to cock-throwing on Shrove Tuesday, which was common to all, and was especially the amusement of school boys. A number of cocks in succession were tied to a stake, and each boy was furnished with three sticks of about two feet in length. He threw at the head of the cock, and he who killed him won the prize—a still higher prize was reserved for the boy who succeeded in knocking off the head at one stroke. This delicate and innocent amusement surely no one could have the fastidious prudery to blame! Skill in the art was then as honourable as it is now in cricket, and there were even instructions given as to the best mode of outwitting the dodges of the sharp-visioned cock, by making a feint to throw, and reserving the blow till the wretch had raised his head after bobbing to avoid it. Many a happy day have I had at this innocent pastime! God forgive me.

The amusement, however, to which I allude, was this,—a rope was extended across the street, at a convenient height, and to this rope were tied by the legs a row of geese, ducks, turkeys, and fowls, their heads hanging down and their necks in a froth with soap-suds, which indeed were liberally bestowed over the whole bodies of the poultry, so as to make them with great difficulty seizable. The game was practised thus—the competitors were mounted on ponies, horses, and donkeys, and to each was apportioned the part of the rope which corresponded with the elevation of himself and his steed, his task being so allotted as that the head of the bird should be just within his grasp when it hung down, but entirely out of his reach if the poor creature lifted it ever so little. The screams of the fowls, the gobbling of the turkeys, the hissing of the geese, and the quacking of the ducks in their constrained position, made certainly a very ludicrous concert of discords, and excited unbounded amusement in the spectators.

After allowing a moderate time to elapse, that the birds might become exhausted and less inclined or less able to snatch away their heads with vivacity, the fun began—the riders went full gallop under the rope, and he who could pull off a head had the bird for his pains. This was by no means a feat of easy accomplishment, the poor animals were very dextrous in escaping the hand, and as the riders were all mingled together in the *melee*, there was generally a heap of donkeys, ponies, and boys, all tumbled together a few yards from the line of victims. It was not till after many courses (and when breaches of the laws of the game had excluded numerous competitors from the

lists,) that trophies of success began to be exhibited—when the range of necks were tolerably denuded of soap, and a good many of them stripped of feathers and skin also—the bleeding necks formed a good handle—when the birds were nearly apoplectic from their long inverted position, and their visions dimmed by the blood which trickled down from their mutilated necks. It was rare, however, that all the prizes were won—some of the birds died in their places, with broken necks, but retaining their heads—and these were given to the poor!

It must be borne in mind that the refined feelings which permitted us gentry to preside at these humanizing exhibitions, would not allow us to mingle in them—any young gentleman who should have degraded himself by joining in the sport on his poney, would have been cut by his associates, as decidedly low and vulgar!

Yet it was a hard task to abstain—it was so exceedingly funny, to see the bird with bare and bleeding neck, twisting it out of the way at the approach of the clumsy hand of his enemy, when one felt sure, that by adopting a different mode of seizure, one could do it. I was like Louis the XIV. on crossing the Rhine, who is represented by the poet as lamenting his hard fate, which compelled him to keep in a place of safety;

“Se plaignit de son rang qui l'attache au rivage.”

Often did I, for the moment, wish myself a butcher's boy, that I might become a competitor for these blushing honours; nor, horrified as I often was at a bull-bait, can I recollect a single qualm of conscience at the game of neck-pulling—children are cruel, but it is from ignorance of the pain they are inflicting. The roars of the bull in his torments, told me distinctly that he was in a state of intense suffering, but the noise made by the hens, geese, ducks, and turkeys, was grotesque, and had never been associated in my mind with the ideas of torture.

I have now done with rural horrors, and proceed to the description of amusements of a more blameless character: all are necessary to give an idea of society sixty years ago. When the innocent simplicity of rural life shall have been fully detailed, I will proceed to London, in which mighty wilderness I first made my appearance, in the last week of the last century.

One of the games still preserved, as connected with the holding of land, was a dance of a very peculiar character, which, strange to say, had never been honoured with a name. Twelve pairs of the noblest antlers, with their points gilt, were fixed in twelve (wooden) stags' heads, covered with the appropriate skin; a handle of eighteen inches in length was inserted in the under part of each, which a stout young man held in both hands before him, the horns resting on his shoulders. These twelve persons were preceded by a man in or upon (whichever it might be called) a wooden horse: the body of the man passed through the body of the horse, and as he walked along, his legs were concealed by the trappings which reached to the ground. Artificial legs and thighs were fixed to the portion of the man which was visible, and hung down on each side with a very fair resemblance to humanity: the lower jaw of the horse was moveable on a hinge; a string attached to it, passed over a pulley, in the upper jaw, to the man's hand, which on

pulling made a snapping noise, something like a very large castanet, and kept time to the music, which was of a similar description to that accompanying the monster plough. To keep time (musically speaking) was impossible; since each musician exercised the privilege of a true born Englishman, and played as fast or as slow as it pleased him: it was quite sufficient if he kept to the same tune, and finished it as soon as he could; if the others had begun again it was not his fault. All the botheration of bass and treble, tenor, counter-tenor, with the whole zizanie of flats and sharps, breves and semibreves, quavers and crotchets, was utterly unknown or unheeded. At any rate, they succeeded in their principal object—making a great noise; and if any one attempt to disparage the taste and refinement of my native town, I throw back in his teeth, if he is a Scotchman, his national music, the bagpipe. I am accustomed to cite an instance of heroic politeness on the part of Englishmen of rank and fashion, which is not paralleled in the history of the world. I was present at a grand entertainment given by the Duke of Sussex, and his piper was allowed to make a noise for half an hour, without one single person putting his fingers in his ears, or his napkin between his teeth. Talk of French politeness after that! No, no—beyond that, there is nothing.

The thirteen performers thus described were very gaily dressed with ribbons (I must confess sometimes cut out of paper), they paraded the town from morning till night, or at least till too drunk to stand—a climax in truth which sometimes arrived at an early part of the afternoon.

I should vainly attempt to describe the labyrinthine zigzaggery of their dance. It required great practice for a considerable time previous to the anniversary; and though to the uninitiated it might seem pure confusion, there was a "method in the madness" cognizable by the populace, and any error met with loud condemnation.—Just as in the verses called "asonantes" by the Spaniards, in which most of their plays are written, the lowest of the populace perceives the slightest error, and pufishes the actor with "applausos surdos" (deaf applauses), this consists in clapping the hands together, each hollowed as if it held an egg. It might be mistaken by a stranger for our own mode of signifying approbation, but it makes a most extraordinary kind of noise when performed by great numbers, to which nothing can be compared but the dead PLOP of an avalanche.

Bless me! I am off to the Peninsula and round to Switzerland, in an aërial steam carriage! I hasten back to my native town, which I venerate with all the respect of a step-son, towards his new father, defrauded of his rights by his mother's second marriage.

The original object of the ceremonies just described was stated, in the grant from Henry the Second, to be to collect money for the repairs of the church, the maintenance of the poor, and the keeping in order the public roads. While the church was quite new, and the poor and the roads not yet in existence, no doubt the collection was ample; but I cannot believe that if our ancestors had changed places with their descendants, the sum in the eighteenth century would have been greater than sufficient to accomplish its more immediate object, namely, to enable the whole party to get gloriously drunk. As there was no time fixed by law for the duration of the quest, the performers very naturally considered that when a sufficient sum had been

raised for this excellent purpose, it was pure folly to delay the enjoyment of the ineffable bliss by further solicitation. Indeed, the object of the collection was so well understood, that purse-strings were drawn tight and tied in a knot, before it was well accomplished.

Such, then, is a faint description of country life at the end of the last century. My father, who (unlike his son) was always *laudator temporis acti*, was enthusiastic on the virtues and happiness of the peasantry in the time of his own youth; but as he had the disadvantage of being born in a much higher position in life than myself, he had habitually worn the rose-coloured spectacles of aristocracy, and I do not attach much importance to his testimony. One fact, however, is worth recording as indicative of the changes then going on. He said that, on first entering into life as a "noun substantive" which could "stand by itself"—they were in the habit of giving a dinner, a pair of gloves, and a crown a piece, to half a dozen persons annually, as, in lack of paupers, they would otherwise have been compelled by law to join the next parish which possessed a superabundance. A benevolent gentleman, however, established a cotton factory—made a large fortune and retired—left his factory to a man of straw, who soon failed, threw on the parish an enormous population of dissolute and abandoned persons, and raised the poor-rates to fifteen shillings in the pound.

The state of the public roads at this time was universally such as to forbid travelling in winter except on horseback, or in the heavy lumbering vehicles of the day—the general form of these was exactly the same as our present omnibus—there is nothing new under the sun;—the reader may be assured that the coaches of that day differed only in being more coarsely and more strongly built, with wheels adapted to the deep ruts in which they had to travel—these were called long coaches, but there was another kind called a diligence, or as it was generally pronounced, a dilly,—the latter may be seen in the "Inn Yard" of Hogarth. Neither kind of carriage had springs, but were suspended by leather straps like the lord mayor's coach. In the case of the long coaches these were transverse, from the wheel on one side, to its corresponding wheel on the other—and thus on stopping you had some minutes oscillation before the body of the coach became still—in the dillys it was fore and aft, in the long coaches athwart ships—in either kind it soon produced sea-sickness. I remember that having just read Miss Edgeworth's Essay on Irish Bulls, and having been convinced by her arguments that Hibernians were not more liable to the use of the catachresis than Englishmen, my companion, who had been annoyed by the motion I have described, exclaimed, "Och! and how extremely unpleasant is the motion of a coach when it's still!"

The part of the vehicle which supported the coach-box was not on springs—this, joined to the bad state of the roads, made the office of coachman so laborious, that twenty-five miles was considered a hard day's work—the back part of the coach was called the basket, and it was literally a basket of wickerwork, fixed on the axle-tree of the hindwheels; of course, your luggage was battered to pieces, for the coach was really made to advance by trotting, and a speed of five miles an hour was obtained, which, with a slight declivity, some

times amounted to six. On one occasion, I had put a large and beautiful specimen of lead ore, enveloped in many wrappers, into the middle of my clothes in the portmanteau, hoping that the elasticity would preserve it; but at the end of sixty miles I found that it had worked its way through coats and trowsers, down to the bottom. No one thought of remonstrating at one of the inevitable casualties incident to travelling—and it was long after the invention of springs before they thought of putting the box and basket on springs also, and thus not merely preserving the luggage, but enabling the coachman to drive an hundred miles a-day, as was generally the case on the road to Brighton.

The astonishment was unbounded when Mr. Sedgwick (I believe) of Bath, first introduced the custom of putting flints on the road without any soft earth "to bind them together"—a system to which M'Adam succeeded in obtaining the sanction of Government, and to which he has had the honour of giving his name. It is said to be a great feather in a man's cap to give a new verb to the language, but this dictum is of equivocal authority, since the respectable Mr. Burke discovered a new mode of ensuring a steady supply for the dissecting-room. We now talk of Macadamizing roads and Burking victims, but the inventions, I believe, are not held in equal honour.

Previous to the introduction of this mode of road-making, it was the usage to throw all your hard material into the ruts, which thus formed in dry weather a sort of stone rail-road, regularly pressed down into the earth after rain, and replaced the next fine weather—the middle of the road being only intended for the horses' feet, was left in a puddle, though here and there a large piece of stone was thrown down because it would last.

The common answer to an invitation from one family to another, was, "We will come and see you as soon as ever the roads will admit of travelling." As to making them serviceable in winter, no one was so sanguine as to expect an impossibility.

The practice of cutting down the summits of hills, or filling up valleys, was not yet invented—the principal hills (especially Chalk Hill near St. Alban's) were provided with a sort of station-house at the bottom, where a number of men with large wooden wedges at the end of poles, were always to be found; their duty was to walk behind the carriage as it mounted the hill, and thrust the wedges under the wheels, and the horses made a spasmodic effort for a minute, and then rested; they also steadied the carriage on its descent, and prevented its overturn when a wheel slipped off a large stone into a deep hole. In this mode it was possible to accomplish sixty or seventy miles in the twenty-four hours, and we were not a little proud of our superiority in this respect over foreigners—a superiority that was as real then as now. I once posted from Pontarlier to Paris, in the month of November, in a light but firmly built carriage; the law enforced only four horses, but such was the state of the roads, that four horses could not draw the carriage, and I was under the necessity of actually putting six, with three postilions. Hurrying home and bribing for the sake of expedition, I could not venture to travel but during daylight, and just accomplished rather less than an average of four miles an hour.

For a long distance in the neighbourhood of Woburn Abbey, on the great highway from London to Ireland, the road, if road it might be called, was com-

posed of deep sand, through which a pace of one mile per hour was thought a very fair progress in dry weather. It was impossible to make roads through sand, as all the world knew. It is now as good as any road in the kingdom.

Habits of excessive drinking were at this period universal, and the clergy were by no means more abstemious than the laity. It was not, indeed, considered quite delicate or proper for them to appear drunk in the pulpit or the reading desk, though even this I have witnessed in the case of three men whose livings were not ten miles from each other; such was then the laxity of ecclesiastical discipline. But in the symposia of the gentry, and on any day but Sunday, it was by no means thought to be incongruous that a clergyman should be like the rest,—he was expected to be a jovial dog as others; and if he could point a few jokes at the doctrines it was his duty to teach, he was considered a good honest fellow with no nonsense about him.

The reader will suppose that I am describing the manners of a class many degrees below the rank of gentry,—it is not so,—I speak of the tables of men of from seven hundred to two thousand a year, and of their superiors, many of whom were noblemen of large possessions. I cannot believe, from what I know of Scotland, that Scott needed to go back sixty years from the time he was then writing, to make his description of the Baron of Bradwardine and his computators applicable—to drink deep was a sign of manhood, and from the mode in which they commenced their excesses, drunkenness soon arrived,—six or eight habitual toasts were inevitable,—“Fill your glasses, gentlemen,—no daylight, no heeltaps,—a bumper;”—these were tossed down in rapid succession, and wine glasses in those days were like claret glasses in ours, a bottle would only fill half a dozen.

In politics it is the universal custom on both sides to hold the opposite party responsible for all the extravagancies and follies of their adherents. This may be all very well in newspaper controversy, and an additional squeeze of lemon from time to time is especially necessary to make the punch acceptable to the popular palate; but it is unfair and unjust, and indulgence in the practice tends to mystify and vitiate the judgment. Certainly were I held responsible for the toasts I have drunk or acquiesced in, I should cease to glorify myself in the title of Tory. It was amongst that party that I principally witnessed the scenes here described, and the sentiments then uttered would not now be avowed in an assembly of hot-headed Orangemen, as those of the opposite party would even disgrace O'Connell. These toasts served, however, as the excuse for excesses of which artizans would now be ashamed. To leave the house of your entertainer *able to walk* was a stigma on his character and on your own manhood not to be effaced, till a repetition of the debauch with still greater excesses, had given evidence of your virility and of his hospitality.

To ensure himself against the disgrace, the deep disgrace, of the accusation that a gentleman had left his table *sober*, it was not by any means uncommon to lock the door on his guests till they had drunk as much as *he* thought proper; and I recollect with loathing the filthy scene which a dining room presented on the following morning. I was fortunately too young to partake of these excesses, and the gradual approach of a better feeling throughout society made

them always an object of disgust. Often did I vow that *my* children should never witness a similar humiliation of their father to that which I often saw, though not at home; and though I have partaken of a few, and but a very few, debauches in my time, the advance of civilization made temperance an easy virtue long before I had an opportunity of setting an example of any kind to my children.

To secure the wished for consummation of intemperance, all kinds of stratagems were resorted to—hats were not to be found, great coats had vanished, or the sleeves of them were sewed up, coachmen and grooms were too drunk to guide the horses, and had to lie down on the hay in the stable till they were sufficiently recovered to do their duty; for, like master like man, and they sometimes bettered the example. All served as a pretext for renewing the debauch, which was often prolonged till daylight, although, in those days, dinners were early—rarely after three o'clock.

"Ah, sir," said to me the ruined keeper of an hotel which had once been the centre of fashion, but which the enlargement of London had entirely superseded,—"Ah, sir, time was when every night we were obliged to send home a dozen gentlemen in hackney coaches because they could not stand, and carry to bed perhaps as many more who were too drunk even to be put in a coach—those *were* times! but now! why, sir, for a dozen years past I don't think any gentleman has left my house tipsy. No money to be made now, sir!"

Poor man, thus it is; no improvement can take place in our mutable society without reducing many to beggary. The introduction of printing inflicted starvation on the meritorious transcribers of books. Father Mathew's labours have ruined hundreds of distillers and brewers. Railways have depopulated towns, and, worst of all—our own *vested interests*! Think of the desolation of doctors from the spread of temperance and vaccination!

We were near a *dépôt* for French officers on parole, and their free admission into society, as well as the admission of so many emigrants of first rate education and refined manners, had, I think, some effect on the sentiments of their entertainers. Intemperance never was a French vice, but, indeed, intemperance in the use of French wines is a very different thing from intemperance in the use of port, sherry, and malt liquor. One exhilarates, the other stupifies; the effect of the first soon passes off, but the other remains till the next day or the day following.

How erroneous is the opinion commonly entertained of the character of French emigrants. That the increasing complexity of governmental embarrassments necessitated a revolution, may be conceded, but that it was produced by the general depravity of the higher orders, and of the clergy, I utterly deny. France, till her disastrous interference with the revolt of our colonies, was rapidly progressing in wealth and happiness, and there is every reason to believe that all the alterations necessary to adapt the form of government to the progress of knowledge would have taken place quietly; but when the most inflammable appeals on the abstract right of resistance were spread amongst the people, translated from the English language—when a nation of political children were fed on brandy caudle instead of pap—it is no wonder they were driven mad, and would not wait for the slow progress of social reform, especially when they saw the success

of such principles on the other side of the Atlantic. When once a revolution was established, it assumed the form of all revolutions, and became a contest of the "have nothings" against the "have somethings." Whenever such a contest is fairly in train, there can be little doubt of the issue, when one party outnumbers the other twenty to one.

But how exemplary was the conduct of the refugees;—unlike the Spaniards (a great number of whom I was acquainted with,) who absolutely knew nothing, and could *do nothing*; the French emigrants set themselves energetically to work to gain a living, by the accomplishments which had been the ornaments of their prosperity—drawing, fencing, dancing, languages, mathematics, geography, and other acquirements, were accessible to all the youth of England, from the very humble remuneration they required. Men who had been compelled to relinquish twenty thousand a year, occupied themselves in making list shoes, and feather tippets, rather than be a burden on the country which afforded them shelter;—and then the heroic cheerfulness with which they bore their misfortunes, was more than noble—it was sublime.

Above all, the clergy—men who might have stayed in their own country without danger, had they consented to take an oath of obedience to the new state of things—an oath which only the most punctilious conscience could disapprove—these men preferred poverty and exile, to the slightest breach of what they considered their duty. It was a different thing with the nobility, who, being distinctly convicted of large possessions, could give no guarantee to their despoilers, but their heads; for the patriots did not place entire confidence in their new title deeds, unless signed with blood;—the crime of hereditary wealth could only be adequately punished by decapitation. With the clergy, however, a slight concession would have placed them in safety;—but it was contrary to their consciences, and they refused.

It was very affecting to see the cheerfulness and good temper with which these unhappy people submitted to their fate;—their patient endurance of the taunts and insults to which the then state of the public mind subjected them;—the violent anti-Christian hatred, not merely of the Catholic system, but of its professors, (a totally different thing,) which then actuated the populace—nay the mass of the nation. I remember with shame, the feeling with which I then joined in little annoyances, and the humility and benevolent compassion which disarmed us in spite of our bigotry.

I was taught French, at less than half-a-crown a lesson, by a man who had been minister of state; and again, by one of the most amiable and most virtuous of men, a mitred abbot;—and I recollect, with admiration, the pure patriotism with which they heard of the triumphs of their countrymen, even when those triumphs seemed to insure their own exile and poverty; and of the sorrow with which they heard of disasters which promised their own restoration to wealth and honour. If I were a Frenchman, I would point to these things with more pride than to the victories of Jupiter Scapin.

A curious remnant of ancient taste occurs to me.—General Count Rochambeau, who had surrendered at St. Domingo, was one of the prisoners of war. His chief amusement was his garden, which, as it was a sloping bank adjoining the public road, enabled him to display the vagaries of his fancy to advantage.

His beds of flowers being arranged into a pattern, he carefully plucked away all the green leaves, so as to leave one square yellow with crocuses, for example—another blue with hyacinths—the next green with parsley, and so on; and he sat in his little arbour, to enjoy the public admiration of his skill and ingenuity.

Although I am inclined to contend for the influence of French officers and French clergymen in promoting the temperance they preached and practised, yet there was certainly another motive still more powerful which actuated the British public—namely, the increasing taxes on wines, spirits, and malt. When I was a child, excellent port wine was sold at sixteen shillings the dozen, and when bought by the pipe, might be laid in cheaper, though the common price, if sent for from a tavern, was a guinea. When the duty on some wines was increased to eleven shillings a gallon, on brandy to three or four and twenty shillings, and malt to (I think) seven or eight shillings a bushel; and when taxes were doubled and trebled, men had less means, and less leisure, for beastly intoxication;—they were compelled to exert themselves—to take more land into cultivation—to cultivate it better—to employ the idle—to invent means of increasing and economizing their earnings or their rents; and notwithstanding all the enormous expenditure of the war, the country became richer and more civilized;—tens of thousands of men who would have stagnated through life in ordinary times, a nuisance to their fellow creatures, became active, enterprising, inventive, careful, prudent, temperate, and virtuous. Thus, as St. Paul says, “all worketh together for good;” and Providence makes even the calamity of war sometimes tend to the ultimate benefit of the human race.

A curious instance of the prevalence of intemperate habits, in the latter part of the last century, has been mentioned to me by old merchants. They were accustomed to meet in the street, or in the exchange, and no bargain was considered binding, till they had adjourned to a tavern, and partaken of a gill of wine together. This was repeated to every fresh contract; and a man of extensive business was necessarily drunk before dinner; gradually it became the custom to spit out part of the wine,—then to give part of it to the waiter; and latterly a charge was made in every contract for the price of the gill of wine, instead of actually drinking it; this charge ultimately became a perquisite to the clerks: and, as the habit was attended with no profit to the merchant, it was at length abolished. It was found that the clerks acted on the high principle of a hackney-coachman.

“Something to drink, if you please, your honour.”

“Something to drink, you rascal!—why you seem to spend all your money in drink;—*you* have no clothes on your back, and your horses have no flesh.”

“Begging your pardon, sir, that’s my *honour* as does that.”

“What do you mean by that, fellow?”

“Why you see, sir, when a lady or gentleman says to me, coachman, here’s sixpence to drink—I don’t think it would be *honour* in me to spend it in anything else.”

So, no doubt, thought the merchants’ clerks, till their masters abolished the temptation.

The habit of taking a substantial hot supper after a hearty dinner was yet in vogue in my youth, and I know some country gentlemen who still adhere to the

good old custom, although they have altered their dinner hour from one or two to five o’clock—a *mezzo termine* compromise with fashion. The present mode I think cannot be improved; it is virtually a very early supper (seven o’clock), after the business of the day is over, and both mind and body quiet. A sufficient time elapses before lying down to allow the laborious part of the process of digestion to be accomplished, and the warm water drank afterwards, under the name of tea, completes it, and we lie down to rest (if we have not eaten too largely), with the stomach moderately empty. Accordingly, we no longer hear of persons going off in a *surfeit*, that is, apoplexy, in consequence of the distended stomach pressing on the great vessels, and impeding the return of blood from the head. If we take up a magazine of sixty years ago, and look over the list of deaths, we shall find that a “surfeit” was a casualty of very frequent occurrence—it is now almost unknown.

And here I will venture to offer a little medical information; though in these days, *when every body knows every thing*, it may, perhaps, be thought unnecessary. It was formerly believed, that the food was gradually ground down and softened into a pulp in the process of digestion: an accident enabled us to prove that, on the contrary, of the whole mass in the stomach, only the outside layer is dissolved by the acid of digestion, called the gastric juice. When this is all expended, digestion ceases till more is formed, and the undissolved portion takes on the process of fermentation; till, by the slow creation of fresh gastric juice, the function is re-established. In the meantime, the distressing and injurious effects are obvious.

The insecurity of the roads was such, that to travel after dark was considered a wanton risk, and foolhardy exposure to danger. The Royal Mail was repeatedly robbed, and the ordinary coaches frequently. The apathy of the public at these atrocities, may be judged from the following incident.—My father was desirous of benefiting by the new invention of gold touchholes, and accordingly brought up to town with him the barrel (only) of his fowling-piece. When he arrived at Bagshot, and had taken an early dinner, and while there was still an hour of daylight, the landlord came into the room uncalled, to remonstrate on the danger of passing the heath, and to urge him to wait till morning, when he would have plenty of companions; told him that a celebrated highwayman on a white horse (!) had already robbed several families that day! and that there was every probability that he was still prowling about. My father, who had business of importance in London which required his presence early the next morning, determined to incur the risk—half believing that the landlord’s object was to secure the advantage of another guest for the supper, bed, and breakfast,—so he passed on. He was scarcely arrived at the middle of the heath, when the *celebrated highwayman*, on his white horse, rode up to the side of the carriage, and made him repent his temerity in rejecting the counsel of the landlord. It happened, that the muzzle of the fowling-piece was visible at the open window; the man, looking askance at it, moved round to the other side; it was changed over to the other side, and carefully pointed in a proper direction, so as apparently to be ready for execution, whilst only just enough of it was shown to give it the aspect of a horse-pistol: again he rode round, and

again the barrel was changed. After a few more of these reconnoissances, the enemy thought it most prudent not to persevere in the attack on a man apparently so well prepared, and he galloped away.



Now what would be thought of such an event in the present day? Here was a series of robberies in broad day; no pursuit—no other excitement in the country but that of terror, and a cowardly acquiescence in what was thought to be an inevitable evil—the white horse, too!—as if in defiance and contempt of the “authorities.” In fact, in the immediate neighbourhood of London even, these things were done with impunity; the late Dr. Babington, father of the present eminent physician, was twice robbed and illtreated in broad-day on Blackheath, and the man was never discovered. On the road to Croydon it was the custom for travellers towards evening, to wait, if going towards that town, at Streatham, and if coming thence at Thornton Heath, till a considerable number had collected; without which precaution it was considered unsafe to pass a spot called Norbury Gate (where a handsome villa has since been erected, now belonging to Mr. Saunderson) at that time *a very dangerous place, much frequented by robbers!*

So intolerable was this state of insecurity, that a very spirited Irish physician practising in London, whose name I regret to have forgotten, was moved to remedy the mischief. One remarkable man had committed not merely many audacious robberies, but many acts of wanton atrocity; the gentleman prepared himself for his dangerous course of knight-errantry, and sallied forth in his carriage, in each hand a double-barrelled pistol. The highwayman had scarcely time to present his pistol and utter the usual formula “stand and deliver,” when he received the contents of two barrels in his body, and fell dead from his horse. The doctor, having provided himself with cord, stuck the man’s ankles on the spikes behind his carriage, and tying them securely, left the body hanging down, and the head dragging on the ground. In this fashion he drove back into London to the astonishment and horror of the populace, the head being battered to pieces on the stones. This little exploit was as extensive an advertisement as could be wished, and the effect was extraordinary; for more than a year there was an entire cessation of horseback robbery.

Is it not strange that the public could acquiesce in the existence of this Reign of Terror? We can hardly conceive that such a state of things could be tolerated for a single week; yet, after the most audacious act of

robbery, the country did not rise universally as they would do in the present day, and spread the hue and cry for twenty miles around as quickly as horse could travel, but quietly lamented their hard fate, resolved never to travel late in the evening, and confided themselves to the protection of a police so notoriously defective; yet that police was, I believe, just as anxious to discover offenders as the present, but they were ridiculously weak in numbers, and the public gave them neither information nor assistance, although the persons of the robbers were well known, and people went every evening to that celebrated den of infamy, the Dog and Duck, to see them in their symposia, enjoying their claret and champagne along with their fame.

To give a true description of this notorious place would throw discredit on all my preceding statements; it would be vain to expect belief unless I could be allowed to bring forward individual facts duly authenticated by public records, which the decency of manners in the present day would not permit to be put in print. I the more readily abstain, as it never was my fate to be present at any of these orgies, which were a disgrace to Europe itself, and I should be under the necessity of giving the history from the testimony of others only a few years older than myself, but who, being born in London, were of an age to participate or at least to witness these scenes, while I was in the *pure* atmosphere of the country, specimens of which purity and innocence are recorded in preceding pages. I only remember the existence of such a place as the Dog and Duck, on the site, as nearly as I can recollect, of the present noble structure, the Bethlehem Hospital, in St. George’s Fields. It was ostensibly what would, in the present day, be called “a Tea Gardens,” (which like “a Wine Vaults,” is now a classic location). It was the rendezvous of pickpockets, thieves, highwaymen, boxers, cudgel-players, prostitutes, and other votaries of vice and debauchery, and if I may believe my informant, the most depraved imagination of man could not conceive a vice that did not there find the means of gratification.

But we will pass over all further mention of this loathsome den, and I will merely state that persons of the strictest character were in the habit of going to this place as to a show, where were pointed out to them, the “man that robs on Hounslow;” the man “who attacked the gentleman’s carriage last week at Bagshot;”—the “celebrated pickpocket, Barrington;”—the “eminent footpad of Norwood;”—and so on, just as we should point out at the theatre the officers who had distinguished themselves in such and such a battle, or the celebrated speakers in Parliament. These men set public decency at defiance till their hour was come, till they were *ripe*, as the phrase was; when a long career of success having rendered them careless of precautions, the fruits of their plunder were found on their persons, or in their rooms, under circumstances that made conviction inevitable, and they were then duly strangled for the edification of their fellow-creatures.

One thing which essentially contributed to spoil the trade of highwaymen, was the invention of country bankers, and bank notes. Guineas could not be recognized, and were therefore safe plunder; but bank notes, and especially *orders on bankers*, were a poor reward for the risk of the neck, as they could not be presented without almost certain detection; more especially as a signature was at that time required to a

receipt, and the accomplishment of writing was rarely possessed by the very gentlemanly men who followed the chivalrous profession of robbing on the highway.

Yet the police were not inactive even in those days, as was testified by the numerous tassels of human bodies, suspended from ropes in the Old Bailey. This practice, like the other "*ingenuas artes*," softened the manners of the age, and did not allow them to remain brutal. As a further encouragement to the advancing refinement, a long row of the remains of human bodies on gibbets ornamented the banks of the river Thames, and afforded demonstration to every foreigner who visited our metropolis, that the English were a highly civilized nation, and worthy of their exalted position. These bodies were enclosed in frames of iron, not so closely webbed, however, as to prevent the free access of the carrion crows; who, while enjoying their luxurious repast, and especially their first *bonne bouche* of the eyes of the corpse, called out, like the owls in the tale, "Long life to Sultan Mahmoud; while he lives, we shall never want ruined villages."—"Long life to English lawyers; while the present race exists, we shall never want a tid-bit for our young ones." I think I had the happiness to witness the first meal of the crows on the body of Abershaw, who was gibbeted on Kennington Common—it was a glorious sight.

What a pity that the mischievous goosequill should ever have been plucked from its comfortable resting-place, and its split tongue made to speak so loudly—disturbing the repose of so many good sort of people, who rested in calm reliance on the care of Providence, and comforted themselves with the apothegm, that no institutions are perfect. "It is a glorious country—the law is the perfection of human reason; these innovators are disguised rebels, who would overturn our whole constitution, the wonder, admiration, and envy of the world!!"

The goosequill worked away, however; and as men opened their eyes to the absurd, as well as wicked perversion of justice, it was found that juries became more and more perverse and obstinate; and at last compelled an alteration of the law, by the conclusive evidence they afforded that it could not be enforced.

Here let us pause awhile, and take a retrospect of what has been already said. If any one doubt the accuracy of my tale, let him refer to old newspapers, or even to the Annual Register—let him read the evidence of Mr. Place, of Charing Cross, before a committee of the House of Commons, as well as the pamphlets he has put forth on the subject of his past experiences. There is no lack of evidence of facts much stronger than any I have related. On the contrary, it has been my object rather to soften than exaggerate, from the fear of being considered to have drawn rather on imagination than memory.

The improvement in the manners of the aristocracy (always imitated by the class next below them, and thus downwards) led to the improvement of the middle classes; but it was much later ere the immense body of artisans and mechanics began to partake of the general amendment. The high excitement of the war, and the enormous taxes it occasioned, aided the process with the employers, but aggravated the evil among the lower classes. Every man was sure of employment and high wages, whatever might be his character. A time of war, if the country be not itself the seat of it, is the millennium of the labouring class; the gradual dispersion of the large capitals in loans to the govern-

ment spread ease and luxury among them, and the wages they obtained would scarcely be believed in the present day. I was once present when the clerk of one of our principal brewers was paying his labouring coopers. "Is it not extraordinary, sir," said he, "that although these men gain on the average four guineas a week each, not one can wait till Saturday for his wages, but is compelled to have a portion on account?" In the sudden calls for extra exertion, I have known a packer to the East India Company pay his men twenty shillings for a day's work,—it is true it was a day of eighteen hours labour.

At this period, the labourer had no resource but the public house—there were no exhibitions open to him—no ornamented park—no wide and elegant streets—no steam boats—no omnibuses—no palaces or museums accessible to his curiosity—no coffee-shops—no reading-rooms—no cheap publications—no literature—nothing to elevate or inspire self-respect;—all was sordid, stupid, soul-deadening debauchery and vice; he was not respected—he was not respectable—he did not respect himself—he lived the life of a beast, and he died careless of the future.

Considering myself as addressing the young, under which term I include every one born in the present century, and therefore a class comprising four-fifths of the population of the country, I enter into details which may, perhaps, seem trite or ridiculous to men of my own age; but as the minutiae of memoir-writers in the time of our fathers and grandfathers is exceedingly interesting to ourselves, I take for granted that similar records of our own times will be equally interesting to our successors. Should the present sketch excite any attention, I shall at leisure fill up the outline and make a regular picture of past times. Were I capable of writing a novel, and putting in action the very men and women I have seen and known, without calling on my invention for a single incident or character, I should make up one of the most interesting books ever written, more especially when the progress of my narrative should lead me to the early events of the French Revolution; for the effects of that volcanic eruption were felt in this country in as great a degree of intensity, though not manifested in the same mode, as in France. This, however, must devolve on abler hands and heads than mine. I hope that among the few, who from age, education, position, and adventurous life, are fitted for the task, some one may be found speedily to undertake it, lest the extraordinary state of *transition* of that period should pass into oblivion unrecorded. It is full of instruction and amusement.

The curious contrast between the remains of the period of formality and restraint, and the advancing progress of slovenly license and negligence in dress and manners, would form an exceedingly amusing chapter of what Carlyle quaintly calls "*World History*." The tight breeches and large bunch of strings at the knee hanging down to the ankles, the flap waistcoat, the straight coat without a collar, the plaited stock, the ruffles, the broad and dangling frill, the large shoe buckles, the profusion of hair powder, and the low-crowned hat, were symbols of the wearer's party, and showed him a determined Conservative or Tory; while what was called "the slovenly pantaloons of the low-born assassin," the long lanky elf locks, the brimless hat, with crown like a steeple, the strip of cloth down the back called a coat, coming almost to a point at the

bottom, the double breast and lappels turned back beyond the shoulders, the waistcoat stopping short of the waist by six inches, the low-heeled shoes tied with long ribbon dragging in the dirt, and the loose and shambling walk, denoted the Jacobin, or, as he called himself, the Republican. I know not which manner and which set of habiliments were most absurd and ridiculous.

There was, however, this difference in the effects of the two,—the man who was punctiliously dressed was compelled in his own defence to preserve a decorum of manner and behaviour, and an apparent deference for the feelings of others which reacted on himself,—to show levity in a dress so formal would have made him an object of laughter,—and it is on this ground that I hope to see the dress of our judges preserved;—its original purpose of impressing awe on the bystanders may no longer be obtained; but it does certainly promote a dignity and sedateness of manners in the judge himself, which tends to keep up a reverence for the administration of the law.

I am here tempted to fly off at a tangent, and give a few striking examples of this effect of dress on the manner, and ultimately on the character of the individual; but I refrain—my paper is already too long. I proceed to the Republican.

The slovenliness and negligence of his dress had the natural effect on his manners—he discarded all deference for age and station—felt the most ineffable contempt for all observances, and spat about on the carpets with an ease, elegance, and profusion, still to be seen in America. Reverence for parents was a superstition that it was high time were abolished; to rise on the entrance of a superior in age or station was a remnant of barbarism beneath the dignity of a free-thinker; and respect for women was feudal folly—they were meant for sensual playthings, and not worthy of attention for any other object. The Tory at this time was simply ridiculous, but the Republican detestable and loathsome.

Each of the parties into which the nation was then divided, as in the present day, carefully selected all that was bad in the principles, practice, and character of the opponent, to make up a "fair and candid" description of the party. The Republican hated the Tory, or, as he called himself, the Royalist; while the Tory simply despised and loathed the Republican.

The present race of Liberals will think it strange that the predominant feeling of the nation should have been at that time most emphatically Tory; and the mobs which vented their enlightened rage on their opponents (after the fashion of Nottingham, in the time of the Reform Bill), were every where inclined to wreak summary vengeance on the Jacobins. I remember the riots at Birmingham, when Dr. Priestley's house was destroyed, and the burning of Baskerville's beautiful mansion in its vicinity; and I saw the ruins of the latter place twenty years afterwards, when the large board, occupying almost the whole length of the house, and which had been erected by the calm indignation of its proprietor, still remained, with the words "Shame to Birmingham,"—a memento of the "wild justice" of the mob.

George the Third and his ministers are often accused of making unjust war on the French, in the time of their confusion; the accusation is false—they did all that was possible to avoid it, but were overpowered by the irresistible resolve of the nation at large. The government

of Great Britain abstained, even after the ferocious idiots who then swayed the destinies of that unwise people had officially proclaimed, that, in whatever part of the world men would rise against their rulers, they might depend on the aid of France; and after all, it was France that declared war against England!

But the subject grows under my hands, and the topics which yet remain to be treated are innumerable. Whether the thoughts and recollections I have thus loosely strung together shall interest the public, remains to be seen. A few words to a class of persons, who, since the great change made by the Reform Bill in the constitution of Parliament, are become the real arbiters of the destinies of this mighty and glorious nation, and I then wait to see if it be worth while to resume my pen.

The great change I have spoken of is sometimes brought to the mind vividly by a very slight circumstance; and as publications of this kind reach the hands of persons who have neither leisure nor inclination for the higher departments of literature, I hope that what I am now saying may tend to cheer the heart and soothe the envy of many an industrious artisan. I went to visit the city of London after a very long absence, and not finding the gentleman of whom I was in search in his counting-house, looked about for a place in which I could pass the hour I had to wait, without the expense of taking a meal in a coffee-house or tavern, not being acquainted with any body within a moderate distance. On casting my eyes around, I saw written up on a very neat, clean, and respectable house, the words "Coffee Shop and Reading Room." I entered and found a large room well lighted with gas, divided into boxes well painted, handsome paper on the walls and ceiling, and the mahogany tables covered with a profusion of newspapers and periodical publications. Not wishing to eat, I merely called for a cup of coffee; it certainly was not very attractive, but it was drinkable. I became deeply engaged in the magazines for the hour, and on inquiring what was to pay, was told ONE PENNY.

Now here, said I to myself, is a triumphant proof of the advance of civilization,—a sum not sufficient to buy a glass of gin furnishes a labouring artisan with shelter, warmth, light, society, intellectual amusement and instruction, with bodily refreshment and rest—a sum which is scarcely missed from his earnings. If you who are now reading my remarks happen to be a man of this class, thank your stars that you were born in the nineteenth century, and do not repine at a fate which, whatever you may think of it, possesses more materials for happiness, and for appreciation of happiness, than that of a similar class in any other nation in Europe. Above all, recollect the dignity and the privileges of forming part of the most mighty nation on the globe—knowing that the very name of Englishman is a title of honour. Do your best to inculcate contentment and industry in your fellows; and, above all, forget not the Providence that permits you to possess physical and mental enjoyments, such as were absolutely inaccessible to men of moderate fortune and independence in the time even of your grandfather. Teach your children to appreciate the advantages of their lot, and to avoid all the absurd longings for seditious notoriety which embitter the possession of every blessing, by setting a man constantly to a comparison of his own state with those above him instead of those beneath him. Envy requires no cultivation.

A VISION IN PAN'S DELL.

I HAVE seen Pan!—Within a sheltered hollow,
Where fir trees laced their branches overhead,
As if to hide the spot from fierce Apollo,
To which of yore his vanquished rival fled:
Some dubious marks of goat-like hoofs espying
Along the margin of the tangled glade,
I followed on their track, till deftly prying
Amidst the thickest covert of the shade,
I saw great Pan!

Beside a gliding stream the God was seated,
In the dull umbrage of o'erhanging trees,
From whose sear boughs the yellow leaflets fled,
In whirling eddies on the autumn breeze.
A sweetly solemn air his pipe was playing,
A mournful requiem for the dying year,
He said—"The winds are cold, the woods decaying,
I may not, must not, longer linger here."
I have heard Pan.

"Oh for the satyr's hut, the sprightly sallies
Of shepherd mirth, the wine-jar's purple rill,
The sunburnt revels in green Tempe's valleys,
And the wild dances on the Argive hill,
Where oaten reeds piped out their simple measures,
While from my nook I watched the merry clan,
Till one with lips imperial'd with dewy treasures
Would steal away, to talk an hour with Pan.
Pan—goatfooted Pan!"

The song was hushed, and sad and heavy hearted,
Upon my ears its lingering music fell,
As with a start the clattering hoofs departed,
Their lessening echoes ringing down the dell.
But yet methought a deeper gloom denoted
The bower from which a sylvan god had fled;
The falling leaves in thicker currents floated,
And darkly waved the fir boughs overhead.
I had seen Pan.

And what indeed is Pan?—an Emanation
From the bright thoughts and glowing hearts of yore,
Taught by the spell of Fancy's young creation
On high devotion's eagle-wings to soar.
Then, when the ripened ear gave up its treasure,
And the full vintage heaped the wine-press o'er,
Their hearts, oppressed with thankfulness and pleasure,
Exclaimed—"The Gods reward our toils—adore
The mighty Pan."

Pan is a mythus of the woods and mountains;
The pine-tipped valleys and the olive shades,
The warm spring rains, the showers from sparkling
fountains
Singing sweet music in the Cretan glades,
The tinkling sheep-bell, —oxen meekly lowing,
The pipe low breathing by the willowed streams,
The whispering groves, the rannel's silvery flowings,
Leaped into Godhead in the Grecian's dreams!
They had seen Pan!
H. A.



A PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE.



AN I ever forget the heroic virtue of a lady—a West Indian?—Such an instance of dutious submission to her destiny, such humble gratitude for a special interposition in her favour, cannot fail to excite unbounded admiration! It is impossible to do justice to the impressive and

awe-struck manner with which she related the circumstances of her escape from a fate worse, a hundred times worse, (in her estimation) than the most painful death.

I have said she was a West Indian: her education was at least

equal to that usually bestowed on Creoles in those days. She

could read and write—play at cards, and ride on horseback; quite enough, surely, to satisfy the world which surrounded her, many of whom were by no means so accomplished: but she had another claim to their respect—she possessed a peculiar talent in managing refractory slaves by dropping lighted sealing-wax on their naked skin,—an admirable punishment invented by herself, which had the great advantage of not injuring “Pa’s property,” by rendering the obstinate wretch incapable of work. In short, at the age of thirteen, she was not merely an accomplished girl, but, with the precocity of the climate, was really an accomplished woman.

One great defect in her character, however,

formed a sad drawback on her chance of matrimony—her father, not being rich, could give her but a small fortune. Three men, as many women, two boys, and three girls, constituted her whole property. Notwithstanding this defect in her character (the only one by the bye considered of any importance in the very enlightened part of the world which she adorned),—notwithstanding this defect—this *grand* defect, she was solicited in marriage before she had entered her fourteenth year, by a gentleman of fortune recently arrived in the island. With the *naïve* innocence and simplicity of youth she soon gave him her whole heart. He was young, handsome, healthy, well educated, of exemplary character, and had had an opportunity of showing, during a revolt, the highest courage and the most heroic magnanimity. All the friends of the family came to pour out their congratulations, and to overcome the reluctance of the father—a reluctance founded solely on the conviction that his daughter was yet too young for the probable duties of a mother. It was in vain that the lover entreated—that the young lady threatened to drown herself: the father, while acknowledging all the advantages of such a match (for he had taken care to ascertain, beyond the possibility of doubt, the solidity of the gentleman’s character, and the weight of his purse),—the father still refused to allow an early union; but at last said, that, as he was going to the United States on business, he would take his daughter with him, and, on his return in six months, they had his full consent to marry. With this limited concession the lovers were compelled to be content. Their parting was, as usual, a most overwhelming event—vows of eternal love and constancy were exchanged, and, as the lady phrased it, “I was fit to break my heart; I was sure I never could live out the six months, and only hoped that ‘Pa’ would see how miserable I should be, and consent to shorten the time. This, in fact, he did; and at the end of four months we were on our voyage back again—when, how wonderful are the ways of Providence! and how little do we know what is best for our good! On our return it pleased Heaven to raise a violent storm, and by such special providence we were driven into St. Kitt’s—where—oh! how can I be sufficiently thankful for His goodness!—we found—you will hardly believe it—we found, that this very man that I was going to marry—this treacherous man—”

“My dear Madam,” said I, seeing her so agitated, “pray compose yourself—I guess the rest of your story—you found he was already married.”

"Oh! no, Sir, no—worse than all that—we found—that this very man was a native of St. Kitt's—and that—that—that his great grandmother *had been a woman of colour!*"

Yes;—Heaven peeped through the blanket of the dark, and cried,

"HIS GREAT GRANDMOTHER WAS A WOMAN OF COLOUR!"

A. L. W.



LAMENT FOR A LOST HOME.

'Tis a little cot, with its garden green,
Keeps in my memory wearily;
With its twin flower-beds, and the walk between,
Too narrow for two save they went as we
Love-like, with twining arms, to pass
Up and down 'twixt the borders of grass.

And the trellised door, and the simple seat,
Where the two geranium plants were placed,
Which look'd so fresh and smell'd so sweet,
Tempting the bee, though pressing his haste,
To come and drink of the honey they bore
In cups oft filled from their full hearts' core.

And the little gate, and the ponderous bell
Swinging the wall and the tree between,
Whose sound was seldom acceptable
Save when there was only *one* in the scene:—
The *he* or the *she* of that simple show
That's lock'd in my brain—never to go!

Lock'd in my brain's most vital part,—
It is the ache that drags me down,
With many a painful spasm and smart,
To the place where the countless dead are strewn:
'Tis this that makes mine eyes to weep—
'Tis this refuses them their sleep!

Every plant in that garden throve,
Though oft uprooted to set anew;
Not one, though untimely its remove,
Had heart to die as most plants do:
We bathed them daily—never in vain—
For the veriest stump 'gan leafing again.

There were two acacia trees—
Very beautiful they were
As they shook their light locks in the breeze,
Like a maiden's glittering hair.
During summer the birds made vows
All in the shade of their delicate boughs.

The summer days seem'd never too long,
The winter ones never too short:
Our wants were sore, but our hearts were strong,
And that little home was as a fort
Against despondency and dread,
And the ills that distract the heart and head.

But we and the world were not good friends,
We lacked that bustling quality
Of turning to our private ends
The "high ones" of society:—
We could not learn to compromise
'Twixt our pride and our necessities.

And so, although we tried to stay
The many ills that daily grew,
We nathless soon were ban'd away
From that dear home. To see us two
Tearing ourselves from the place apart,
Would have touch'd, I think, the stoniest heart!

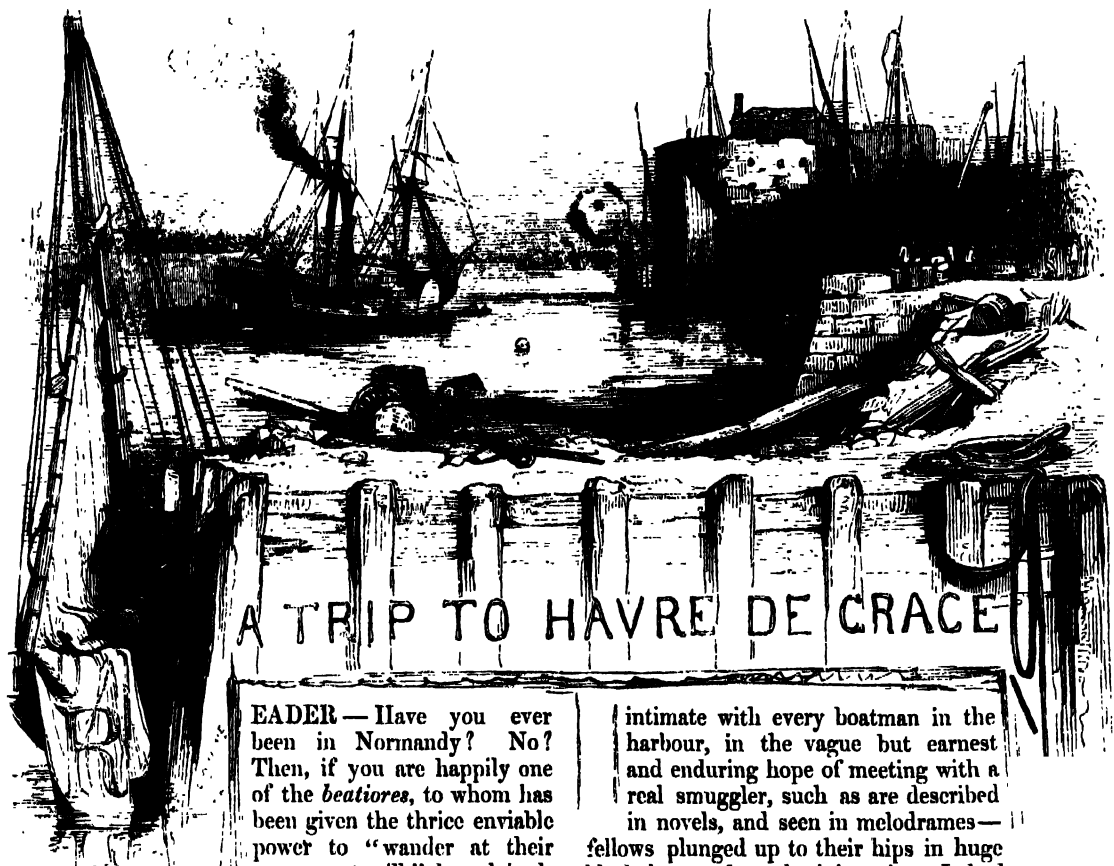
First, there was each chamber to leave,
Each with its separate memory
Of happy night, or morn, or eve,
Spent in affectionate gaiety;
And then the green grass, and the flowers
So eloquent of the vanish'd hours.

Badly I bear my loss! Alas,
It is, in truth, a fatal thing!
It sickens the life in me:—It has
Corrupted my flesh in its early spring:
'T has made a woman of me, quite,
And left me weak for the worldly fight.

I'll tell you true, I'm but twenty-five:
(There is an age whereat to die!)
And nothing of me is well alive
But the brain, which eats vitality;
Mine eyes in their pallid lids do burn
Like lamps that illumine a dead man's urn.

We have had terrible things to bear:
None but ourselves do know the truth!
Oh! could you but see us, you would swear
You saw twin ghosts of love and youth;
So ghastly pale and thinn'd to the bones—
The white skin covering skeletons!

"Things at the worst oft mend," they say;
I'll credit the proverb and hurry hence;
Temptation walks in the broad highway,
Luring both honour and innocence.
Home, home, while the brain can yet withstand
The strife of the heart and the twitch of the hand.



READER—Have you ever been in Normandy? No? Then, if you are happily one of the *beatiores*, to whom has been given the thrice enviable power to “wander at their own sweet will,” be advised, and go at once.

When once on the soil of the Northmen put your dignity in your pocket, a pair of thick shoes on your feet, and rambling about for two or three months in that beautiful father-land of our sires, rich with memorials of the past—monumental and gorgeous—thronged as the storied oriel of her time-worn cathedrals, you will come back to our dear old, sulky island, with a thousand sweet and solemn memories and images in your mind, which as yet have no place there. But then, again, it may be that this delicious rambling is to thee a thing forbid; if so, come and see with my eyes, and we two will run across, and snatch a glance at the fair town called The Haven of Grace, so named by him who cast a wall about it, and made of its fishermen's huts a city; who in sadder days, after too freely indulging in the more regal pastime of battering towns down instead of building them up, wrote to his proud mother, from the bloody field of Pavia, “*Tout est perdu sauf l'honneur!*” The chivalrous Francis is long ago departed, but the noble port that he built still stands greater and fairer than he left her—*Allons!*

One burning July morning, I left a watering-place on the south eastern coast of England, after remaining there long enough to be sick of every person and thing in it. I had followed all the pretty girls home, and found out all about them; I had read all the novels in the libraries, new and old; seen all the conjurors, listened to all the street musicians, raffled at all the raffles, and smoked all the good cigars in the town. I was

intimate with every boatman in the harbour, in the vague but earnest and enduring hope of meeting with a real smuggler, such as are described in novels, and seen in melodrames—

fellows plunged up to their hips in huge black boots; but alas! in vain. I had walked on the sands every morning—had sat on every one of the little chairs—had had my eyes and mouth filled from the wooden spade of every infantine sand-shoveller “upon the beached verge of the salt flood.” I had, in short, exhausted all the excitements of R—, and resolved to effect my escape.

About two o'clock, the vessel that was to carry me to Southampton lay off the harbour, and I was pulled off to her by a couple of boatmen. It was blowing what the sailors call a capful of wind; that is, a sort of zephyr that makes a landsman hold on his whisks with both hands.

Among my fellow-passengers was an old Gaul—a fat white Frenchman, with a bulbous, walnuttty nose—who in spite of the most violent convulsions of sea-sickness, would persist in endeavouring to eat something, apparently in compliance with some abstract theory of his own upon the subject. A dozen times was he suddenly obliged to rush from the table, (urged by some fierce volcanic action of his “*ingeniorum omnium largitor*,”) to his little berth at the side of the cabin, and as often did he return to the charge—his cadaverous face and rolling eye looking like a galvanized calf's head—muttering faintly, “*Il faut que je mange une petite quelque chose.*”

By the way, is it not amazing that men will voluntarily place themselves in a situation in which they well know beforehand that they shall be attacked by this most ludicrous and degrading malady; and that, too, not from the fear of death, or any other nearly ade-

quate motive, but in most instances instigated merely by the love of gain, or the hope of amusement? That they will consent to pass through all its loathsome stages—the meditative, the dubious, the don't carish, and the hysterically hilarious, down to the final desperate plunge to leeward, ending in blank despair and apathy?

On the evening of the following day we arrived at one end of the Southampton pier, and I had the satisfaction of hearing the starting bell of the Havre packet at the opposite one: I seized my little portmanteau, and ran for it. I wore moustaches and beard (a great convenience in travelling), which, together with my blouse and travelling cap, gave me a somewhat foreign air; not unlike (I must confess,) that of the expatriated youths, who sell in the streets of London, "*a larsk von vor de laidee, and a leetel von vor de laibee.*" To this appearance, and to my being so ungentlemanlike as to carry my own luggage, I was indebted for a shout of laughter from some of my unpolished compatriots who thronged the pier, with cries of "*Go it, mounseer! That's the time o' day, Froggee! Brayvo, Parlyvo!*" The captain of the steamer was among the loudest of the laughers, and called out to me, "Nearly too late, Mounseer!—never mind—junip along for'ard." To this I replied by flinging my portmanteau at the head of a grinning cabin servant, who (though I dare say he had never read the drama in which that vital distinction was first discriminated to my simple apprehension,) had evidently thought me "a person—not a gentleman."

The captain, seeing from my taking possession of one of the best berths in the after cabin, that I had "put money in my purse," and that I was an Englishman, found also that he had made a small mistake, and became elaborately civil for the rest of the passage. Here was I then fairly on my way, at last, to that land of old romance, which from my earliest childhood I had dreamed of. I promised myself a sojourn of at least a couple of months, and the exploration of every interesting spot in the old dukedom. "*Man appoints,*" says the proverb, "*and Heaven disappoints.*" It will be seen how charmingly this promise was fulfilled.

The day was fine, and a lovely moonlight night succeeded, the greater part of which I spent on deck. In the crimson dawn of the next morning I saw the beautiful promontory of *Cape la Hève*, frowning over the purple water directly between us and the point of sunrise; and by half past four its noble forehead was glittering in the daylight, for the "far-shooting Apollo" (called by the blind singer of Scio, *Αργυρ*, on account of his godlike exemption from the miseries of shaving), was resting his chin upon its craggy top, as his fulgent visage looked out in golden smiles over "the wine-coloured ocean."

On landing on the quay at Havre, I was greeted with a humorous contrast to the brutality of my brave countrymen at my embarkation. I happened to have a sketch book, and some drawing implements in my hand; and a custom-house officer, who kept the gangway, seeing me rather rudely obstructed by some *gend'armes* on duty, cried out, "*Doucement, doucement, messieurs! Ne voyez vous pas que monsieur est artiste?*"

"And now," said I to myself, as I stepped on

shore, "now am I in Normandy—the land of troubadours and pippins—of the angelic Agnes Sorel and the diabolic Robert the Devil."

As I passed up the hill leading from Havre to Ingouville, I saw a fellow performing a little household operation in a way so ingenious in its multiplication of labour, that I think it worth describing. He had a frame-saw, of some three feet in length; one end of it pressed against a block, and the other against his own person, about the region of his *epigastrium*; against the teeth of this saw he rubbed a small log of wood, grasped firmly in both hands, and upon the two ends of the wood he was leaning the whole weight of his body, as if he wished to pinch his saw in two pieces; but, no doubt, really with the hope of eventually cutting the log in half. I watched him for about five minutes, during which he had with great labour produced about a table spoonful of sawdust, whereupon, being myself a cosmopolite and philanthropist, I ventured to intimate, that to my insular simplicity, he appeared to be rather *wooding* his saw than *sawing* his wood, and proceeded to recommend the mode which prevails among the "*sacré's Anglais.*" Jacques Bonhomme, however, was not to be moved by a jest, and he replied curtly, but with perfect politeness, that "*this was the best way, because it was the way that they always saw fire-wood in Normandy.*" To this convincing reason, of course, there could be no reply.

After a most substantial breakfast, I sallied forth for a ramble among the trees and fields. The woods, for many miles round Havre, stretch up the sides of the beautiful hills that encircle the town, enclosing in their folds a thousand little shady solitudes, "places of melancholy delight and musing," in which, as you stretch yourself in their shadow, you hear the sound of myriads of tiny waterfalls, that trickle down their slopes murmuring like nontide bees,—

While the gloom divine is all around,
And underneath is the mossy ground.

Among the many little antique villages which nestle down among the old groves of beech, chestnut, and elm that cover this scenery, I visited that of St. Adresse, in whose chapel Robert le Diable was married to the fair Bertha. The very stones on which I stood had rung to the armed tramp of the demon knight! I renewed my vow there, not to quit Normandy until I had viewed the land from Dan even unto Beer-sheba.

Havre appears to be the principal port for supplying France, and, I should think, all continental Europe, with parrots. All along the quay are shops filled with parrots; and in almost every private house there is at least one parrot gabbling and screaming, as only parrots can scream. They talk, too, incessantly. I do not think I can conscientiously say, that I observed any who could absolutely converse like that "very large and very old grey parrot," mentioned so gravely by Sir William Temple, which, when old Prince Maurice, of Nassau, politely inquired of it, "*Que fais tu là?*" replied, "*Je garde les poules!*" conceitedly adding, "*Et je sçais bien faire!*" But they are great linguists. Those in the better quarters of the town say little but "*mercie madame,*" and such like. "*Mercie madame,*" followed by a scream that skins one's teeth,

salutes the passenger at every step. The vocabulary of those who reside on the quays is infinitely more rich and varied, but, owing to their intimacy with sailors, douaniers, &c. &c., it is hardly fit for quotation.

Notwithstanding the increased intercourse between the two countries of late years, the Normans do not appear to have advanced greatly in the study of English syntax. This is the more surprising when we remember that their town is constantly crowded with Americans from New Orleans, New York, and other new places in that country, where it is admitted by all Americans that the purest English in the world is spoken. Some of the inscriptions in the island tongue over the shops of Havre are exceedingly droll, though none of them perhaps are equal to the dainty notification which a dear friend of mine read twenty years ago over a hairdresser's shop in Paris, to wit, "Here to cut off hairs in English fashion."

Very few beggars are to be seen in Havre; but there was one worthy of this class of eminent merit. He was a very tall, broad-shouldered, hairy, eupaptic looking savage, with a wooden leg, who usually reclined in a most luxurious attitude against a heap of stones on the pier, and was evidently full to repletion of veal, garlic, and brandy. When any one looked at him, he would brandish his wooden leg, and monotonously in tones most pathetically raucous,—"Pour l'amour de Dieu! Ayez pitié d'un pauvre malheureux estropié dans la fleur de sa tendre jeunesse." Which *tendre jeunesse* had endured for at least five-and-forty vigorous years, and he was drunk every day. This was, in fact, the only beggar I observed *within* the walls of Havre; but there was another of a very different aspect, of whom I took note a little space from the town on the road to Harfleur. It was a blind man, very old. I first saw him sitting in the sun on a bank by the way side, and he seemed to be under the care of a pretty little girl, about six years old. He told me it was his daughter's child.

In my life I have never seen elsewhere so sculpturesque—so grand a head, as that old mendicant's;—he might have sat for Samson Agonistes. He was passing his hand gently up and down over the face of the child, *feeling* how beautiful it looked; and a smile in whose depths a whole infinitude of patience, and love, and heroic endurance lay revealed, rested on his face like the sunshine.

Poor old sufferer! The national curse had clung to him like the rest—he had been a soldier. I had much talk with him more than once, and thought my time well spent.

On my way homewards from my first visit to the pier, a noble structure, I passed the town prison, a squalid, ragged-looking old building approached by an arched gateway of enormous span. "I will get an order from the commandant," thought I, "and inspect the interior." I had an opportunity of doing so shortly after (as will be seen), by my own unaided influence. I was much amused with the appearance of a regiment of infantry of the line in garrison in the town. Such fellows I had never seen before but in a caricature shop—men of all sizes below five feet three or four inches—mean-looking, dirty little vagabonds, dressed in very full short trousers, or rather leg-bags of dingy red drugget, with a *coatée* of the same material of a dull sooty blue, with an immense bunch of red

worsted on each shoulder; a straight upright cap with about half an inch of rim, looking like a mutilated chimney-pot; thick clouted shoes, patched and cobbed in many places; black leather gaiters, and a black stock; no gloves even on parade. And, it is my belief, no *shirt*, for the sleeves of their coats are very wide and ill-fitting; and in some individuals who have been so unfortunate as to shoot up to the gigantic stature of five feet six or seven inches, they do not reach much below the elbow; and yet, in spite of the facility of inspection thereby afforded, I never could discover the slightest indication of any such garment in contact with their gaunt extremities. Their whole aspect was far inferior in martial air to that of the supernumeraries who guard criminals, &c., in melodramas at our minor theatres. The contrast between them and a brigade of artillery, also quartered in the garrison, was extremely ludicrous,—the latter were very fine martial-looking fellows in handsome uniforms,—some of the sappers had beards worthy of Belisarius. When, however, I had an opportunity of seeing the little dingy blackguards of the line under arms, they reminded me of a story they tell of Buonaparte, when the emperor Alexander of Russia remarked to him in a disparaging tone, that the French troops were very *small*. "Oui, sire, oui," he replied, "*ils sont petite, —mais ils sont MORDANTS.*"

In the course of my rambles in the fields, I met one morning with a fine grey-headed old fellow dressed in a blue blouse and sabots, spinning rope on the sunny side of a hedge. I entered into conversation with him, and found that he had been a soldier and served under Soult in Spain. To the inquiry whether he preferred his former profession to his present one, he replied, *No*; that he much preferred rope-making to man-killing. "It is all very well, sir," said he, "to be a general of division, or even a colonel. It is well enough to be Marshal Soult; but believe me, it is a very bad trade for the journeyman." Thinking to get into his good graces, I began to talk of Buonaparte,—said that he was a great man, and made one or two other remarks of equal point and originality; but I found to my surprise that I made no impression. The old journeyman soldier evidently thought but poorly of his great master-manslayer.

"He was a great man in *his way*," said he, "and so am I in mine. He was a very good soldier—*c'étoit son métier*—it was his trade, and he understood it well. I make very good ropes—it's all the same thing. As for him—*c'étoit un gaillard qui savoit bien tuer tout le monde.*"

"But," said I, "you will allow that on the whole he was a benefactor to your country?"

"I don't know that, sir," he replied, "that man killed three millions of Frenchmen."

Altogether it was evident, that my old friend preferred the *métier* of Lachesis and Clotho to that of Atropos; and whether from professional partiality or not, I cannot but think he was right.

I left my old friend twisting his hemp (who made me a bow at parting that would have done no discredit to the court of Louis le Grand), and strolled again to the harbour where I saw *La Reine Amélie*—the pleasure yacht of the Queen of France—a beautiful little schooner of most elegant shape, all satinwood and gilding, manned by some of the finest and most sailor-like looking fellows I ever saw. One of her

crew called out to an English sailor, on the quay, who was eying the craft with a critical and somewhat contemptuous air, "I say, meestaire; your Quin, has she a ships like sees?"

"My Quveen?" said Jack, "Vy, I shid be ashamed of her Majesty if she'd spit in such a thing."

The square in front of the theatre was crowded with strollers, eating, drinking, smoking, and chatting, or listening to the exhortations of the conjurers, *grima-ci-ers*, "*mendici, mimi, balatrone, hoc genus omne*," with which the place is thronged. One fellow amused me much, by holding forth respecting the virtues of a miraculous powder of his own invention, for destroying fleas. He commenced, by pointing out the many inconveniences of being assailed by one of these little dragons. This he did in most expressive pantomime:—first, he was the lover on his knees, before his mistress, interrupting each tender protestation to scratch his leg;—then he took a bit of wood, and imitated the action of shaving; cutting his nose, in consequence of a violent assault in the rear;—then he was a *fanatico per la musica*, engrossed in the performance of a new violin concerto; he fiddled with all the intensity of visage of the most enthusiastic amateur;—then, in the middle of a die-away *adagio*, after a severe struggle with his feelings, he interrupted to scratch his elbow. The fellow convulsed his hearers, and his flea powder appeared to have a great sale. His popularity was shared by a grimacier, who had a head of long black hair reaching to his waist, exactly like a woman's;—and by altering the arrangement of this, and by wrenching his features into amazing contortions, he became twenty different persons, in as many minutes. His face was closely shaven; and when he had adjusted it, he thrust it through a hole in a large board. Grimaldi might have envied his Protean plasticity of visage. His tongue was about the size of a horse's, and he thrust it out, down to the fourth or fifth button of his waistcoat, and sucked it all up again into his mouth, with inconceivable celerity. The fellow seemed to wring his face like a wet cloth. My attention was attracted by another crowd a few paces off, the nucleus of which I found was a little hunchback; one, indeed, who, had he lived in the days of his brother of the thousand and one nights, would certainly have had his turban filled with sequins, the very first time the disguised caliph mingled with the crowd that surrounded him. This little person was dressed in his shirt and trousers only—the former, in whiteboy fashion, over-all. The grounds on which he claimed public benefactions, were these:—he first went round the ring of spectators, and endeavoured to induce them to put their hands under his shirt, and carefully examine his hump; for my own part I preferred taking its merits for granted;—but many enthusiastic physiologists *did* fumble his hump with very great relish. After he had exhausted the number of his manipulators, he stood for a few minutes in the centre of the circle, for the purpose, as he said, of absorbing his hump; he then made the circuit of his patrons, and convinced them that his hump was diminished to the size of an orange. Whether this most accommodating gibbosity was a natural or an artificial production, I cannot determine, but I am disposed to believe that it was a genuine hump; for he underwent a very rigid examination, and had, besides, all the unpleasant anxious expression of face, and peculiarities of person

usually attendant on spinal distortion. "The art of our necessities is," indeed, "strange, that can make vile things precious!" This fellow *would* probably have starved without his hump, unless it could be absorbed into his system for nutriment, like that of the camel of the desert. And even were it so, how short-lived the support rendered! He could not have lived through a hard winter upon it, like a bear upon its paws. No! take his hump, "and you do take the means whereby he lives." Humpless, he would be dinnerless;—but now look at my little lord! laughing, chatting, chucking the grisettes under the chin; complimenting the old dames with the cherry baskets; alternately sucking in and swelling out his hump, with as proud an air of self-satisfaction, as a dancer exhibits when he has stood on one leg longer than any other person can stand upon two. And better still, pocketing centimes, liards,—nay, even sous by handfuls.

"And to-morrow," said I, as I strolled up the hill to Ingouville—"to-morrow I will shoulder my knapsack and walk to Hardeur, and there I will take the boat to Rouen, and see the spot where they buried the lion heart of King Richard, who ate the Saracen's head; and where they roasted alive the poor Maid of Arc—a fine and impressive example of the wisdom of our ancestors."

"And I will take a peep at St. Denis, and see how King Henry the First sleeps after his last supper of lampreys; and then I will cross over to the far Calvados, and see Caen, whence sprang the noble Norman woman, Charlotte Corday, who sent the squalid fiend, Jean Paul Marat—*Ami du Peuple*—to his last account; and I will come back over the bloody footsteps of Henry of Monmouth, and look upon the field of Agincourt." And then—then, I reached the door of my friend's residence, just at the same moment with the postman, who put into my hand a letter from England, and in another minute all my *châteaux en Espagne* had crumbled into dust! This letter required my instant departure. I prepared myself to sail by the next day's packet,—and so ended my travels in Normandy. The steam-boat started, nominally at 5 p.m., and, accordingly, at 5 p.m. I was on the quay, where I found the steam-boat, and where the said steam-boat remained till nearly seven.

As I was about to descend into the cabin I was stopped by a *gendarme* of the *Garde Municipale*—a tall, lean, hungry-visaged man, with two short bunches of black bristles on his upper lip, apparently growing out of his nostrils. This hirsute functionary demanded my passport. I had landed without one, and was not aware that anything of the sort was necessary to insure my departure. This I explained to the civic dragoon, but "*Vous ne partirez pas*," was all that I could extract from him in reply. I then called the friend at whose house I had been staying, and also the owner of the vessel, one of the most opulent merchants in Havre, to testify to my respectability, my loyalty to Louis Philippe—my attachment to the house of Orleans in general, and the Royal Usher in particular; but all their protestations in my favour were of no avail—still it was "*Vous ne partirez pas*!"

"Where then," said I, "is the Consul's office?"

"*Là bas*," said he.

"*Là bas*." I went, and found, of course, that the

office was closed. I then bethought me of imploring the assistance of the Consul of the United States, but Uncle Sam was not at home, neither. When I again arrived at the quay all the gangway boards except one were removed, and at that one was posted my inexorable foe, the *gend'arme*, just in front of the paddle-box. My friend shouted to the shipowner, who was standing on the deck, "What's to be done? Cannot get his passport!"

"Tell him to come on board," was the reply. Come on board?—but how? Had I knocked this French dragon into the water and drowned him, I should, probably, have been guillotined. Thus, I have little doubt, in the present half civilized, grossly prejudiced state of French society, would so meritorious an act have been requited. I paused a moment; just as the said worthy stepped on shore, and while the captain was shouting "*En route!*" I leaped on board by jumping over the quarter rail; and dived, as quickly as possible, into the cabin, unseen by the enemy, whom I watched from the port-hole of one of the little state rooms, in full retreat down the quay, happy, no doubt, in the full belief that he had outwitted the "*sacré Insulaire*." The vessel slowly wound her way through the maze of shipping by which she was surrounded, and my escape was complete. I had eluded the vigilance of the omniscient argus-eyed French police. I had escaped from *La belle France* without their knowledge. "Oh, shame to thee, land of the Gaul," and under the very nose of one of their most jealous watch-dogs! French police, indeed! Bah! Would D 24, or C 25, have suffered a Mounseer to play such a trick? No! Mounseer would have found himself in the *stakums* before he could have twirled his moustache. Sir Frederick Roe and Colonel Rowan for ever! Vidocq and Fouché be . . . Here, I was interrupted, not like Don Juan, "by a knife," &c., but by a volley of execrations from some one upon deck, apparently addressed to some one a-head of us. I borrowed a large cloak from one of the passengers, changed my cap for a hat, and thinking myself sufficiently disguised to prevent recognition from the shore, I ran on deck to ascertain the cause of the confusion. One of the large barges used for clearing the mud out of the harbour had broken from its moorings and drifted right athwart our course: after much swearing and much poking at the barge with long poles we were at length clear of her, and in another moment hopelessly aground upon a mud bank in the middle of the harbour!

It is or was the practice of the Havre packets to wait for freight to the very last moment that they think there will be water enough in the harbour to float them out; and thus, if any little delay occur at starting, they are of course obliged to wait the return of the tide. I believe they calculate the water to a pint. I am sure, that had there been a hatful more on this occasion, we should not have stuck. I did not fear any farther annoyance from the accident, than a six hours' delay; but I was ruined by the zeal of my friend on shore, who had seen our disaster, and came off in a boat to spend the time of our detention with me on board. The *gend'arme* who had returned to the quay, also came off in a boat, accompanied by another individual of his own species. On sight of this dread freight, I, immediately, like William in the song, "descended to the deck below," where I concealed myself, and soon

heard the fellows inquiring for me of other passengers within a yard of my hiding place. They soon re-ascended to the deck, to go (as I fondly hoped) ashore; but alas! no; the captain came to me, and was very sorry, &c., but the officers of justice had refused to leave the ship, or permit the vessel to quit the port, unless I was given up. Accordingly I surrendered, and my friend in blue, with a polite "*Je vous invite, Monsieur*," handed me down the side. When we reached the quay, I ran briskly up the ladder, thinking to myself, "Well, then, I must amuse myself for two or three days—get a passport, and go by the next packet." I had proceeded a few steps, when the *gend'arme*, laying his hand on my shoulder, informed me that I was his prisoner, and once more invited me to accompany him.

"Whither?" said I.

"To the *Commissaire de Police*."

"On what charge?"

"Attempting to quit the country furtively."

Of course my education had not been so neglected in my youth, but that I very well knew one Englishman could beat three Frenchmen;—but whether from contempt, or what, I know not, certain it is, that I quietly submitted to this summary "*ne exeat*," and was marched between the two armed dragoons, attended by a numerous retinue of highly respectable and unsympathizing little boys, to the *bureau of Monsieur le Commissaire*. A wicket was opened; and sitting in the air before his office door, was the redoubtable *Commissaire* of Police himself. He was a red-gilled, bloated, bull-dog looking fellow, dressed in a tight blue frock coat, and a "little brief authority." His ample paunch hung over his thighs in spite of his tight buttoning, and on his paunch rested a newspaper. From the smell of garlic and brandy that floated round him like a glory, I surmised that he had but just dined; and he was evidently very savage at having been disturbed in his digestion. After a few questions as to my nation, profession, place of abode, &c., delivered in a ferocious tone, intended to impress me with an exalted idea of the dignity of French Crown officership, he merely nodded to his satellites—my obliging custodiers, and resumed his study of the "*Journal du Havre*." I was then once more marched through the public streets to the prison.

"*We do but row*," says Hudibras—"we're steered by Fate!" I had embarked at seven o'clock that evening for England; and, lo! the gaol of Havre de Grace was the port I found myself in at eight. I devoutly wished all passports and *gend'armes* at the devil, and expressed as much to my two guards, in the choicest French I could command; to which one of them, being like Brutus, "much enforced," condescended to reply, "*Bien, bien; c'est tout égal!*" and so they departed, and "went on their way, and I saw them no more," after they had delivered me into the safe custody of the head jailor, with a verbal description of my crime against the offended majesty of French law.

When a certain lady, who had been charmed by his writings, but had never seen his person, wrote to Mirabeau, saying how much she longed to see him, and begging that he would describe himself to her, he complied with the wish of the fair enthusiast, in these brief and self-adulatory terms; "Figure to yourself a tiger that has had the small-pox!" A portrait, *that*,

from the hand of a master. But how, benevolent reader, how shall I paint to thee the jailor of Havre prison? To him old "Coupe Tête of the tile-beard,"* who figured in the Reign of Terror, must have been an Antinous. It was an aged head—grey—and of marvellous wickedness;—he appeared sick, too, in the last stage of mercurial dropsy; and the face was like that of a superannuated bulldog, made bald by the mange. This gentleman having ordered my friend who had accompanied me to quit the prison directly, immediately inquired whether I would like a private room; and, on my replying in the negative, led the way through a long, low, stone passage, to a door at the other end, which he opened, motioning to me to enter. I took a peep at the interior which he disclosed; and I said, "You are joking—you can't mean *that*?"—but he *did* mean *that*—and insisted on my entering. The place in which he wished me to abide was a stone dungeon, of some twelve feet square, and twenty feet high, lighted near the top by an iron-grated hole, about a foot square. Along one side, about eighteen inches from the ground, ran a sort of wooden shelf, like that provided for the hounds in an English kennel; on this bench lay two men asleep; the stone floor was covered with mud, bits of bread, picked bones, &c., besides much filth ineffable, unprintable. "But why can I not remain with those gentlemen?" said I, pointing to a crew of ragged prisoners, crawling about listlessly in a yard about twenty or thirty feet square, leading from the passage. "Because," said he, "they pay for a private room; and if you do not choose to do so, you must go in there." I appealed to the other prisoners, and they confirming the words of the grand chamberlain, I submitted to the imposition, and joined my fellow jail-birds. My companions were about twenty in number—most of them sailors of various nations, confined for creating disturbances in the public streets.

Had I not possessed money enough to purchase the enjoyment of this refined and agreeable society, I should have been locked up in the noisome den I have described. That was, in fact, the prison of Havre; all the rest of the building was an hotel kept by the jailor. The black-hole was White Cross-street, and the rest was the Queen's Bench. The first of my fellow-prisoners with whom I made acquaintance was a Yankee sailor, confined for thrashing his mate, who, by *his* account, had slightly provoked him to this breach of the peace by merely knocking him down with a handspike, and then threatening to stab him with a clasp-knife. I described to him the cause of my detention, and was congratulated by him that I had not been provoked to strike either of my captors. Some sailor friends of his, he told me, had been sent to Toulon, to saw stone for six months, for striking some of the *Garde Municipale*. "They was a drinkin' in a cabbery," said he, "when some o' these French chaps come in, an' one on 'em reached over, and dranked out of their bottle; one o' my mates gev' him a pat o' the head, an' from that they got to fightin'. Some o' these here jaundyarms come in, an', o' coorse, took the part o' the mounseers, an' my mates they took an' broke the swords of the jaundyarms, an' leathered 'em almighty well. But, in the mornin', they was all took up, an' now they're a sawin' stone at *Toulon*,

and *will* be these five months; an' how they are to get to home I don't know, for their ship sails to-morrow I guess."

By this time I began to feel hungry, and learning from my friend the Yankee, that although the prison hour of supper was past, I could purchase any thing in the jailor's kitchen, I proceeded thither, and procured a roll and a little brandy, and then desired to be shown my *chambre particulière*. I chatted some minutes with a wretched, toothless, mummy of a woman, the jailor's servant, who was very civil to me, and, in the course of our talk, asked me if *Londres* was *bien loin de l'Angleterre*? After satisfying her on this curious point of insular geography, and paying for my supper, I was escorted by a turnkey—the most ferocious looking savage I have ever beheld—to my apartment, and locked up. The room, which was very small, was furnished with a truckle bedstead, with a sack of straw upon it, covered with a sheet, a blanket, and a little rug, and one chair, but no table. The other wing of the prison, which fronted my window, was used as a hospital for women, under the direction of the sanatory police. From one of the windows of this part of the building was hung a miserable, dirty, tri-coloured flag, evidently composed of rags of women's dress. This banner was illuminated by two or three bits of candle stuck in the window. There was dancing going on in the room, and its wretched occupants were celebrating the anniversary of the *three days of July*! By and by the dancing ceased, and a very sweet voice was heard singing one of the old "*provençal*" airs to a guitar. This again was interrupted by ribald jests and shouts of mirth.

What a volume, thought I, might be written from the brief histories of the poor revellers in that lazar house! There was something to make the heart ache in the tremulous refined tone of the poor girl who sung. I pictured her to myself a bright-eyed, laughing child at her mother's knee, receiving her first music lesson—and now! The train of thought was sickening—I closed my window and endeavoured (with only partial success) to shut out the sound of a screaming Marseillaise Hymn, in chorus, which now burst from the hospital. The sounds in the prison gradually died away, and I had begun to despair of getting out that night. I threw myself upon my sack of straw, and in my dreams was soon occupied in endeavouring to persuade the Yankee sailor not to persist in wearing the uniform of the *gend'armes*, urging that it was highly improper for so delicate a young girl as himself to wear such a dress while singing before company. And I had nearly succeeded in convincing him of the absurdity of accompanying his voice on the cocked hat, when the clang of the prison bell rang through the passages, and woke me, and also two or three furious mastiffs, which roam at large about the jail during the night, to prevent the untimely departure of any of the guests in their master's hotel. The late visitor was my friend, who brought with him the owner of the vessel and an order for my unconditional release, signed by the commandant of the garrison, also a *passport*. The old Cerberus of the prison most jealously inspected the order. I paid him his fees, and, with a cordial "*au plaisir de ne vous revoir jamais!*" I vacated his dominions. My friend and I adjourned to a *café*, where he recounted to me the difficulties he had encountered in procuring my liberation, which, as they are curiously illustrative of national

* He was called "*tuile barbe*," from the resemblance of his red beard to a tile.

character, I will relate. First he went to the private house of the British Consul, at the Côte d'Ingouville; the consul was gone to Rouen, and would not return for four days. "Where did his clerk and representative live?"—"Near the Harbour." To the Harbour my friend came. Of course the clerk was out; his servant thought he was at the Theatre. To the Theatre hied my friend. He, however, bethought himself of Fraïconi's Circus, out of the gates of the town, and there he found the consul's clerk, who, with much good nature, left his darling *spectacle*, and off they posted to the office in search of a *possible blank "per-mis,"* signed by the consul before his departure. By good luck one was found, and my description duly inserted from *hearsay*. Still, however, to borrow the diction of Cockaigne, I was in "the stone jug." My untiring liberator then seized upon the ship-owner, and insisted on his devising the means of his enlargement; gently hinting as a persuasive, that, as he had been himself the original adviser of my saltatory embarkation, in the very teeth and defiance of the constituted authorities, it would be necessary, in case I were detained all night, and brought before the worshipful magistrates of Havre in the morning, to state the whole circumstances of the affair, not omitting *his own* share therein. On hearing this, he, in the most disinterested manner, offered to call on the commandant, the mayor, &c., &c., on my behalf; and evinced no less solicitude, than if the case had been his own—although up to this point he had, as Swift says, "borne his neighbour's misfortunes like a Christian."

After chasing the commandant about the town for nearly two hours he was at last hooked, and the circumstances of the case were thus explained to him by my veracious advocate, the shipowner. I *had*, he affirmed, a passport the day before; in confirmation of which, he produced the one just obtained from the Consul's clerk. That I had unluckily left it at Ingouville in my hurry to get on board; and that the *gend'arme*, instead of permitting me to return and fetch it, as I

had proposed, insisted on my going before the Commissary of Police: and this sublime flight of imagination he wound up, by declaring that I was a British officer on leave, that my detention would be attended with the most serious consequences; and concluded by describing the manner in which I had eluded the vigilance of the *gend'arme*, carefully omitting all mention of his own share in the transaction. The old soldier laughed heartily at my adventure, and signed an order for my immediate release.

And that is the way in which they put people in prison and let them out again, in the good town of Havre de Grace.



THE POOR CHILD'S HORN-BOOK.

BY PAUL PRENDERGAST.

WE are a people who pride ourselves upon our common sense. Common sense is that faculty which enables us to decide dispassionately on a matter, and to see through sophistry and humbug. It is that power by whose aid a jury returns a just verdict, in spite of the logical artifices of the hired pleader, who, with his "harlot tongue," for lucre, endeavours to pervert their judgment. It is, in other words, sound reason, which, however, is not particularly common.

Do we deserve the credit which we take to ourselves? Do we display our common sense by the laws which we make and maintain, in our social usages, and in our manner of treating the questions—political, moral, and religious—which are continually coming before us? Have we shown it in our behaviour to the poor? and

especially in our provision for their moral and intellectual instruction?

Why, yes; strange as the answer may seem to some, we do, and we have—after a fashion. A fundamental axiom of common sense is, "let all men take care of themselves;" and this we have always acted on most studiously. Unfortunately, however, the common sense of too many of us is not sufficiently excursive to perceive that to effect this laudable object it is necessary that a man should, to a certain extent, take care of others, if but to prevent them from molesting him. We have let people starve till they could starve no longer, and were driven into insurrection and rapine; and every now and then we see that the task-master, who has been taking too much—that is to say, too

little—care of himself, not considering his slaves, goes to sleep in security, and, to use an Irish idiom, “wakes up the next morning with his throat cut.”

Acting rather too short-sightedly on the prudential maxim above quoted, we have left our poorer fellow-creatures a prey, not only to starvation, but to stupidity. Ignorance was esteemed by our ancestors as the parent of submission, and they were partially right; for that which reduces a man to the level of a beast of burden, helps greatly to induce him to allow himself to be used like one.

Had servility been the only offspring of ignorance, it had been well; but ignorance has also brought forth crime. Hence has arisen a demand for the education of the poor—just to keep them from picking and stealing.

Is that demand well founded? To determine this question, let us endeavour to see to what extent crime is the result of ignorance.

Dishonesty, like avarice and oppression, arises from that limited species of common sense which seeks too direct self-interest. “Who would work and not go thieving?” says he who is fool enough not to see that honesty is the best policy. To check this propensity to get a living in the readiest way, punishment has been devised; but if a man about to commit an offence does not take into consideration its probable consequences to himself in the event of detection, punishment, as regards that man, is inoperative. Ignorance prevents a man from reflecting on these consequences. By this ignorance we do not mean ignorance merely of the fact so poetically embodied by the young pick-pocket, in a district which its popularity forbids us to quote, or of the certainty that, if found out, he will be sent to Tasman’s peninsula, but ignorance of the elements of those two complex ideas—imprisonment and transportation. The imagination of the thick-headed clown who goes sheep-stealing, depicts not to his fears their delectable details of solitude, weariness, cold, chains, slavery, hunger, and the whip. And, therefore, but for ignorance—but for the want of that cultivation of his reasoning powers, which would have enabled him to use them—to think, apprehend, calculate, and foresee?

So far have we been speaking of the natural-born thief, if we may use such an expression; but we have now to consider another sort of theft—that to which the delinquent has been driven by dire necessity.

That a wife and several children, screaming in the agony of hunger for bread, form, in addition to the cravings of a man’s particular stomach, a pretty strong inducement to him to steal a loaf, is a fact admitted on all hands, except by the law, which, being no respecter of persons, does not relax its severity in favour of the poor.

That multitudes are in the predicament just stated, is certain; and the expense of confining them in gaols and workhouses, and of transporting them beyond the seas, is keenly felt by the better orders.

Now ignorance produces and perpetuates poverty. When a man, born well off, runs through his fortune and becomes reduced to beggary, opinion writes him down an ass. When a man, born poor, but in possession of all his faculties, not having work found for him is unable to find any for himself, because want of information disqualifies him for aught but manual labour, and probably, also, from taking the right

course to get that, in consequence of which want of work he becomes a starving pauper, surely this man’s poverty is owing to his ignorance. But such is the case of thousands.

Men, even tolerably educated, finding themselves without means, do not usually, we believe, cheat, rob, and murder, in order to better themselves, but rather look about them, and turn their hands or their heads to some occupation not likely to lead to Newgate, whereby they may be enabled to live. The charitable opinion entertained by some, that education will only render the poor more crafty in the perpetration of their villanies, is therefore not exactly tenable. We shall be told, perhaps, that the poor gentleman has moved more or less in good society—that is, society composed of good men, in Shylock’s acceptance of the phrase, and has inhaled morality from the atmosphere which he has breathed in; and yet your Dodds and your Fauntleroy’s had the advantage of respiring this salubrious gas. The truth is, that a thoroughly bad man—an irredeemable scoundrel—is a blot upon, and an exception to, human nature in general, be he rich or poor. The naturally good are rare also. The majority are of a middling character. They are made what they become; and we assert this, not upon the authority of Mr. Owen, but upon that which tells us “Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.”

One great cause of pauperism is held to be the inconsiderate commission of matrimony, and the consequently superabundant population. It has been attempted to suppress this offence by the separation of husband and wife in the workhouse; but this experiment has answered very indifferently. Want of reflection is the real cause of the enormity. A poor but educated man pauses on the brink of the hymeneal precipice—looks before he leaps—weighs—doubts—considers—thinks; for he has been taught to do so, and does not, in general, marry till he can afford it.

It cannot, therefore, we should think, but be admitted, that the more general diffusion of knowledge would tend, in no slight measure, to relieve the parish, as well as to lighten the calendar. “Common sense” surely must appreciate this “*argumentum ad crumenam*.”

“But reading and writing will not make men good.” No, friend Cantwell, certainly not: but the education we intend is, the imparting of such knowledge to the mind as may habituate it to thought, and strengthen its moral principles; and if, in the plenitude of your sagacity, you ask what knowledge will do this, we answer, “such as you would give your own mind,” unless, indeed, hypocrisy enter into your curriculum.

We have abstained from any remarks on the justice of inflicting misery, in the shape of punishment, on the ignorant offender whose nature has been formed by our own social institutions; because we have wished to confine our appeal to the faculty which we began by considering, and have a salutary fear of being accused of “sentimentalism.” We argue that money would be saved by educating the poor. What will be spent on schoolmasters will be saved in policemen.

The Government, not long since, brought in a bill having for its object the education of a large body of poor children,—those employed in the factories. It was frustrated; and why? The scheme included religious instruction, to be furnished, exclusively, by the clergy of the Establishment. Petitions against the

measure, from all the Dissenters in the kingdom, were showered into the House, and ministers were obliged to abandon it.

Mr. Hume, subsequently, introduced a resolution, which, if adopted, would have led to the formation of schools, wherein knowledge, exclusive of the peculiar theological dogmas on which the various sects are divided, but inclusive of the moral doctrines whereupon they all agree, would have been afforded to the scholars. This proposal was treated with much contumely in the House, and was also derided out of it, as if it had been quite absurd.

We are not, we must confess, sufficiently acute, to perceive that no education at all is preferable to such education as was proposed by Mr. Hume.

"Oh! but it is impossible to separate secular from religious instruction." Very well, then, do not separate them. Let the regular instruction in religion be furnished by the clergy of the establishment; and let dissenting ministers attend for that of the children of Dissenters, whose parents may wish them to be brought up in the same creed as themselves; moreover, let them be paid, if they wish to be paid, in proportion to the number of their pupils. "But the spectacle of rival sects will unsettle the children's minds." How is it, then, that it does not unsettle the public mind; for the public is divided into sects? Public institutions should be adapted to the wants of the public.

Now comes the tug of war. "It is necessary," say the obstructers of education,—the withholders of the Horn-Book from the Poor Child, "that the State should teach her children the true religion." Very necessary; highly fit and proper. But pray tell us, ye THWACKUMS, which of the contending sects into which Christendom is divided, is in possession of the true religion?

The Christian world, at the Reformation, was either divided into sects, or it was not. If it was not divided into sects—if church authority existed—then there was one uniform standard of belief,—one true religion, from which all who departed were heretics and schismatics. That standard of belief, that true religion, must have been the creed of the majority; by what other test could it possibly have been determined? Now what child, (not being a pauper) of ten years of age, does not know that the most numerous church in the world, was, and is, the Roman Catholic Church?

Consequently, those who contend that the State ought to teach the true religion, must mean, unless they talk barefaced nonsense, that she ought to teach Roman Catholicism. They mean, however, no such thing.

If, at the Reformation, Christians, collectively, did become divided into sects, each determining its creed by private judgment; if no church authority existed, then religious truth is a matter of dispute; whereon, indeed, each man may entertain his peculiar opinions, but which opinions he has no right to enforce upon others except by argument.

Is it not, then, flying in the face of all consistency, to set up the creed of a province as the only true religion in the whole world? The Church of England *may* be all this; but so *may* the Church of George Fox. And who is to decide this question? Who but a judge whose name we may not take in vain?

How is it that those Protestants who clamour for church authority, an authority which, if it ever existed, they disobey, can persist, in defiance of every thing that is reasonable, in their preposterous pretensions? Surely it cannot be from motives of pecuniary interest. Are they not, at least, sincere in their profession? Do they not believe that truth must ultimately triumph, and consequently that, were the voluntary system itself established to-morrow, and they left to fight on even ground with their rivals, the victory would certainly be theirs;—and the spoils also?

Will any one presume to say that there are not quite as many good men among the Dissenters, as among the Church people? Then, why not let the Dissenters have their share in education? And why, above all things, because it is impracticable to teach the poor, universally, the state religion, keep them without any religion, or education either? Such is their present condition. For its results, see the hulks and the tread-mill.

"Academies for Young Gentlemen," whereof dissenting scholars are allowed to attend their own places of worship, and to receive instructions from their own ministers, answer tolerably well. Why not, also, "Academies for Young Paupers?"

And now we would ask this question. Whence, after all, are the strongest religious impressions derived,—from public teaching, or from private and personal ministration? Oh! but all this trouble cannot be taken with the poor. It was, however, taken with them by the Apostles, why not by their successors?

That which obstructs education, which withholds the Horn-Book from the Poor Child, is either foolish bigotry, or a feeling still less respectable.

Let us hope that public opinion, which, when deliberately expressed, is ever paramount in England, will no longer allow the general order, tranquillity, and happiness to be trifled with by nonsensical dogmatism.

THE STOLEN SHOULDERS.

THE LATE AUTHOR OF "THREE COURSES AND A DESSERT."



THIS assize case came off before I went into business for myself. It was tried during the period I occupied the situation of junior-desk, front-door clerk, in the office of Mr. Ephraim Hobbs. All the circumstances are strong in my recollection, nor is it a matter of wonder that they are, for the odd turn which the prosecution took, had an important influence on my own destiny. I may as well mention at once, that I never felt thoroughly in love with any female in the world but Miss Kitty Hobbs, my respected and wealthy employer's only child, then a beautiful hoyden, a fraction or so above seventeen, and entitled, by the will of a grand-aunt, to 10,000*l.* long annuities, on the day of her marriage, or that of her becoming of age, whichever might first happen; no bequest could be more clear, or less unfettered by contingencies. The testatrix, detesting law, though her brother-in-law was an attorney, had, under first-rate professional advice, so worded her will, as, if possible, to avoid the possibility of a quibble being raised, whereupon to found a suit. I have reason to admire her good sense, and to revere her memory; but, judging from her portrait, which disfigures, rather than adorns, that side of my study to which the back of my chair, when I

read or write, from long habit, I suppose, seems to be inveterately turned, it is no matter of regret to me that she and I were never acquainted; a cross-eyed, crabbed-mouthed, crusty-cheeked old crone: an accidental glimpse at the innocent canvas that has been made the means of perpetuating her vinegar countenance, is always sufficient to set my teeth on edge. Yet, odd to say, her grand-niece, the young, the blooming, soft-eyed, rosy-mouthed Kitty, was wonderfully like her; so much so, indeed, that I have often said to myself, "Is it possible that ever this good lady could have looked like Kate, or that Kate will ever look like her?"

Hobbs had an excellent practice. He kept no less than seven clerks, though only a country attorney. Two of them, I recollect, from the wide range of his business, were allowed horses. He was steward to the Earl of Rolthead, and concerned for nearly all the good old families within a circuit of ten or fifteen miles. "Semper vigilans" was his motto, and truly no man could be more wide awake. He lived in good style; still every one who knew him, felt conscious that he was rapidly feathering his nest. His residence was in the precincts of the assize-town for the

county, of which, by-the-bye, he was treasurer and clerk of the peace, not that it matters much to state these circumstances.

Now for a word or two about myself. My father and mother, of whom I was the only child, both died while I was young. I have not the slightest recollection of either, except a vague idea, indistinct, uncertain, and unsatisfactory, as the remembrance of some fragments of an old dream, that once when I was lying sick, and half-asleep, a tall, pale, beautiful, and richly-dressed lady, with large dark eyes, who, I have reason to know, must have been my mother, came to my bed-side, weeping so violently, that, as she bent over me, the tears fell fast and hot upon my burning brow, and that she dabbed them up with her rich, glossy, raven locks, which were all dishevelled like those of one in utter despair. As I should think, that must have been the day on which my father suddenly died. She, I learn, did not long survive him. I have a portrait of him, not at all prepossessing—would to God I had one of her! I say this most intensely. I have said it a thousand times, I feel assured, that I shall do so a thousand more. She has passed away from the face of the earth, and nothing remains of her on its surface, but one of those jetty locks, beneath which her marble forehead used to gleam. I have it, and no man's exchequer is rich enough to buy it of me. It is enshrined in a little silver locket, set round with minute pearls, intrinsically worth about a guinea, but to me the trumpery bit of bijouterie is inestimable. It contains *all that is*, of one who gave me life. My path through life has been much chequered; more than once, or twice, or thrice, I have actually wanted bread; absolute starvation has stared me in the face, but I never have had courage enough to part with the sacred monument in which my mother is enshrined. Notwithstanding all the rubs of life, I glory to say she is mine still. Critics talk of the degradation of the sublime art of painting when applied to mere portraiture. But what stuff this is! Portrait painting is historical painting in the highest sense of the latter term. How infinitely more valuable is an authentic delineation of the features of Wolfe, than any imaginative composition, proposing to depict the circumstances of his death at Quebec! And in private life, what object of art can be so endearing as that which displays the well-known form, the features, and the expression of a much-loved relative—a mother, for instance, a sister who died in her teens, or a child, an only one, it may be, who blossomed and withered away while yet an infant? In such cases, the portrait not only affords a reminiscence, but is an absolute authoritative and gratifying record of that much-loved being, who was, and has passed away. I once knew an artist, who almost broke his heart, in fruitless attempts to make a sketch from memory of his departed daughter, a beautiful girl, who died when between fourteen and fifteen.

Well, on the death of my parents, I was transferred to the care of my father's executors, each of whom like himself, was a downright dare-devil fox-hunter. They sent me, when old enough, to a very expensive school; indulged me in lots of luxuries, and, about my fifteenth year, articleed me, giving a very heavy premium, to a tip-top attorney in town. During the five years of my legal apprenticeship, never being deficient of money, I lived like a fighting cock, and being regarded as a young man of fortune, was made to learn nothing. Indeed, I took a foolish pride in assuming more ignorance than could fairly be imputed to me, of everything relating to legal affairs. At the close of my articles a frightful change came over the face of my affairs. Both the fox-hunters, after having dissipated my father's money, suddenly went to the dogs, leaving me penniless. After, however, having undergone an infinity of mortifications, and surmounted various appalling difficulties, I found myself, through the instrumentality of one, to whom, it seems, I happened to be kind when he was an errand-boy to the gentleman with whom I was articleed, installed with a seedy coat, a lank cheek, an hungry belly, on a stool at one of the desks in the office of Mr. Ephraim Hobbs; to whom my friend, the *ci-devant* errand-boy was cash clerk, and consequently, though young, shaved the top of his head, and wore hair powder, in order to look sufficiently respectable for his important office.

Being the junior gentleman at desk, I had to remain at my post, while all the others went to dinner. I did not regret this much, as during their absence, Miss Kitty, almost every day, at that particular time, wanted wafers, papers, or something or other out of the office. Gradually we became on familiar terms, and at length the young beauty, pretending to take offence at something I said, condescended to pout at and pinch me. That night, ambition and love totally deprived me of sleep. Early the next morning, while I was alone in the office, Mr. Hobbs called me into his room and asked me if I thought he might entrust me to deliver a brief. I replied, with a heart beating high with hope at the prospect of having an opportunity of distinguishing myself, that I did not know but I would do my best. To my dismay he hesitated for a moment, then turned on his heel, and walked slowly into the outer office; "confound it," he exclaimed, suddenly returning, and speaking rather to himself than to me; "I wish either of the other young men—either—no matter which—was in: for even Grundy himself, fool as he is, knows the routine. Where can they *all* be? *All*?" The assizes were then being held at the neighbouring county town. We had a very heavy and important cause (a writ of right, I remember,) fixed to be taken the first thing on the following morning; and the clerks were *all*, in fact, scouring the county in different directions for the purpose of bringing up a formidable

array of some sixty or seventy witnesses. Of these circumstances I was about to remind him; but scarcely had I spoken three words, when he interrupted me by foolishly exclaiming: "Yes—yes—I know; don't perplex—don't worry—don't enrage me. You see me in a state of—what shall I say?"—and I must be off myself in a second—and yet you will. . . . Is there no beating any sense into you? Are you so utterly void of discrimination? But come, come," he added, in a somewhat kinder tone, noticing my emotion; "don't be agitated; for I'm not angry—not positively angry, observe; though its very provoking—very so indeed—the first instance I ever met with in my life, of a very stupid young fellow being at all sensitive. Now, attend to what I say. I shall intrust this case to your management. Don't be frightened; for it is so utterly hopeless that you can scarcely blunder into any mischief. It is an affair of two sheep or rather two shoulders of mutton. The animals were stolen by one Higgins. After his trial and conviction this morning, our client, Aminadab Loam, will be arraigned as receiver of part of the stolen goods. The constable, it seems, traced two of the shoulders to our client's possession, and found them baking, both *at once*, in his oven. My noble client, the Earl of Rolthead, with that exalted benevolence which so pre-eminently distinguishes him, has, at the earnest and pathetic entreaties of the man's sister-in-law, Miss Potiphar Loam, the young milliner; and with a view of ensuring him a fair trial, on the glorious principle, that every man is to be supposed innocent, until proved to be guilty, humanely instructed me, at his lordship's own costs and charges, to defend the prisoner. You will, therefore, hasten into the town, inquire for the Criminal Court, enter it boldly; and should the ushers attempt to stop you, as looking at your appearance they most probably will, damn them without the least delay; ask them who are they, you should like to know? and say, pushing them with an air of outraged dignity, that you're Mr. Ephraim Hobbs' managing clerk in criminal business. Never mind the lie. In the court, you'll be sure to see Sir Gumption Taw, the gentleman who came to dine here with Serjeant Bagtheblunt, yesterday; give him this brief, and as soon as the case is over, fight your way out of court, and run as if for your life, hither to inform us of the result,—*us*, I say, for the earl himself will be here anxious to know the effect of his beneficent interference. Nothing can be more simple, you see: a child, an idiot might do the business; I expect, therefore, that even you won't make a mess of it. Indeed, I don't see how you can," he continued again, half soliloquizing; and, as I was retiring, "or, to be more frank, I would not trust you, that is, had I any one—no matter who—any one else at hand."

Big with the consciousness of bearing a *bona fide* brief, though merely on behalf of the re-

ceiver of a portion of some lost sheep or so, and eager, if possible, to distinguish myself, I rushed, with zealous haste out of the house, and ran for nearly a mile, best pace, as the sportsmen say, dreading at every step to be overtaken by a countermand. In the town, all was bustle, eagerness and confusion. I saw many of the old accustomed London faces, but avoiding recognition, hurried onward to the court-house. Oh! thought I, if I can but do something noble—something great, in this case! with what honour shall I return! with what pride, to-morrow, while the other clerks are at dinner, shall I relate the particulars of the exploit to Catherine, as, to use the simple language, with a mere nominal alteration, of some humble songster,—

"The thought of Miss Kitty still ran in my mind,
For Love did torment me so."

'Tis true the case appeared to be quite hopeless, as Mr. Hobbs said, still there was no knowing what might happen; and then, again, the more utterly hopeless it was, the greater honour would legitimately accrue to me, could I succeed in getting the pretty Miss Potiphar's unhappy brother off. The benevolent Lord Rolthead, in consideration of my triumphantly fulfilling his benevolent intentions, might positively ask me to dine at his table. In imagination, I was complacently picking my teeth over his Lordship's pine-apples and milk-punch, at a very square party, with Hobbs opposite me, and the parson of the parish acting as croupier, when I reached the Court-house door. As luck would have it, the door-keeper of the criminal side happened to have been one of the ticket-porters in the Inn of Court where I had served my time. During my golden days, the poor lean rogue used to black my boots. Now he was fat, burly, and exhibited other ostensible signs of promotion. His sister—a sweet little blue-eyed girl—but let me not breathe a syllable against one, who died with a beautiful baby (in giving life to whom she parted with her own existence,) on her pillow, and whose last words were:—"Oh! if I had but the wedding-ring of poor Ned—which he so often offered me, and though he was but a humble journeyman carpenter—on my finger, I should feel proud to go to the other world in this way; but as it is, save me, Doctor! save me, for God's sake! I can't—I won't—I mustn't die in sin and sorrow thus." Poor sweet thing! she *did* die, though no human being ever made more desperate efforts to live. Her brother was disconsolate at the catastrophe; and, in the hope of restoring him to his tranquillity, a certain grave bencher obtained him the post in which I found him officiating.

He recognized me in an instant. A tear (I solemnly swear to the fact) gushed into each of his eyes, as he took in, at a glance, the *tout ensemble* of my shabby costume; and, slyly slipping a crown into my hand, (which, somehow or other,

I had not presence of mind enough to reject,) he opened the door, and without uttering a word pushed me bang among the assembled barristers.

Sir Gumption Taw, whom I had seen the day before on his alighting with Serjeant Bag-the-Blunt at my employer's door, was seated at the opposite side of the table, nearly under the judge. It was impossible to get at him. I could not even catch his eye, until after I had contrived, through the medium of many barristers and attorneys, intervening between my position and his—for the Court was much crowded—to forward him my brief. Then, indeed, his professional glance took a rapid circuit of the Court, and at length fell upon me. I significantly bowed, and he no less significantly smiled. He then sat down, and with an affectation of desperate fortitude began to read the brief. Higgins, the stealer of the sheep, was already on his trial. Indeed, when I entered the Court, his Lordship had nearly concluded summing up; and before Sir Gumption had waded through the sheets, I had succeeded in getting placed before him. The Jury, without the slightest hesitation, had returned a verdict of *Guilty* against the prisoner at the bar.

The principal, as the thief is politely designated on these occasions, having been tried and convicted, every impediment was removed to the arraignment of our worthy client, the receiver. He was brought into the back part of the dock in time to hear the fag end of the sentence pronounced on his friend, the principal. I cannot, in justice, describe his appearance as prepossessing. He had an immense mass of red, ropy hair, piled in confusion, with the ends sticking up like carrots, on a head as big as a bushel. His eyes were very small, set askew in the sockets, and otherwise pig-like. His nose, too, which was upturned, and very moveable, strikingly reminded me forcibly of a hog's snout. His mouth was of huge dimensions, and bristling with tushes. Altogether, he looked just the sort of person that would take two shoulders of mutton for one meal. A good physiognomist might have made a tolerably correct guess at the offence for which he was about to be tried. My heart sank within me, for I saw it was all up with us. When told to raise his hand and plead in the usual form, the stupid booby held up not one, but both; and at the appearance of the huge fat paws dangling in the air from his wrists, a titter, sickening to me and ruinous to our client, ran round the whole Court. Every one seemed to be struck with the same idea; and before the titter had subsided, the wag of the circuit, an old bottle-nosed little barrister, remarked, with a grin, to his Lordship, that "the prisoner at the bar actually came into Court with the fact upon him, for *two* such shoulder-of-mutton fists I, for one, never beheld." Bad as his jest was, it set the whole Court, as usual in such cases (for the worst of jokes will tell in a

Criminal Court), on the broad grin. The Judge looked at the jury—the jury looked at the Judge—the Bar looked at both—and the spectators at all three; and each party, keeping the other in countenance, a general giggle ensued, in which even the booby at the bar could not refrain from joining. To me, alone, it was no joke.

While the indictment was being read, the jury, to do them justice, carefully compared the charges therein contained with the prisoner's countenance, from which, however, conviction seemed to flash upon their minds at the utterance of every word. Our counsel looked at me across the table, and, by the mode in which he took snuff, and threw down our brief, telegraphically told me that there was not the slightest chance. The first witness (a parish constable), ambitious to prove all that he possibly could, completely settled the question with his Lordship, who, when two shoulders of mutton, clearly belonging to the stolen sheep, were proved to have been traced, beyond the slightest doubt, by the parochial functionary, into the prisoner's oven, looked most significantly at the jury, and the jury, in return, looked most significantly at him. It was clear that they perfectly understood each other—the prisoner was to be found guilty. Nothing could save him; and the hope of distinguishing myself on this occasion ceased to flutter in my breast. Be it observed, I did not care a farthing for the fellow, for he was evidently guilty, but burned to get him off, for my own credit and advancement. Such is law.

"That is my case, my Lord," said the prosecutor's counsel, after all the witnesses had been examined, cross-examined, and re-examined, each of the last two processes having more clearly shown the guilt of the prisoner than its predecessor. Of the result it was impossible to entertain a doubt. A verdict of guilty, and a sentence of transportation for life, stared us in the face. Nor were we unprepared for it. Our counsel was making himself agreeable to a beautiful young married lady, sitting within three of his Lordship, on the circular bench. I sat pale as a sheet, just below the felons' bar—while our client stood just above and behind me, convulsively grasping the iron spikes in front of his ignominious enclosure, and jabbering like a frightened bear in his den.

My Lord had arranged his seat so as to sum up with ease, and the jury turned to him with open mouths. Before he began, however, he thought fit to blow his nose. Odd as it may seem, this trifling event had a material influence on the destinies of myself and of the prisoner at the bar. During the operation, an idea flashed like lightning on my brain, and modest as I was, I felt instinctively compelled to broach it—ay, even in open court, with my own voice, than the sound of which, to a retiring youth, in a public assembly, nothing can be more awful.

"Gentlemen of the Jury," said the Judge, "I beg leave"—

"My Lord," quoth I, in a trembling tone, interrupting his address.

"Silence in the Court," vociferated the usher.

"How dare you interrupt the proceedings, young man?" quoth the Judge, in a solemnity of tone that seemed to drive every drop of blood in my body to my overcharged heart. "Gentlemen of the Jury"—

"My Lord—my Lord!" I emphatically gasped.

"Who is this youth?" inquired his Lordship.

"A clerk," I believe, of my respectable client," responded our counsel; "Mr. Zachary Hobbs, who happens to be concerned for the prisoner."

"Oh, indeed," ejaculated my Lord. "Well, young gentleman, what have you to say?"

"My Lord," I replied, worked up to a pitch of desperation, for all eyes were turned upon me, and there was no possibility of receding from the conspicuous station which I had so rashly assumed, "it is impossible, on account of the press of barristers, to get round to our counsel in this case, who would doubtless press the point I have to urge, if instructed so to do, with much more force than myself; but such, I humbly submit, is no reason why the prisoner should not have the benefit of it."

"Certainly," said his Lordship; "waiving forms, tell us at once, young gentleman, what is your point."

"Why, my Lord," said I, somewhat encouraged, "the prosecutor's case is concluded."

"Decidedly," quoth the Bench.

"Well, then," said I, getting bolder by degrees, "what has he proved? First, that two sheep were stolen—granted. Secondly, that two shoulders of such sheep were found baking in our client's oven—granted again; but what is our client charged with in the indictment? This, namely, for having feloniously received, and being found in possession of, two shoulders of such two sheep. I admit his having been detected in the apparent ownership of the two shoulders; but no one has proved that one belonged to one of the sheep, and the other to the other—no witness has sworn that they were not right and left. Had any one shown in evidence that they were two right shoulders, or two left, then our client might have been convicted of having received 'parts of the said two sheep;' but as the testimony stands, he may only have had two shoulders of one of them—one right, and the other left. He cannot, therefore, be convicted of having feloniously received parts of the *two* sheep, when perhaps, (and he is entitled to the benefit of the doubt,) he may only have received two limbs of one of them."

The Judge listened to me—so, indeed, the whole Court—with breathless attention; and, when I concluded, his Lordship threw himself back on the bench with the look and air of an

exceedingly ill-used man. Our counsel bit his hang-nails with much ferocity, increased, I presume, at not having had the credit of taking such an objection himself. The twelve good men and true stared stupidly into each other's faces, like so many mystified sheep in a pen; and the brute at the bar, who seemed to be conscious that affairs had taken a turn in his favour, began to dance the double-shuffle, whistling at the same time, with great energy, the tune of "Go to the Devil and shake yourself," through his nose. It was no easy task to subdue him to propriety; but this being at length effected by the gaoler and his assistants, literally—all other means to put an end to so gross a scandal failing—by two of them holding his arms, a third hanging hard by his legs, and a fourth gripping him tight by the proboscis; the Judge, still looking indignant, leant forward over his desk, and thus addressed the Bar in general, but our counsel in particular, to the following effect:—"Really, this sort of a thing is far from being productive of delight. Gentlemen seem to forget the heavy responsibility thrown upon the Bench. When counsel are employed for prisoners, the Court relies on their attention to every point that can be brought forward in favour of the accused. But what's the consequence? Here is a man who, however guilty he may be in a moral point of view, yet, looking at the indictment, is, in the eye of the law, perfectly innocent. I should have summed up strongly against him; the verdict would doubtless have been *Guilty*; and, laying my hand upon my heart, I solemnly declare it was my intention to have transported him for life. Now, I ask, is not this awful? Positively it's quite amazing to me that the point, so well put by his client's clerk—a point so very obvious—should not have occurred to the ingenious counsel retained by the prisoner."

"My Lord," exclaimed the gentleman thus directly alluded to, and almost bursting with vexation; "allow me to submit that the point, being—as your Lordship is pleased to observe—so very obvious, it is more strange that even the Court itself"—

"Oh! don't take what I've said as being at all derogatory to a gentleman of such high talents as yourself," interrupted the Judge, recollecting, perhaps, on a sudden, and sorry to have forgotten while making the previous observations, that he had hopes of being, on a vacancy occurring, placed at the head, either of his own, or one of the other Courts of Westminster; and that the person whom he addressed, though nobody, as it were, at the bar, was an M.P., and nearly allied to a noble family possessing the most exalted political interest. "What I have said," his Lordship continued, "I wish to be understood in a general sense. Besides," he added, with a leer at the lady to whom our counsel had been speaking, and whom for the first time (the lovely creature having just thrown back her

rich Valenciennes veil over her satin bonnet), I now discovered to be the rich heiress, the general toast, supreme beauty, and absolute pride of the whole county, my employer's rompish daughter, Kate;—"in Miss Kitty Hobbs's presence we must not be severe, for, as the immortal poet (I forget his name) aptly says;—

"If to *his* share some trivial errors fall,
Look in *her* face and you'll forget them all."

A buzz of approbation arose, and the delicious Kitty, blushing up to her brilliant eyes, hastily and awkwardly drew down her Valenciennes veil. How my heart palpitated!

For a moment silence prevailed. It was broken by the Judge thus abruptly addressing Serjeant Bagtheblunt, leading counsel for the prosecution. "Well, Brother Bagtheblunt, what have you to urge against the objection?"

"I leave the matter entirely with your Lordship," replied the Serjeant.

"Then, gentlemen," quoth his Lordship, addressing himself to the jury with much gravity, "I am bound to direct an acquittal. Two sheep have clearly been stolen, and two shoulders of the stolen mutton have been undeniably traced to the prisoner's oven; but it has not been proved that such two shoulders were, as the indictment charges, 'parts of the said two sheep;' for all we know, they might be parts only of one of them. You must, therefore, of course, find the prisoner not guilty."

The jury did so; and I rushed out of Court, dancing with joy. I hastened homowards, enjoying by anticipation, as I went, the hearty applause of my respected employer. On passing the window of his private office, I saw him closeted with Lord Rolt-head. Both of them caught a glimpse of me, and no sooner had I entered the house, than I was summoned to their presence.

"Well, what's the result?" quoth my employer, as I entered the room.

"Transported for life, of course?" apathetically observed Lord B.

"No, my Lord," said I, delighted at his anticipation.

"What!" quoth he, in a drawling tone; "you haven't let them hang him, I hope, young man, have you?"

"Far from it my Lord," I replied with affected nonchalance. "He's acquitted."

"Acquitted!" exclaimed my employer, dropping his nether jaw.

"Preposterous," said his Lordship. "The fellow's guilt was so clear, that all the lawyers in the universe could not have got him off. You must be mistaken, young man, from your imperfect acquaintance with legal forms. Acquitted, eh? That would be unfortunate, indeed, after my having gone to the expense, and taken the precaution, in order to make assurance doubly sure, of employing my own confidential professional adviser on his behalf. Acquitted, eh?"

You are wrong, young gentleman, you ought to be more attentive—you ought, indeed."

"Your Lordship will be good enough to excuse him, I hope," said the attorney; "a mistake on this point is to be attributed to inexperience, and, I fear, an unusual degree of dullness. Quit the room, sir, hasten back to the Court, and for the satisfaction of his Lordship, procure from the clerk of the arraigns an official minute of the vagabond's conviction and sentence. It's not quite regular—but get it at any price; stay, mention my name. Fly. Through your stupidity, I shall be labouring under a serious imputation until you return."

At this moment a sudden but terrific uproar was heard in the outer office, and before one could whistle, in burst Aminadab Loam, with all the official establishment, excepting myself, hanging, like duckweeds about a pike pursuing a trout, from various parts of his body and limbs. To him, the stalwart vagabond, a posse of pale, lean lawyer's clerks offered no impediment. Lord Rolt-head was struck aghast; Lawyer Hobbs trembled from head to foot; and to speak the truth I myself felt far more uncomfortable than before, for the brute had evidently been drinking since his discharge.

"Liberty for ever!" vociferated he; "liberty! my Lord! and moreover thank your Lordship for it. I come to pay my respects as soon as possible. Hurrah! hurrah! I say for Lord Rolt-head, and three cheers, twice a week, afore the church door for Lawyer Hobbs. Hang all transportation, and transport all hanging! Mind me, Lord, I sha'n't forget this. Never more, while Aminadab Loam lives, shall a hare be wired, or a pheasant noosed in your preserves; I means to cut it; and further than that, every one else shall cut it, too, in this parish, or feel a fist most folks have a right to be afraid of, meaning my own. No more baked shoulders of sheep for supper; nay, nay, I feels, though I'm handy nigh to drunk, a reformed man. And what d'ye think has made meso? Why, your kindness. I've got a place at plough already, and means to go home to mother and cry like a child. Excuse me, my Lord, but your Lordship and Lawyer Hobbs for ever! Hurra! I be a new man. But I say, Master Hobbs," he added, looking significantly towards me, "that's a deep un. Keep a sharp eye upon him, or, mind me, he'll do you."

So saying, the fellow, attended by the clerks whom he had dragged into the room with him, departed, and I was again left with Lord Rolt-head and Mr. Hobbs.

"This is very strange, Hobbs," his Lordship was pleased to remark.

"Perfectly unaccountable," replied the attorney.

"Your stupid clerk, then, it seems, was right after all."

"It would seem so, indeed," responded my

employer, "but how in the name of fortune," he added, addressing himself to me, "did this occur? Sir Gumption must have been mad."

In reply I gave him a plain, unvarnished account of the whole affair, at the conclusion of which, after having exchanged a most significant look with Lord Rolthead, he arose from his seat, clutched me by the elbow, and so conducted me through the outer office, to his front door, where, with sarcastic politeness, he wished me an excessively good afternoon, pledged himself to forward my portmanteau, with a quarter's salary in lieu of notice, to the Bull Inn, no less speedily than would be possible, and advised me to seek for a more extensive arena in which to display my talents; "for," he observed, "believe me, young gentleman, you are much too clever to have your

extraordinary talents buried in so dull and honest a village as this."

As he, rather rudely, pushed me down the steps from his front door, Sir Gumption Taw, in a flashy curricie, containing, besides himself, a young tiger behind, the glorious Miss Kitty, and her pet poodle in front, pulled up at the foot of them.

I went away, disconsolate as ever man or boy could possibly be; and yet I trust the kind reader will be gratified to know, that, as the song says, "I managed my matters so neatly," that within six weeks from the time when I was almost kicked from the door of Mr. Ephraim Hobbs, on account of my want of stupidity, Sir Gumption Taw was jilted, and I became, by stratagem, the matrimonial yokefellow of my darling Kate.

"THE STARRY HOME."

THE greenwood wild, to the roving child,
With its brake and deepen'd dell,
With its fitful gleam in the pale moon beam,
Seems the work of magic spell.
His pleasures here are found—no care
Steals over his lightsome soul—
For the spangled sky, with its dome so high,
Presents him the promis'd goal;
And he looks and laughs for his home so bright,
Which should come ere the morrow descends in night,
And the thick groves ring as they hear the song
Of the roving boy while he strolls along.

He has seen the spring, and the young birds wing
Their way to the tallest pine,
Has watch'd their rest 'neath the mother's breast,
Still his hand's unstain'd by crime.

No spoiler he of their liberty—
Or else for the rover wild,
Those scenes so dear of the greenwood here
Soon would lose their solace mild;
And while stars fly up with sparkling spring,
He is waiting with hope when time shall bring
The day he'll readily take his flight,
To dwell in those realms of diamond light.

The Spring is gone, and the Summer come,
Fields wave high their golden sheen,
And the harvest cheer of the rip'ning year
Is spread on the village green.
But he seeks the brook with anxious look,
For his soul still longs to mount,
And lists to the rill, while rippling shrill,
For call from the fairy fount.

But its gurgling note, though a pleasant sound,
Has failed in producing that joyous bound
Which would to the rover sure have come,
Had it told a tale of his welcome home.

The trees have now shed their leafy head,
And the wind is cold and chill,
And the garner'd store on the well-thresh'd floor,
With the heavy crashing mill,
Bid all prepare for the close of year;
But the child still seeks the grove,
And his voice full strong is fir'd with song
In praise of his greenwood love.
And the cheerful hearth he seeks that night,
Telling his mother, with proud delight,
That ere the morrow shall dawn in day,
In a starry home he'll be far away.

She has laid him down in his russet gown,
And his tabor pipe put by;
The berries red hang o'er his head,
But his eye's towards the sky;
And his bed with leaves and strowen sheaves
She has made near the oaken tree,
For the hectic flush, like a summer blush,
Says the spirit soon will flee.
But to soothe her grief, as the ebb of life
Is passing strong—with emotion strife
She cries, while the birds still near him sing,
"Why weep?—I shall return with spring."

D. M. F.



BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

THE town of B—, in Derbyshire, is situated on the gentle acclivity of a hill of considerable height, one of a great many similar eminences which extend for several miles along the banks of a mountain stream, whose impetuous course is broken here and there in its devious way, as it winds and curls like a glittering snake, with numerous falls: the foaming waters at these spots leap over the barriers of rock which intercept them, rushing and murmuring with incessant sound, and continue to hurry along by the rich meadows and flowery banks shaded with fine trees which make the scene one of peculiar beauty. The stream is occasionally crossed by bridges of antique form, steep and heavy with pointed buttresses, in the recesses of which are steps for the convenience of the numerous anglers and loiterers who hang over its parapets, and where once a cross looked forth upon the flood beneath.

Following the course of the clear little river one way, it is lost to the eye amidst its windings between the overshadowing hills which spread out and intersect each other in all directions, some covered with emerald fields to the summit, others crowned with thick rich woods in which the various tints and forms of the ash, chestnut, oak, pine, cedar, and yew are remarkable. The hawthorn grows here to a very great size, and late in the spring flourishes in extreme beauty, the branches being covered with wreaths of snowy flowers of the purest hue, or occasionally blossoms of a delicate pink, which perfume the air in every direction: these charming trees are scattered at the edges of the woods, by the river side, and in the meadows, in infinite profusion, and beneath glow flowers of every colour amongst the fresh grass—the forget-me-not and the milkwort predominating and casting a pale blue veil, as it were, over the fields, while in other places the rich tints of the kingcup throw a net of gold over the meadows.

Vc I.

From the height of every one of the fine hills above the town, the buildings which form it are seen clustering, as if for protection, beneath the walls of the high and commanding tower of the antique church, whose circular arches, ornamented with mysterious-looking heads and zigzag mouldings, prove its venerable date.

Here and there, half way up the eminences, in many directions, handsome and well-built modern houses appear from the midst of luxuriant gardens and groves. Almost all are of a shape which shows that a taste for antiquities pervades the spot; but there is one which, when once discerned amidst the dark thick foliage which surrounds it, cannot be mistaken for an edifice of modern erection, built in imitation of the abodes of a race past away.

When you are on low ground, and are crossing the pretty green meadows through which the stream meanders, you cannot at first perceive the house, for a circle of high overarching trees, much darker in tint than any of those of younger growth which surround them, entirely shroud the building: it is only after passing two lodges, and following a walk for some distance, that you suddenly stand before an opening which discovers a gateway, flanked by two long ranges of low grey buildings which extend some distance, at the extremity of which the upper part of a house can be discerned above the wall.

It is formed of a confused medley of turrets, gable ends and chimneys, and its shape is somewhat difficult to define. Above, beyond, and around, it is hemmed in with immense dark trees: if you mount the steep hill on the descent of which it is built, you meet only with an enormously high wall shaded with large branches, while on the opposite side of the road a thick grove endeavours in vain to conceal the rushing, sparkling river hurrying and murmuring along towards a stone foot-bridge which spans it, nearly opposite the first gate which gives entrance to this singular fabric.

This bridge is very long and narrow, and has the same angular projections common in this part of the country: in one of the centre recesses there are the broken remains of a stone cross, long since destroyed.

2 A

A large ait, covered with trees, interrupts the river, while a foaming waterfall, just above, chafes into anger again. A pile of dark red and grey rocks rise perpendicularly from amidst a thick wood at some distance; and the luxuriant foliage of the same wood, through which a road has been cut, shuts out all further view.

Immediately behind the antique house to which the stone bridge conducts, is an abandoned quarry of red stained stone, and heaps of grey ruin are so mixed with the excavations, that at first it is difficult to decide whether the arches and bridge we see are natural or accidental.

A gigantic wall of great thickness encloses a park crowded with rich dark trees, whose high close branches prevent a glimpse of the house appearing; and at one extremity there is what seems to have been formerly a bridge over a fosse, beneath which a dark grim arch proclaims that on that spot once stood a strong tower or castle, which neither time nor violence has been able entirely to remove from the face of the earth.

Concerning this mansion, a friend of mine related to me the following circumstances:—

It was my fortune, in the summer of 1812, to visit this part of the country, where the diversion of angling can be procured in great perfection in the clear streams of the neighbourhood. I had been led by the beauty of the weather and the uncertainty of my sport to some distance from the town where I was staying, and, by the time I began to think of returning, the clouds had gathered very ominously over the high hills round, the wind began to howl in the hollows, and in a short time the rain descended in torrents: it was late in the evening, and I packed up my fishing apparatus, and prepared for a wet walk home; but when I reached the little stone bridge over the torrent opposite the ancient mansion just described, the storm became so violent that I hastened towards a thick grove of trees which promised shelter: lightning, and increasing peals of thunder warned me, however, that it was unsafe to remain there; and following the skirting wall of the garden, I came at length to a gate, which, being ajar, I pushed open, and found myself in a dreary court-yard. The barking of a dog attracted the attention of an old woman, who stood in a doorway near; and to her I hastened without further ceremony, and begged half an hour's shelter.

My appearance told my story, for I was drenched with rain and had all my tackle with me; she could not, therefore, suspect me to be a thief; and when I assured her beforehand I was an honest angler, she smiled good humouredly, and said they were seldom visited by suspicious characters in that part of the world. "You are more likely to stand in awe of ghosts," I observed, looking up at the grey gloomy turrets which frowned through the dark clouds above.

"Oh! then you have heard of our reputation here," answered she, "although you are a stranger. But I suppose every one knows about the Lady and her Son."

I surprised her by announcing my ignorance of the story to which she alluded; and she was not long before she told me the legend attached to the house of which she was the present guardian, and, except a stable-man, the only inhabitant.

Before, however, she began her story, she conducted me to a distant part of the house, and opening a low door with a circular arch ornamented with a Saxon

pattern, introduced me to the chapel, a small building with a low groined roof, lighted by several windows in which some panes of painted glass still remained: on the stone floor beneath one of these lay a figure very perfect, but evidently of antique date, in the form of the dress, which was that of a female wearing a robe fastened on each shoulder with a brooch, and wearing on the head a coronet and veil. A lion was at the head, and a lioness supported the feet. In her arms she held an infant, one of whose hands was caressing her cheek, and the other held a scroll on which were traced characters so nearly effaced as to be read with difficulty; but which announced her as "the Lady Constance, for whom, with her son, the reader was solicited to pray."

"This tomb," said my conductress, "belongs to a lady of high rank, who had suffered some wrong in her day, or else her spirit could not be so uneasy for so many years: for she still walks with her child in her arms, as you see her there. It is not the fashion now to believe these things, but it is nevertheless as true as that no one belonging to this family can ever shut a door after them; and that I have had reason enough to know."

"You tell me a strange thing," said I, laughing, "which reminds me of a college friend of mine who had that same failing, for which he was sufficiently worried."

"What was his name?" asked she.

"Julian Frecheville," I replied; at which she turned on me a look of surprise.

"It is no wonder," she exclaimed, solemnly—"there never was a Frecheville yet who could shut a door; he must have been the son of the last owner of this very house, and to him it now belongs, but he never came here yet, and I dare say never will, as no one can live in the old place who has any of the old blood in them. For fifty years I have lived here, and five times I have seen the lady and her son walk out of that chapel along the old hall, and throw herself off the tower at the north side. The day after I have seen this, came the news of the death of one of the family, and no eldest son has ever lived beyond the age of twenty."

"My friend," said I, "is very nearly that age now—"

"I know it," returned she, "but he will never see twenty-one, for the spirit appeared a week ago, and it is a sign that never fails."

I looked at the old housekeeper, and observed that there was a wandering wildness in her eye, which told that the monomania which had taken possession of her mind, probably from her secluded way of life, had somewhat unsettled her intellect, but I listened with some interest as she went on with the story which she seemed to take a pleasure in relating.

It was one stormy evening in winter, when the moors were covered with snow several feet deep, that the porter of this house—this is many years ago I am telling you of—as he was closing the wicket of the drawbridge, thought he heard a low wailing cry, which made him pause. He distinctly heard the chapel bell, which was tolling curfew, but after listening a little, nothing else was audible, and he was just shutting the gate when the same cry attracted him again, and this time he felt convinced that it was a child's voice. He looked out, and plainly discerned through the

snow, a female figure closely veiled, carrying something in her arms, approaching the house: presently it came near, and as it did so, he heard these words,—“For the love of our Blessed Lady, give shelter to me and my son.”

The porter was so taken by surprise that he could not reply, and the female glided into the court-yard, pushing by him so quickly that he could hardly believe what had happened. He shut the gate, and advanced to the stranger, who in a low tremulous accent told him that she had lost her way, and should have perished in the snow with her infant, but for the sound of the chapel bell, which had guided her safely. “Let me,” said she, “go to the shrine of the Blessed Lady of Mercy, and there offer up my prayers for our delivery; and then let me entreat you to give me some food, for I am very faint.”

There was an air of command about the lady which at once forced him to comply with whatever she desired; accordingly, he led her to the chapel, and left her on her knees at the altar.

When he returned, the lady had risen from her prayers, and following him across the court, ascended with him a flight of stairs which led to a small room at the top of a tower: here he had placed refreshments for her.

“Is your lord at home?” asked the stranger.

“He is expected to-morrow,” answered the porter, “unless this fall of snow detains him; for he is gone some miles distant to fetch his bride, to whom he was married at her father’s castle a week since.”

“Is he then really married?” was the question asked by the lady, in a hollow . . .

“Yes; as I told you, a week since: she is the daughter of the richest lord in Derbyshire, and is the greatest beauty in the country.”

“I shall not intrude,” said the lady; “he will not find me here when he arrives: I only ask this night’s repose, and I only wished to commend myself and my son to the care of Heaven.”

The porter then retired, and left his guests in the tower; but what was his horror on rising at daybreak, to behold the lady with her dead infant clasped to her breast, dashed a mangled corpse on the stones at the foot of the tower.

He was so much overcome with terror that he knew not what to do: he had mentioned to no one the arrival of the lady, as he feared the old seneschal, who was a harsh man, would blame him for having allowed her to enter. He called his wife, and together they carried away the bodies, and concealed them in a vault near the chapel, removing all traces of the fearful accident as well as possible.

He never mentioned what had happened, but it preyed much on his mind, and he often wished he had had courage to tell it: to his wife alone could he venture to speak on the subject, and her fears so much overcame her loquacity, that no one but themselves ever knew of the transaction at the time.

The snow, meanwhile, increased so much, and continued so long, that it was three weeks from the time of the stranger lady’s arrival before the master of the house, Julian Frecheville, returned to his home; but, contrary to all expectation, he brought no bride with him, and when he crossed the drawbridge it was evident to the old porter, who had known him from a child, that he was an altered man.

The first order that he gave, as he entered solitary and mournful, attended only by one squire, who was as gloomy as himself, was, that the door of the mansion should from henceforth never be closed night or day, and that the porter should watch continually lest any one should claim hospitality.

For three years Julian Frecheville remained sad and unsocial, and his former gay and pleasing manners were quite changed; he would see none of his companions, and would sit for hours at the window of a tower which looked far over the moors, gazing as if for some object which never blessed his sight. He would sigh and weep; and in the silence of night the old porter, whose conscience kept him wakeful, would observe him continually descend the stairs to the chapel, and there, at the altar of the Virgin, pray for hours.

Having seen this for some time, at last the porter could not resist the feeling he had of desiring to communicate with his master, and to relate to him the event which had so much disturbed him.

Accordingly one night he entered the chapel at the same time as his master, and meeting him in the aisle, threw himself on his knees and recounted to him the whole story.

Julian listened, pale as death and gasping for breath, enquired if both were dead—the mother and child—when they were taken up.

When he heard that they were, he became calm, but there was a fixed look of despair in his face which terrified his servant, as he heard him say—

“Unhappy Constance—Constance indeed! hadst thou waited but one day!—but it is too late!”

He died raving that same night: and it was soon after, on his death-bed confession to a priest, that the porter revealed what was thus known. When Julian expired, the last words he uttered, were—

“Never shut the door—she may come yet.”

He left a will—written just before he was seized with delirium—commanding that a tomb should be erected in the chapel of his house, with effigies—in fact, the same as those you, sir, have just seen—a lady and a child: no one ever knew who she was, nor her history, but from that time this house has been haunted by her ghost on the occasion of any death in the family, and no one of Julian Frecheville’s race has ever been able to shut a door after them from that day to this.”*

* In the antique church of Scardiffe, not far from Bolsover Castle in Derbyshire, is a singular monument, to which a legend is attached, that the Lady and Child, whose effigies there repose, were wandering in the neighbouring woods on a winter’s evening, and were saved from perishing there by the sound of the curfew bell, which guided them to Scardiffe. What the history of the desolate mother may have been is a mystery. The sexton tells you that she was the daughter of King Charles and a princess, as the crown on her head testifies. The figures are very well executed, and there is considerable majesty in the lady’s expression. The child holds a scroll, on which, in Leonine verses engraved in Lombardic capitals, partly defaced, is this inscription:

Hic su ulier jacet tumulata
Constans et grata Constančia jure vocata
Cui genetrix data proles requiescat humata
Quamquam pecc us sint cumulata
Crimine purgata cum prole Johanne beata
Vivat, prefata sanctorum sede locata.

Amen.

The Frechevilles had the manor of Scardiffe till it was forfeited in 1275, by Adam, who joined the rebellious barons.

I was amused at the time at the narrative of the old lady, told with the sincerest belief in its truth; but after I returned to London, and its season, I forgot the circumstance, till a few days ago I received a letter from a friend at Toulouse, of which I give an extract:—

“You recollect our friend Julian, who never could shut a door after him?—well, to prove how necessary it is to break people of bad habits, I must tell you—though I grieve to do it so seriously, of his fate. He was travelling in the Pyrenees, in the winter, a thing which none but an Englishman would do; he had taken a mule and a guide from St. Jean Pied de Port to Roncesvalles, and had reached the latter place in a snow storm. He was glad to get shelter in a poor hut of some peasants, who allowed him to sleep there rather reluctantly, as they said the country was so unsettled that they knew not who was friend or foe. It seems he got up in the night, for you know how fanciful he was, to observe the effect of the moonlight on the fine forest near—for he was heard exclaiming, in Basque, of which language he had made himself a proficient, in admiration of the beauty of the scene. The next morning, the peasants finding he did not appear, at a late hour mounted to his dormitory, and to their horror found him lifeless, stabbed in several places; his portmanteau rifled, his purse gone, his clothes strewn on the floor, and the door of the loft in which he slept, which was reached by a ladder at the back of the house, open; he had forgotten to shut it after him. Poor fellow! he was twenty that very day,

and was heir to a fine estate somewhere in Derbyshire!”



SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE AND THE COLLIERS.



For the terrible nature of a collier's work the public are already fully aware;—they know also the miserable wages they receive:—all the remarks which a woman can

offer, on either subject, would be superfluous and tedious;—woman can only remark upon what passes around her, and, with her scanty means of observation, relate what passes more immediately within the range of her own narrow circle.

From the nature of the trade in which I am engaged, and the conspicuous situation of my shop, in the most thronged part of the northern entrance to the busy town of Birmingham, I was most particularly exposed to the visits of the colliers during the late calamitous strike: well aware of the entire justice of their demands, wondering at their patient forbearance, and feeling in my heart that they were perfectly justified in the course they had taken, of course it became my duty to do all that I could to comfort and assist them. As the first group departed from my door, I promised, in my own mind, that I would never allow one to go away unassisted. This, I afterwards found, was a vow of tremendous magnitude, and not to be kept by a person in my humble circumstances; accordingly, I should have had the mortification of failing, had it not been for the prompt and powerful assistance of two or three female friends, whose activity in collecting all the “omnium gatherum” of their kitchens, and confiding the same to me for distribution, to my infinite satisfaction, enabled me to perform my vow, and conferred happiness on many a family.

To the credit of the working men of Birmingham, they nobly contributed, out of their scanty wages, to the relief of the distressed groups of colliers which

swarmed in our streets. They would desire them to attend on Saturday nights, at the various manufactories, and as they, the workmen, came out from receiving wages, every man regularly handed over his donation to the collier appointed to receive for each group. The great majority of the shopkeepers also did their duty, as members of that great human family of which these poor sufferers were part. But, alas! what shall I—what can I say—of our upper classes, our rich and influential neighbours, our aristocracy, in fact?—why, that, with some few bright exceptions, they acted up to the eternal character of an aristocracy—they were like the priest in the parable, “they passed on the other side;”—they not only did no good themselves, but they tried to prevent others. Placards were issued by the authorities, ordering all colliers found begging in our streets to be sent to prison. Still they came; and though, in obedience to the law, they did not beg, their anxious earnest looks, their odd attire, their strange and wondering straggling about the streets, sufficiently identified them, and needed no interpretation. They were frankly called into the houses and fed. Out came more placards, warning the inhabitants of the enormity they were committing in relieving misery. Of course these were treated with the contempt they merited. (The Birmingham people think with the Duke of Newcastle.) Then policemen were stationed at the northern entrance of the town, to intercept and detain them as they came in. That proved complete folly, for they came by circuitous routes, and the townspeople allowed them to sleep in stables, outhouses, &c. An acquaintance of mine used to “litter down” sixteen every night for a fortnight.

Thus much upon the state of affairs in Birmingham, during that memorable period; as to the state of the great mining district, from whence these poor creatures came, it was, and is, lamentable in the extreme. The human mind naturally rejects the alternative of begging as long as any thing remains; and, with this feeling (creditable to our nature), many a family avoided begging as long as they had a single article to sell; pawnbrokers had declined loans some time; even after all was gone, they have been known to stay in their naked homes until one or more of the children sickened, when the master-principle of woman's nature being awakened, the mother would go forth to beg help, and the father would wander perhaps to Birmingham, or some other town, on the like errand.

That before they would do this, they would even rake up all the rejected offal and potatoe peelings from dunghills, is a fact.

It will be said that these relations, coming from themselves, are not to be relied upon. I can only say, that I am witness to the truth of every statement I make. I have known the mother of a family (father killed in a mine) beg a quarter of a peck of bran, tie it up, and boil it as puddings; and the whole family, consisting of the widow, three children, and the aged grandfather, subsist upon it for a week; at the end of that time they were beyond the wish for food, being all very ill, with the exception of the woman, who had eaten very little of it, as she emphatically said, “her tears had been her food.” The poor old man and one of the children died, and the mother, conquering her natural timidity, came out to beg.

The extreme simplicity of these poor people struck

me as extraordinary, answering every question with readiness and artlessness, except upon religious subjects. Although prepared for this, from what I know of the nature of their religious instruction, I own I was not prepared for such an amount of bigotry; well as I know the priesthood by whom they are taught, still the extreme narrowness of their views, and the canting, whining tone assumed, was grating and shocking to my ear, as soon as any thing was said that could be at all construed into bearing upon religious topics. Numerous and greedy as locusts, their preachers, teachers, class-leaders, &c., have ever contrived to make a comfortable living, and have thundered contentment in the ears of the credulous people so long, that, though they do not feel that contentment, they try to persuade the spectator that they do or ought to feel it.

Aware, then, of the course of instruction under which the credulity of these children of nature has been fostered, we can feel nothing but the deepest pity when we find them trying, in their coarse, clumsy way, to enlist our sympathies, by assuming the cant and whine of the religion, or the hypocrisy, or whatever it is, which they have been taught. “Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth;” “all things are of God;” “the cross of Christ must be borne,” &c. &c., are sentences which they have learned by rote, and which it is evident they use to show us they are not reprobates, but which they are puzzled to reconcile with their actual sufferings, and know not whether to believe or not. Poor things, how should they? They are taught that they are chastened by the Lord, and their own observation contradicts it, for they feel only the cruelty and oppression of man. Hardy, well built, and vigorous, they come from the hands of their Creator; but wither and die under the wrongs piled upon them by their brother man. But it has ever been the trade of their spiritual instructors to keep this out of sight; and we can have no feeling but sorrow for the victims of such a system.

The artlessness of their manners was conspicuous whenever I happened to say any thing which struck them as rather out of a woman's province. Thus, as long as we talked about eating, drinking, or chapel, they seemed to think it was my concern, and addressed me as ma'am; but if I got upon the all-engrossing subject, the state of the country, iron, or coal trade, &c. &c., they invariably called me sir, showing (as I thought) that they were surprised into an acknowledgment that they thought such subjects foreign to “woman's mission.”

That they are endued with that chief ingredient in all real religion—pure and holy gratitude—I have many convincing proofs. When, on Saturday night, they had money given to them, they always came to buy bread from me. Many, when they got work again, called with little tokens of their kind remembrance in the shape of geological specimens, tiny coal-hammers, and the like. One anecdote I must not omit.

I had gone to spend the afternoon with a friend, the first holiday I had had for some time; for during the long period of the strike, I never accepted an invitation, feeling it my duty to be found at my post. Now, however, the colliers were gone in, and I was at liberty to take a little recreation; accordingly I went out, leaving

a young lady in care of the business. She was sitting, reading, when a stout hard-featured woman, with a great basket on her arm, came into the shop with the inquiry—

"Bin you the woman o' this shop?"

"No!"

She went out again, and commenced an examination of the building. Stepping in again, she said—

"I bin roight, tho'; I see I bin roight; the big flour shop, the little bread shop, the big gates, the pump, the pigeons, and the geese-i'-the-yard. Oh, yes! I bin roight; the missus wor koin'd to the colliers, wain't hur!"

My young friend now began to comprehend her, and said, "Oh, yes! you're right, but she's out. Have you any thing to say to her?"

"Yes," says the woman; "I've got a good gel (deal) to say to her. My son, Tummas Mally, hur knows my son (God knows I did not know her son from scores of flannel frocks who came every day), he tou'd me to be sure to call and tell the missus that he'd got work; he know'd she'd be glad to hear it."

"Yes, I'm sure she will, if he's got his full price."

"He's got his price, woman, and now we don't mean to be tommy'd any more, but come to Brummagem and buy what we want. This is my first coming; we've got money now, not tommy, so I bin come to buy up for the week."

"Well, she'll be very glad to hear it."

"Ah; but I've got more to tell you. My son, Tummas Mally, have got two parrots, an' he made up his mind, when hur was so koin'd to him, to gie hur one. He used to say, hur words cheered him up, and did him as much good as the victual hur gave him; and he said, if ever he got work, hur should have one of the parrots. Dun you think hur'd please to have him?"

"She'd be highly pleased with it, and set great store by it, I'm sure. Is it a crockery ware parrot, to stand on the mantelpiece?"

"Bless you, no! it's a real, live parrot; we've got two, as a young mon brought from over the seas; we've got a young 'un, and an ould 'un. It's the ould 'un; he can say anything a'most; poor fellow, he wor a'most clammed (starved) this turn; neighbours often tou'd my son to bring him an' sell him, but he hadn't the heart; he a'ways said, the missus here should have him, if hur would, and he should often call and see him. To-day is Monday; and my son means to bring him next Saturday as ever comes; so I wish you good bye, Miss, and be sure you tell the missus; remember my son's name bin Tummas Mally."

I need not say that, when told all this on my return home, I treated it as a joke, though why such a joke should be played upon me, I could not think. Impatiently my young friend and myself waited for Saturday to see if Tummas Mally would keep his word. True as steel, however, he made his appearance with Polly, who is now an especial favourite with us, and instead of being a starved handful of feathers, is rich in plumage, and saucy in speech, calling out lustily, "Come here, poor collier," and answering the question of "Who are you," with "I'm Tummas Mally the poor collier, who are you pray, a policeman?"

I must leave this pleasing part of my subject, and proceed to say that I made the most minute inquiries

of every group, asking the relative prices of every article of consumption as sold by the retail dealer, and as doled out at the tommy or truck-shops. From all I have learned, that in Bilston the first article of life, bread, is charged as shilling loaves, weighing at most of the tommy shops 5 lb., at others nearly 6 lb., never exceeding that weight; this bread is exceedingly coarse and bad; (our bread made of best seconds flour weighs 4 lb. 5½ oz., and is sold for sixpence halfpenny; brown bread, same weight, fivepence halfpenny; and even the brown, or inferior bread is much better than the Bilston shilling loaves). Fearing to be deceived on this point, I have frequently quitted the shop, and have overheard them saying to each other, "How nice this bread is; it's brown, but it's so good, ours don't seem like bread to this." Coarse cloth, such as working shirts are made of, is charged tenpence a yard; I have seen a sample, and declare I could buy as good anywhere for fourpence; miserable bacon, which a man described to me as "salted fat pork," so badly cured and wet, that the water oozed out, ninepence per pound; same price for cheese which could be bought anywhere else for fivepence. One of our townspeople attends Bilston market with bacon and cheese; and his articles at fivepence are so superior to what is got at the truck shops for ninepence, as to be the subject of frequent comment, being taken from house to house to be compared, and how freely descanted upon we need not say.

Here follow a list of prices as I received them from a collier's wife, and which has been fully corroborated by others; in fact, I have found no disposition to exaggerate,—on the contrary, when told that I earnestly desired the truth, the answer has always been to the effect, "We'n sooner tell thee under than over, because they sha'n't say we be'n telling lies on 'em."

"In the first place we must have ten shillings a week tommy; if we get any more in the week we may have the money."

"How much does your husband earn?"

"About twelve, sometimes thirteen shillings, (but we're much better off than some); if we were to get a pound we must still take ten shillings tommy; but very often he only earns ten, and then we've no money."

"What rent do you pay?"

"Eighteenpence a week, but we owe a great deal; we could not pay it, no how."

"But I thought they could not force you to take truck instead of money; you could lay a complaint before a magistrate."

"We know that; but if we do we can never get work of any pit after, for they be all magistrates themselves, or related, or friendly, or something; whether there is an understanding among them or not, we can't say, but it looks very like it, for if a man refuses to take truck, he is discharged, and no other pit will employ him; they don't want men there, they say."

"What is the price of flour?"

It is always very inferior, and charged eightpence per bushel more than best seconds anywhere else; coarse brown sugar, like sand, eightpence halfpenny; halfpenny a pound advance upon the current price of soap, and a whole penny in quality; commonest black tea, fivepence halfpenny per ounce; very fat bacon, eightpence (selling here at fivepence), tolerably good,

* ninepence; ham, a shilling; cheese, eightpence. This woman assured me that for the sake of having a little cash she has many times walked to Birmingham to sell her sister for sixpence, sugar which has been reckoned to her at ninepence a pound; and it is a notorious fact, that often when they have got their week's flour, they cannot muster a halfpenny to buy yeast, and that it is the practice to leave a piece of soap or pound of sugar in the hands of the publican as security, until they can by some means raise a halfpenny to redeem it.

The Butty Colliers (kind of second in command) generally keep public houses; the mistress of one addresses a collier's wife with, "Why don't you have some ale? you suckle a child—you ought to have some."

"I've got no money."

"Oh, go to your Tommy-shop and bring me a pound or two of sugar, and I'll let you have some good ale, such as you ought to have always."

Here commences a wholesale domestic tragedy; a growing love for drinking on the part of the woman, with all the dissimulation necessary to conceal it, and a spirit of recklessness produced in the man, by finding that with all his labour he only becomes worse off and more involved.

This state of things I became acquainted with, in a sort of recriminatory dialogue between a collier and his wife; he observing that many of the women liked the system, because the landladies were always ready to help them in these sorts of contrivance—and by these means they got a little ale, though at the same time they knew the ruinous consequences of it; the woman retorted, by saying, "that the landlords used every art to get them to spend every farthing of what was over their Tommy score, when they went to be paid."

"Do you then receive your wages from public houses?"

"No, in every case, but very generally—and then our money must always be changed at the bar, and we must have a quart of ale, and we often stop and drink more, tempted by the sight of some nice hot joint of meat, which they promise us a bit of—if we drink like men."

I have one honourable exception to the long list of tyrant masters, and really it is quite refreshing to speak of him.—"My master," said a Bilston collier, "is a good man; he pays us at six o'clock on Saturday nights; neither he nor any of his butties keep shops; we have our money, and go where we like to spend it—but his master, pointing to a companion, never reckons with them till six or seven weeks after the work is done, and by that time they have eaten it all out at the shop—and more to it."

One master publicly declares, that he gets more by his two truck shops than by his two blast furnaces.

Some few years since, a friend of mine built a row of houses at Bilston, which are exclusively tenanted by colliers. He has received no rent from any for a very long time, and says, that knowing they have no money, and that even in work, under the present system, he is certain they could not pay him—he cannot find it in his heart to take their miserable furniture, and turn them out, so there they continue to live—my friend's property being a positive loss to him.

Butter six weeks since in Birmingham, was selling at

one shilling, and by these shops, one and fivepence per lb. Meat bought on the Friday, not being eatable, the woman took it back—it was changed certainly—but on the Saturday the man was told they had no farther occasion for him, and he has been unable to obtain work at any other pit.

If this is not grinding the face of the poor, I don't know what is.

I have said that the simple honesty of these people is proverbial, and under their circumstances, quite marvellous. I freely trusted them with dishes, jugs, handkerchiefs, &c., which were always duly returned, sometimes a distance of fourteen miles,—but candour compels me to say, there is one district which must be the exception to this high moral character; and it is most extraordinary and curious to observe how exactly the boundaries of this exception are defined. I allude to the region called Old Hill. It would be an interesting question for the consideration of philosophers, why the natives of this particular spot should be afflicted with such greasy palms, that everything seems naturally to stick to them; and why they also have such a propensity to quarrel, that a family is scarcely to be found, without one or more of its members having "got into trouble," as it is called, from one or other of these causes. This disposition of the natives is the more to be wondered at, as of all the country round, their zeal in all religious matters is the loudest and most obtrusive. No where are the preachers so energetic: chapels and meetings abound, and as to singing hymns, (or as they call it, shouting,) I need only repeat the common saying—"that you may hear an Old Hill meeting three miles." They seem to rush eagerly to these exercises, as to some amusing excitement; there also is all their finery displayed. The whole district being, as one may say, one large cinder heap, is very dusty, and the women's petticoats are therefore worn exceedingly short, fully exposing a pair of well greased leather lace-ups, a gown of the gaudiest colours, with an unsullied white apron, while the neck is always decorated with a string of paltry beads, or a band of black velvet. Owing to the constant practice of carrying heavy baskets of coal on the head, the females acquire a stiff, perpendicular gait; from the same cause the throat becomes thick and muscular, which renders the decorative part of their dress anything but becoming.

Such is the costume at Easter or other festivals, when there is more than common going on at the meetings, &c. &c. At such times, if you enter any of these places, you are overpowered by the strong smell of peppermint. The chief shopkeeper of the district declares, that when they were in work, he has sold a quarter of a hundred weight of peppermint lozenges, or one Easter Monday—the girls saying that "it did for scent as well as suck."

That a mercurial desire to appropriate every thing to their own use prevails in this particular division of the mining districts, is a singular fact, and will be readily recognized by any acquainted with the locality; a total absence of shame or feeling on the subject is also prevalent; they do not seem to think it is a crime. A droll anecdote occurs to me. A young acquaintance commenced shopkeeping there, and after a short time killed one of his pigs; his landlord, who lived next door, gravely telling him that he must take the carcass into the house, and sit up all night to watch it. M——

treated the matter very lightly, saying, they could not break in without his hearing.

"Oh bless you, they wouldn't mind that at all."

Disregarding the warning, M—— hung the pig up in the kitchen, locked the doors, and went to bed; not so his anxious landlord, who sat by the fire listening to the pattering of the rain. Presently he heard his active neighbours busily at work removing the brickwork from under his parlour window, under the mistake that he had added his little sitting room to my friend M——'s house. No concealment, no silence was observed, the bricks as they were pulled out were thrown on a heap, amid the chatter of many voices, male and female. The old man, throwing his wife's shawl over his head, to screen him from the rain, ran into M——'s back yard, calling out, "They'n come for thy pig, they'n come for thy pig!"

"You shan't have it, if you are come for it," said M——, throwing open the window and presenting a gun.

"Oh do'e shoot, oh do'e shoot," cried the old man, in an agony at sight of the gun, "I'm disguis'n in my wife's shawl."

Peals of laughter now arose on every side, some who were standing round the palings of the back-yard calling to M—— to shoot, while those in the front seemed to consider the mistake they had made as capital good fun. "We'n broke into the wrong house, what'n ye think?" was the signal for roars of laughter, and they all seemed to enjoy it amazingly. M——, however, being more serious, came to the front window with his gun, when his neighbours, wishing him "good night," withdrew; and as the next morning everybody knew all about it, and appeared to think it an excellent joke, there was no more said about the matter.

Hitherto, I have only spoken of the men; I am now about to remark on the present condition of the masters, particularly in the iron trade, whose good or bad condition is inseparably connected with the coal trade.

About five years since, the iron masters of Scotland began to be aware of the advantages of their position, as compared with those of South Staffordshire, two great natural advantages involving a third, the ore of Staffordshire yielding 35 per cent., while that of Scotland yields 74. The Scotch ore has only to be removed from the hills on inclined planes, while that of Staffordshire is dug out of the earth; and finally, the richness of the Scotch ore renders the tedious and expensive process of calcining almost unnecessary. The iron masters of Scotland, of course, made the most of these advantages, but at the same time wished to agree with the Staffordshire masters as to price, as, by that means, they (the Scotch) would realize an enormous profit, whilst the Staffordshire men would be able to keep their heads above water. To this end a deputation was sent, which was met at Wolverhampton with derision and contempt; some few of the smaller fry of masters were inclined to reason the matter, but the leviathans of the trade would hear of no arrangement: the deputation left them, with a promise that, within three years, they should be so undersold in their own market (Wolver-

hampton) that it would be impossible for them to stand under it; the period named has not yet arrived, for this took place about two years since, but the promise is fulfilled to the letter. To meet the continual reductions of the Scotch, the masters here have, from time to time, resorted to the miserable expedient of lowering wages; till now, at two shillings a day and two days work a week, it is impossible to make any farther reduction, and they are now selling their stock at ruinous prices and at a downright loss.

The iron masters are generally supposed to be wealthy—but my own impression is, that the supposition is anything but correct. If, instead of great wealth, we were to read great credit, we should, perhaps, be nearer the truth. My idea is, that by the universal mode of giving three months bills for every thing, they manage to live, as one may say, three months beforehand; then, as they are all connected in some shape or form with the truck system, the goods obtained by three months bills are doled out at an enormous profit to the workpeople, in lieu of, or in part of wages, so that by the time the bill becomes due, the iron may be turned into money, and the credit of the master sustained.

That the whole district must eventually close, the masters well know. They say so themselves with grave faces; they know that if the Scotch would now agree with them, the Belgian is ready to step in and undersell both.

The face of the whole district is changed. Instead of looking smoky as it used to do, there are no works moving, and a solitary smoke here and there alone indicates to the passing traveller the character of the interesting country around him. To enlarge upon this state of things with reference to the immense population is quite superfluous; it is painful, it is disgusting, it is revolting to enumerate the miseries of this portion of squandering—spendthrift—bankrupt—luxurious—"merric England."



DOGS' TALES.

THE AUTHOR'S DOG.

BY R. B. PEAKE.



SPANIEL with a sore eye, which evidently looked as if it had seen better days — was now on his legs.

After a respectful bow, (wow, wow,) to the assembled members, he began as follows:—

I was one of six fussy puppies that resembled balls of wool, and born at Leatherhead, in Surrey; and after passing the first nine days of my life in a state of blissful darkness, I awoke suddenly one morning, and saw the amiable being to whom I had the honour to be son. The poor old thing was gazing at me with delight as she administered the nourishment customary on infantile occasions.

My mother's master, Mr. Merrypebbles, was a gentleman of landed property, but who was never perfectly happy if he had not a jolly party visiting at his house, consisting of several odd characters, which I am enabled to describe; for when I was about five months old, I was presented to a favoured frequenter, one Mr. Delawhang, an author, and thus became an author's dog.

Mr. Delawhang was a strange being: he had a good heart, but rather an emollient head. In the precarious profession he pursued, he was occasionally in embarrassed circumstances: he was not quite so weak as Oliver Goldsmith, but then, to balance that, he had not his learning or his genius. He could joke at his own misfortunes, and never cared at raising a laugh against himself.

"Very hard times, Mr. Delawhang," remarked a friend.

"Very," replied Mr. Delawhang; "my butcher will not trust me with a leg of mutton, which circumstance causes me to think that 'the times are out of joint.'"

Another of the visitors of our host at Leatherhead was a Mr. Roughwood, an attorney of the old school, who had resided in one set of chambers in the Temple for forty-nine years; and during that forty-nine years, although he lived freely, he had only once been attacked by indisposition. He felt himself ill about three o'clock in the morning; so he opened his bedroom window, and sprang his rattle. One of the Temple watchmen hearing this, hastened to the spot, and inquired what was the matter? Roughwood, finding himself better, apologized to the watchman for

disturbing him, shut his window, and went to bed again. The fact is, he had dreamt that he was very sick.

Roughwood's principal practice had prospered in those glorious times, before modern innovation had applied itself to simplify the law of this country, and to endeavour to abbreviate the duration of causes.

Roughwood thus soliloquized: "Please God, these four Chancery suits will keep me comfortable for the remainder of my days." He had also a favourite toast, which he was in the habit of proposing when he dined in the hall of Clifford's Inn, (a small chapel of ease to the Temple.)

"Here are plaintiff and defendant,
And may they never know the end o' it;"

which was, of course, always drunk with heartfelt enthusiasm.

Then there was old Peabank, the apothecary, who, though no M.D., was called by courtesy Doctor Peabank. He was fortunate in having about a dozen patients, principally ancient ladies, who were never any better nor any worse; good old tough wearing articles, who imagined they were kept alive entirely by the efficacy of Dr. Peabank's draughts and mixtures; when it would not in the least have mattered if Mrs. Jones had taken Mrs. Brown's medicine, or Mrs. Spooner had swallowed Lady Todel's electuary. Peabank's grand secret was in playing whist with his patients, and thus, by losing his points, he made them. Mr. Peabank was an oracle at Apothecaries' Hall, as it was then constituted; and he ordered all the good dinners for the council, &c., at Canonbury House, and was no mean proficient in consuming his share of the same.

We had other visitors, amongst whom were a newly married couple, a Mr. and Mrs. Gwillim. He had been a widower, and she a widow twice before. Gwillim was a haughty, ignorant, bashaw sort of fellow, but his wife was a dasher, with a pretty face, and a figure that set off a riding habit well. She drove a pair of horses skilfully, and, if there was occasion, did not make the slightest scruple in rapping out an oath. She had been bred in the country, and had the qualifications of Diana Vernon, without her educational acquirements and taste for literature. Mr. Gwillim fell in love with her riding habit in Hyde Park, and made her the offer of his hand. She accepted it at a hand gallop, and they came down to Leatherhead to pass a portion of their honeymoon.

And here all the parties were as happy as good eating and drinking, and a change of scene, and country air, generally make people. As for myself, I was a joyous little dog, much caressed, and had plenty of chicken bones.

There was a well laid out garden, with a bowling-green for fine weather; and within the house a billiard-table. The host, Mr. Merrypebbles, was hospitable, and never so delighted as when he could get up a practical joke.

In the arrangement of these jokes, he had two able assistants in my master Mr. Delawhang, and Nudds.

The first specimen, was to try the temper of Mr. Gwillim, who, they were aware, was very fond of his bed in the morning. So, about the period that poultry go to roost, Nudds went into the hen-house, and selected two young sprightly Bantam cocks; with which, unseen by any body, he ascended to the sleeping apartment of the newly married couple; and put them up loose on the top of the tester of the bed, which was within a foot of the cieling.

There, as it speedily grew dark, the Bantams remained quiet, one at each end. Mr. and Mrs. Gwillim had eaten a good supper, and partaken of some capital punch mixed by my master, (who for the concoction of farces, salad, and punch, had not his equal;) the newly-married couple were consequently soon in the arms of Morpheus. At the earliest dawn of day, the Bantams awaking, began alternately to crow with all their might and *main*. The lady started out of her sleep first, perfectly at a loss to account for the sounds, and she had some difficulty in waking Mr. Gwillim, or at all getting him to comprehend anything. He had been dreaming about money-matters, and he conjectured that his wife was alluding to his bankers, "*Corks and Biddulph*." "There they go," said Mrs. Gwillim. "Safe as the Bank of England," answered Mr. Gwillim.

It was not yet sufficiently light to see the Bantams, but they continued crowing at each other, trying which could do it the loudest. Then all the cocks in the neighbourhood, in every variety in the art of *chanticleering*, responded. The worthy couple now sat up in bed; and they heard a clawing step across the top of the tester. The Bantams, who were rivals, approached each other, and they had a regular fight that lasted two hours, over the heads of Mr. and Mrs. Gwillim. The old fashioned lofty bedstead was too high the ceiling to drive the Bantams down. Then the victor exulted.

At breakfast time, Mrs. Gwillim laughed immoderately as she described the scene; but Mr. Gwillim, who was of another temper, and who had it not in him to take a practical joke, was sulky for the day.

Delawhang and Nudds contrived to insinuate that old Roughwood was the author of the Bantam joke, and told a story of him, which positively occurred.

Roughwood had betted two of his associates at the Rainbow, that he would walk, on the following Sunday, from the bottom of Coventry Street to Hyde Park, between the hours of three and five, in a gold-laced, three cornered, cocked hat, on condition that they would go arm in arm with him. Roughwood won his wager, but his companions got quite as much of the London stare as he did. They were all three in the law; and at the corner of Bolton Street they unluckily met the Lord Chancellor. Roughwood contrived so to alter his features by distortion, that he passed his Lordship undiscovered, aided by the queer hat: the two *ubetters* heard of their Sunday freak afterwards in no pleasing terms.

Gwillim, on hearing this, was assured that Mr. Roughwood had taken the liberty with him; and he determined to wait his opportunity for revenge.

Delawhang made a discovery that Nudds had formed a ridiculous objection to owning, when he was absent

from home, his trade or profession. So he made up his mind to draw him out.

Nudds having remarked, that "thank Heaven, he was beforehand in the world"—

Delawhang said, "Yes, my friend, you made your fortune by *the hardest extremities*."

"I have prospered honestly," replied Nudds.

"I say, Sir," continued Delawhang, "that you have profited by the *hardest extremities of others*."

"Why, he is not in the law," grunted Roughwood, with a chuckle.

"No," answered Delawhang; "but for years past he has been the contractor for the wooden legs of the Greenwich and Chelsea pensioners."

Here Dr. Peabank joined in, and affirmed that his friend Nudds, as he knew in his *own* practice, was the best maker of artificial limbs in London; in fact, many of his patients had worn them.

An odd little incident now added to the offence taken by Mr. Gwillim. A friend of our host, Mr. Merrypebbles, had sent him from Hampshire, a basket of small live crawfish: there might be about 300 or 350. The cook had directions to boil them, that they might be served for supper or breakfast; but being busy with her dinner, she left them, very incautiously, in her open closet, without again shutting the lid of the basket. The consequence was, that these little black lobsters crawled out, got all over the house, up stairs, even into the bedrooms, where some of them found their way to the interior of Gwillim's top boots; others were traversing with difficulty the carpets, rugs, and oil cloth; a few had merged into the conservatory. The cat and her kitten were anxiously watching, and pursuing them in all directions, but could make nothing of them. A ride being proposed, Mrs. Gwillim went to her chamber to put on her much-admired equestrian habit, which was hanging over the back of a chair; but raising it from thence, she discerned three black living creatures hanging on by their claws to the skirt.

Now, Mrs. Gwillim had passed the early part of her life in a part of England where these animals were unknown; so she rang the bell, and reprehended the chambermaid for leaving the window open, allowing the bats to come in. And she had read of dreadful things about bats, though she did not believe in all she read.

Presently, up came Mr. Gwillim, with his face agitated with resentment.

"What is the matter, my love?" inquired his spouse.

"Another insult in this house, my love," replied he. "If I don't go to town to-morrow, I must call Mr. Merrypebbles out for inviting me hither."

"What *has* happened?" said the wife.

"Why, Nudds tells me, that he thinks that Mr. Roughwood has filled every room in the house with live crawfish."

"Crawfish!" exclaimed Mrs. Gwillim; "then these cursed things I took for bats are crawfish, are they?"

The wrongs of woman came uppermost in her mind, and she muttered, "If I was not a lady, dammee, I would kick Mr. Roughwood."

"Wait for me, my dear," said Gwillim, "I owe him a spite;" and he proceeded then to pull on his Hoby-made top-boots: as they were fashionably tight, he applied the boot-hooks, and by a concentrated muscular force of arms and legs, his foot was powerfully

thrust into the boot, thereby smashing two living crawfish flat!

My master, Mr. Delawhang, when his dramas were produced, had the power of writing free admissions to the theatre, for his friends.

Mr. Merrypebbles' baby was to be baptized. (This, he it remembered, was before the passing of an act of parliament which enjoins that all children are to be christened in their parish churches.) At the period we are describing, christenings *at home* were celebrated with much festivity. The Rev. Mr. S***** was detained on an important decision with the bench of magistrates. The party, godfather and godmothers assembled—but all in disappointment at the non-arrival of the clergyman.

"Never mind," said Delawhang, "I have a remedy to provide for the absence of the parson. If any gentleman present WILL TAKE ORDERS, I will write them for him."

I find I am rambling; but recollect I am a spaniel, and rambling has been my habit from puppyhood; I now am very old, and I must narrate the facts as they come uppermost in my memory.

Nudds and my master had once devised a scheme for a practical joke on old Roughwood. The Templar had laughed until his eyes watered at the adventures of the Gwillims, and little thought that it was now to be his turn. Mr. Merrypebbles had engaged him in a game of bowls in the evening, while Delawhang and Nudds, with a great deal of difficulty, got a donkey up the broad oak staircase, led him into Roughwood's room, and backed him between the side of the bed and the wall: drawing the curtain, there they left him.

The "getting up stairs" was no easy task. Nudds had got the donkey's two forelegs over his shoulders, and Delawhang, by skilfully twisting the tail of the animal, made him ascend gradually with his two hind feet. It was a truly intellectual exhibition.

During supper the conversation was purposely turned on daring robberies and murders; Mr. Merrypebbles admitted that his neighbourhood was a very unsafe one, and that his house had been broken into several times.

"Now, which way did the burglars get in?" inquired Peabank.

"Once by the staircase window over the hall door, and another time by the window of the room in which our friend Roughwood sleeps."

"Agreeable information," thought the attorney.

Delawhang went on inventing horrible stories about thieves, until those who were in the plot could scarcely believe it possible that he could lie so much like truth.

At length the punch-bowl, which had been twice replenished, was out; the chamber candlesticks were called for: the party broke up, and retired to their rooms.

Roughwood had imbibed plenty of punch, besides a quantum of Merrypebbles' admirable home-brewed ale at supper.

He was not a person who faddled a long time before he got into bed; he was one of the old school; he did not trouble himself about brushing up his hair, for he was very bald. He undressed, popped the extinguisher on his candle, and was in bed *instantly*.

Roughwood, while he was thinking about saying his prayers, fell into a doze; a hearty supper gave him a touch of the nightmare; his imagination was haunted almost instantaneously with the incidents of one of the monstrous stories my master had related. In fact, he felt certain that a housebreaker had entered at the window, and was about to seize him by the throat, while he could not make an effort to stir or to cry out: at this moment of agony he awoke, still half assured that he was in the predicament, when he indistinctly heard by his bedside a rustling and a low breathing; and presently a sound of metal struck on the floor, which resembled that made by the fall of a pistol, (a kick of the donkey's shoe on the bedside carpet). He listened—the breathing continued, and the curtain shook, and it appeared as if some one was trying to push the bedstead further from the wall. Roughwood burst out into a cold perspiration—he trembled violently—he meditated whether or not he should call out "thieves,"—but then the hand of the assassin might at once annihilate him; and now there was a movement that pulled the bed-clothes away from him; he thought that he would raise himself from the bolster, and stretch his arm to the bell-rope. This had been removed by the ingenious Mr. Nudds. Roughwood was in breathless suspense: presently the robber sunk heavily on the floor, tearing down the bed-curtain from the rings; Roughwood sprang from his pallet—made but one stride to the door—burst out of the room; he knew where the communication with the large alarm-bell was, and he pulled at it till he aroused everybody in the house; and there he appeared, in his nightcap and shirt, pointing in agony to the door of the chamber.

Merrypebbles, Peabank, Nudds, and my master, with the servants, burst into the room, armed with pokers, or the first implement they could lay their hands on, and searching, found Neddy, neither asleep nor awake, shaking his ears, lying with his side against the wall, and wondering what it could all mean.

For a long period after this, I led a happy life, as a favoured pet of Mr. Delawhang, who continued for a certain number of years to write successfully. To be sure, he did not receive for his labour the sums that were paid to his immediate predecessors, (O'Keefe, Colman, Morton, Dibdin, or Reynolds. In fact, an entire change of affairs came gradually on. Covent Garden and Drury Lane were destroyed by fire, within five months of each other; and somehow it happened, that modern authorship prospered not in the gorgeous dramatic temples which replaced the late play-houses.

My industrious master, Mr. Delawhang, had exerted himself to concoct a three act comedy. He was certain that he had not spun his brains in vain. He knew his business; he had served fourteen years apprenticeship to the very difficult art; and he felt sure that the remuneration would come, to aid the support of his family, and to meet outstanding exigencies.

The pithy note from the theatrical Lessee contained these words, which warmed up poor Delawhang's heart:—

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Your comedy, entitled the 'ROAD TO RICHES,' is, in my opinion, capital. Accepted.

"May success attend us.

"Theatre Royal * * * * *.

"Yours faithfully,

* * * * *

My master, on so flattering a testimonial, went round to several persons to whom he was unavoidably indebted, and promised payment; and he was sufficiently a coxcomb to go and order a new suit, hat, and boots. Never mind, the comedy was accepted.

All appeared to be going on velvet; Delawhang received the much prized summons:—

" Theatre Royal * * * * *
" New comedy read at 12 (in the green-room).
" B. X. DELAWHANG, Esq."*

I followed Mr. Delawhang to the theatre, and by a little dexterity succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the stage door keeper.

The uninitiated cannot possibly imagine a more nervous task, than an author reading his play in the green-room; and yet, it is better that the author should read it, because he is the only person that can convey his meaning to the performers.

Mr. Delawhang and the Prompter were punctual to their time: but most of the actors walked in as if they had come to face a nuisance; and I believe, that nine times out of ten it turns out a regular annoyance.

When they were all seated, and silence obtained, Mr. Delawhang with a beating heart announced his title, "*The Road to Riches*," and proceeded to read his *Dramatis Personæ*. A tap at the door was heard.

"Stop a moment, Delawhang," said the Stage Manager—and he opened the door. It was the green coat men; they wanted the piano-forte for the stage.

After unscrewing the legs, and disarranging everything in the room, they at length disappeared, and the nervous author again commenced. Here he attempted to read his first scene with effect; but imagine his distress, when a sudden burst of male and female voices in the adjoining room, announced that the Chorus were practising. He, however, endeavoured to bear up against this interruption, but innocently asked if it could not be stopped; being told that it was impossible, as the Opera was to be played in the evening, he was compelled to elevate his voice, and read his comic parts against forty sopranos, counter-tenors, and basses. As a matter of course, the comic parts did not tell, not a laugh could be raised, and the heart of Delawhang sunk within him.

He had now arrived at a part of his comedy, where, for the originality of his idea, it was quite necessary that the lady and gentleman who were to carry on the dialogue should be fully impressed with his peculiar views. And he had just taken the liberty to state that, when the call-boy appeared at the door, and called Mr. * * * * * and Miss * * * * *, who were wanted for the rehearsal on the stage; so that neither of the performers derived the slightest benefit from Mr. Delawhang's illustration.

The harassed author had now finished his first act, and had not been cheered with a solitary laugh or a

murmur of approbation. He, however, was preparing to commence his second act, when lo! the manuscript was not forthcoming. After sending for the copyist and librarian, and hunting over several piles of unfortunate dramas, it was suggested that the Lessee had taken the second act home with him, the night before, in order to cut it. This gave another shock to the sensitive nerves of the author; for it frequently happens that those cuts are so clumsily made, that one would imagine they were effected with a boot-jack. Mr. Delawhang's feelings were not at all soothed, by being desired by the Stage Manager to begin and read the third act, while a messenger was dispatched to the residence of the Lessee (of course, five miles from the theatre,) for the second.

Remonstrance was in vain. All the connection of the plot of the "*Road to Riches*" was destroyed, the parts cut to pieces, and the actors exhibited long and melancholy faces. However, with a deep sigh, Delawhang got into the first scene of the third act, when he was stopped by a braying flourish of drums and trumpets at the side proscenium wing.

It was the rehearsal on the stage, and is a proof of how correctly the drama "holds the mirror up to nature;" for a king can never go through a doorway, but he must be accompanied by that everlasting drumming and trumpeting, let him walk where he will.

This clangour having ceased, Mr. Delawhang had now arrived at the point of his play on which he had bestowed that which he fondly imagined to be his best writing; he was about to throw his pathetic energy into the reading, when another knock at the door was heard, and the accursed green coat men re-appeared, and wanted the table for the stage. Much uneasy yawning was published by the walking gentleman of the comedy; and the old woman kept continually biliously looking at the green-room clock, as her dinner had been ordered at 3 precisely. The reading, if such it could be called, being over, my poor master waited in vain for a compliment.

The parts were then distributed: not a single word was said while Mr. Delawhang was present; but when he went out to endeavour to collect himself on the stage, the storm began to rise.

"Here's another good one," exclaimed the heavy Baron.

"Keep people out of the house," said the Duenna; "I shall not do the part intended for me; Mrs. * * * * * is engaged as second old woman, they may give it to her."

"Come, come," remarked the Stage Manager; "it is not so very d . . . d bad."

"It is bad," said the walking gentleman, with a prodigious yawn; "and it will be d . . . d!"

"Come, I will bet you a hat on that," replied the Stage Manager.

"You have assigned the parts—you are the 'castor' yourself."

Then there was a general round of thumb-nail applause to the pun.

I felt myself "as sick as a dog;" they had not smiled at one of my master's repartees.

Waiting to follow the heels (that Mr. Delawhang was kicking, in the hope to procure a short interview with the Lessee, to explain the great disadvantages under which the comedy had been read), I found my

* Touching these *calls*, an odd little incident happened to the writer of this article. In 1823, he resided in the same house with his father, of the same name. The son had written a farce, which was in rehearsal at Covent Garden, unknown to his sire, as he intended its production as a surprise to him. The call came early in the morning, addressed to "R. Peake, Esq." The father happened, on some nervous occasion, to be out of bed first,—opened the letter, and saw these ominous words:—

"The Duel, at Eleven."

way to the stage door. Several carriages were standing in the street. A well-dressed person was inquiring of one of the theatre officials, to whom the vehicles belonged. I listened to the following dialogue:—

"Whose chariot is that?"

"Oh—that we call the state coach."

"The state coach?"

"Yes; it belongs to the Manager, and shows the prosperous state of affairs."

"Whose smart one-horse Brougham is that?"

"That belongs to our Columbine."

"What, does she keep a carriage?"

"Somebody else does for her."

"Ah! one elegant carriage procures another. Whose snug landaulet is that?"

"That is our principal comedian's. He works hard, and can afford it."

"Now, the horse and chaise, yonder?"

"Belong to Mr. and Mrs. * * * * *, of this theatre."

"All keep carriages, I see! ha! ha! ha!—pray who may be the owner of this old gingham umbrella in the hall?"

"That belongs to Mr. Delawhang, the author, poor devil, ha! ha! ha!"

At this moment, my master came to claim his gingham, and went, out of spirits, from the stage door, fully impressed that the reading was a failure.

He gazed at the different vehicles, looked at the worn umbrella, and inwardly moaned.

Presently, *Monsieur le père* of a first-rate French *danseuse* tripped lightly from the stage door, and held to his eyes a cheque for one hundred pounds, being the stipulated emolument for the performance of his graceful daughter on the preceding evening!

Delawhang went home, and attempted to eat his dinner, with his tongue as dry as a stick, but it was in vain. He gave the greatest portion of it to me, exclaiming, "Ah! you are a lucky dog,—you are *not* an author!"

In the course of the evening, he received a letter and parcel from the manager of the theatre, which after he had read, he uttered an unearthly laugh, threw the letter on the floor, and pressed his hands to his burning and aching forehead.

The parcel contained the three acts of the "*Road to Riches*." The letter ran, as nearly as I can remember, as follows:—

"Private and confidential.

"Theatre Royal * * * * *

"MY DEAR SIR,

"We are all of opinion, that the third act of your Drama must be transposed with the first; because Mrs. Z . . . (if she is to play your heroine,) will not consent to appear in the dress you have described, after Miss Q . . . has already been seen by the audience in a similar costume. This is imperative.

"You must, my dear Sir, if you wish the piece to *escape failure*, which, now-a-days, means *great success*, cut down your low comedy part. I acknowledge it is cleverly written, but it interferes unpleasantly with Mr. * * * * *'s character, and he *must* be the feature, or he will not act at all. The part is too funny you can reduce it to a mere walking gentleman. You

can throw the jokes into the bit you have written for the second bailiff, which, Heaven knows, is short enough, and he is never on in Mr. * * * * *'s scenes.

"The supper and champagne you have described in the second act must be entirely omitted. In these times of theatrical economy, the management cannot afford any expensive extra properties; you can speak about them, which will do just as well. I agree that it will cut out some very brilliant dialogue,—but what are we to do?

"I would advise you, in a friendly way, to alter the title of your piece, and simply call it by the name by which you have designated the character intended for Mr. * * * * *.

"It will be quite worth the while of your music publishers to give the twenty guineas to Mrs. Z . . . , if she *will* introduce the song you have pointed out. She objects to sing it for less.

"You must concede all these matters, or the play will be laid aside; for I understand that the reading in the room was *wholly ineffective*.

"Yours most sincerely,

"* * * * *"

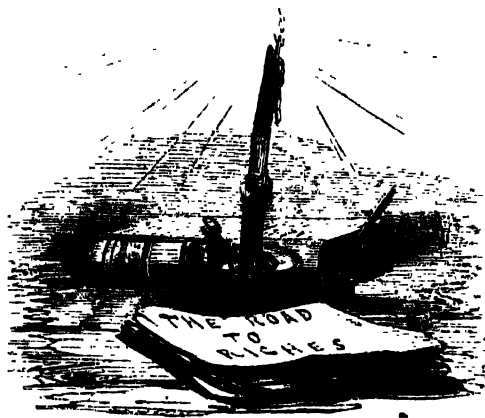
"P. S.—Send it, altered, in the morning."

It was in vain that my master remonstrated; this difficult matter was to be effected, or there would not be any chance for the production of his drama. He submitted to the decision with an ill grace; and, it is hardly necessary to relate, that when the piece *came out*, it *went in again*! Thus was the labour of two months totally lost.

Dog as I am, I can hardly bring myself to relate, that, weighed down by repeated disappointment, my poor master WROTE HIMSELF BLIND!

I remained faithfully attached to him until his death. I was then driven from the asylum in which he breathed his last, and was compelled to seek shelter in the streets.

On reflection, I have been better off in the world than my master. It was urged by a modern philosopher, that the writer for the stage is not an *utilitarian*; but it is humbly suggested, that the man who has sent home thousands, laughing, to their beds, nightly, divested them for the time from their cares, real or imaginary, has been no mean contributor to the happiness of his fellow-creatures.





"Home came the jovial *Horkey* load,
 Last of the whole year's crop;
 And Grace amongst the green boughs rode,
 Right plump upon the top.
 This way and that the waggon reel'd,
 And never queen rode higher;
 Her cheeks were coloured in the field,
 And ours before the fire.
 The laughing harvest-folks and John
 Came in and look'd askew,
 'Twas my red face that set them on,
 And then they leer'd at Sue.
 And Farmer Cheesum went, good man,
 And broach'd the *Horkey* beer,
 And sitch a mort of folks began
 To eat up our good cheer!"

BLOOMFIELD.

ALAS! for the rare old times—alas, for the festivities and revelries, the sports and customs, the convivial hospitalities, the mirthful tide-times, and the oft-recurring festivals which gave to our sea-girt isle its peculiar title of "merrie England." One by one, have these observances and celebrations disappeared from the face of society. Gradually and almost insensibly have they receded before the full flood-tide of fashion and refinement, whose strong current hath swept over them with obliterating might. Many have been totally submerged, their memories existing only in the pages of romance or traditionary song. Of others there yet remain some traces, few and faint, and barely sufficient to interest the antiquarian and form the ground-work of his conjectural hypotheses. A few still linger on, shorn of their ancient state, but nathless reverent by reason of their venerable origin, and treasurable on account of their rarity and paucity.

There is 'one brief season of festivity, however, (and thankful are we that even *this* remains,) which still continues to maintain its ground, and display some portion of that genuine and right hearty spirit of hospitality and good feeling, by which our ancestors were actuated;—one period of the year when the rich spoils of the golden autumn having been gathered in, the farmer opens his house and his heart, and welcomes

to his table those "sons of the soil, by whose labours the ingathering of the harvest has been perfected. To the society of these horny-handed, sun-browned wielders of the sickle and the flail, we now propose to introduce the reader.

The afternoon, already on the wane, is gradually mellowing into evening, and the sunlight that flickers upon the fretted casements is already beginning to tinge the broad green vine leaves clustering round their sparkling panes, with a glowing ruby light. The old farm-house, one half antique, massive and sombre as a minster tower built to withstand the shock of centuries, the other half constructed at a recent date, blending the solid comforts of a bygone age with some portion of the conveniences and improvements of the present, has, in its every aspect, so radiant and so rubicund, a look of warmth, and kindness, and welcome. Through the stack-yard gate—

—"the jovial *Horkey* load,
 Last of the whole year's crop."

is now borne in, crowned with a coronal of leafy boughs, and by a noisy troop of riotous youngurchins—

"Right plump upon the top;"

while lusty shouts, reverberated and prolonged by distant echoes, welcome its consignment as it is gradually piled upon the swelling stack. These things you will observe while leisurely advancing towards the host whose bidden guest you are. He, good soul, ruddy as the sun whose ample orb still lingers on the hill, as loath to look his last upon the cheerful earth, awaits your coming in the low-browed porch, and greets you—both hands in his—with such a cordial shake and pressure, as threatens total dislocation to your arms. From the windows in the rear pours forth a cloud of savoury steam that, wafted onwards to the groups without, imparts some foretaste of the feast to come. Sometimes the curious visitor may espy—through all this vapoury veil—a red and glowing circle, innocently believed to be some burnished copper lid;—a closer

gaze reveals a crimson countenance, a veritable human phiz, belonging to the kitchen-maid or cook; and, if familiar with the Florentine exile's works, he immediately bethinks him of the *Inferno* of "that old man eloquent."

We need not tarry to detail the sumptuous fare, the generous wines, the blushing fruit, prepared for those—the chosen few—the favoured guests, for whom the privacy of the host's own dining-room is reserved.

"Man is a carnivorous production,
And must have meals."

And even we, to whom the task of carving is deputed, in the "lower house," must take the preliminary caution to quiet the cravings of our own appetites; and, fortified with wine, we sally out to meet a fuller company, at a homelier board, but covered with a prodigal profusion of substantial fare. And if, unlike King Arthur's Christmas bill of fare, our *horkey* could not boast—

"Hogsheads of honey, kilderkins of mustard,
Muttons, and fatted heeves, and bacon swine,
Herons and bitterns, peacock, swan and bustard,
Teal, mallards, pigeons, widgeons, and in fine,
Plum-puddings, pancakes, apple-pies and custard,
With mead, and ale, and cyder of our own;
For porter, punch, and negus were not known,"

there were not wanting good and *meet* apologies in monster-joints, barons and sirloins, rounds and ribs, and piled-up heaps of vegetables, *for* (to quote a couplet which appears most apposite)—

"Your labouring people think beyond all question,
Beef, veal and mutton, better for *digestion*."

There, too, were flowing tankards of nut-brown ale ranged at no distant intervals; and rows of bronzed and sun-burnt faces, whose eager appetites seemed peering from their glistening and expectant eyes. A brief grace—a clattering of plates—a clutching of their knives, and then began the carnage. Oh, Aspicus, Clodius, Heliogabalus, and every classic glutton of ravenous Rome or Epicurean Greece, what treasure would ye not have promptly offered for an English labourer's appetite? With confidence we might aver it owns no equal in any other portion of any other quarter of the globe. The fabulous attributes of Guy of Warwick seem here to have their parallel, and Father Time himself is partially defrauded of his prescriptive title to be called "*omnium rerum edax*," (that is to say of all things fairly edible). Beef and pudding in alternate layers are successively entombed within those apparently elastic ribs, and copious draughts of old October share a similar burial. Let not the carver hope for any respite from his labours; he, at least, must be prepared to wield his weapons with a dextrous and unwearied energy, until repletion comes, and even the appetites of the riotous urchins heretofore alluded to are successfully appeased.

Borne along by the recollection of the rapid operations of the guests, we have omitted to make all mention of the spacious kitchen in which they are assembled. Large, lofty, and well-proportioned, huge rafters, blackened by the smoke of centuries, support its dingy ceiling, whence descend sundry rude chandeliers garnished with green boughs, that ever and anon crackle in the candles' waving glare. At one end, a large bay window admits a refreshing current of the cool night air, mingled with the breath of closing flowers without; and beyond the eye may trace the

dark irregular outline of a serried wood, and the sharp clear figure of a tapering spire cutting the horizon's rim, with one star quivering like a distant beacon upon its arrowy point. At the other end, a few embers of the extinguished fire still glow within the chimney's wide recess. Along the intervening walls are ranged guns, flasks and polished spits, some old engravings—Scripture pieces of rude and simple execution—a portly clock, whose heavy, even throb is scarcely audible in all that din, and various bright utensils, familiar to those who have been duly initiated into the more occult of the profound Eleusinian mysteries of the kitchen. Around the tables flit the busy maids, happy to catch a sheepish look, a whispered nothing, or a sly pressure of the brawny hand from some admired and admiring swain.

The cloth removed, and fresh supplies of foaming ale served round, with pipes, and that "pernicious leaf," whilome so much decried, the "syren-memory" is invoked for songs—songs that have made the walls of village hostelry ring many and many a winter night, —songs that have been carolled forth in the meadow, wood, and harvest-field, in the broad light of day, and by the blazing winter-log, at many a Christmas gathering; songs that might boast almost as great antiquity as the very walls in which the vocalists are now assembled. Little of melody have they, albeit they abound in noise and in prolonged interminable choruses; moreover, they possess so marvellous and exquisite a flexibility, that every ballad may be, nay is, adapted to one unvarying tune. And then, as renewed potations quicken their energies and fire their rustic wit, how boisterous become their carols! how hearty—how enthusiastic are their plaudits! and when "Master" is toasted, with an eulogistic tribute to his many sterling qualities—his hospitality—his consideration for the poor—his charity in winter months, what a positive fever of enthusiasm pervades the whole assembled guests! and when he cordially acknowledges his gratification, and expresses his thanks, what a tremendous uproar is raised by all the company! and those who cannot reach to grasp his hand, seize on their nearest neighbour's, and those who cannot gain their neighbour's, are content to press the servant girl's, and in the confusion which ensues, perhaps a kiss or two is stolen, and should the theft perchance be witnessed, still greater is the uproar, still heartier and more boisterous the laughter. Thus the night wears on, diversified, perhaps, by an occasional "taylor's dance" upon the table, volunteered by some splay-footed dwarfish boy, the prototype of Wayland Smith's immortal imp, at whose grotesque and uncouth evolutions both young and old grin with immoderate delight.

But day is dawning. The stars have already "paled their ineffectual fires." The blue mist which all night long hung like a veil over the valley, and peopled the spring-side with a host of dim, spectral, and unsubstantial forms, rolls slowly away. Music is wakening from the leafy coverts of the wood, and

"Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Philbus 'gins to rise."

The candles in the kitchen shed a faint and sickly glare upon the relics of the feast, and on the now sleeping groups, who lay stretched on every bench and settle convenient for repose. The old shepherd, bent with the weight of fourscore years, starts from his fitful slumbers, and meets the patient watchful eyes of his

faithful dog still bent on his, and sleeps and starts again; the "odd boy," with the bloom of fourteen summers on his ruddy cheek, lies coiled upon the hearthstone, in a deep calm sleep, dreaming of home perhaps. Others, dizzy and scarcely awake, stagger out into the open air and raise the "largesse" shout, not as of yore to belted knights and gentle ladies ranged round the tilt-yard or the field of tournament, but to sleeping stock, and all the four-legged tenants of the farmyard. "Largesse, largesse," the shout is raised and multiplied by other voices; it is reverberated from

most unthought-of nooks and corners, until the very air is all alive with that exciting cry, "Largesse, largesse;" you hear it ringing in your ears as you ride away, freshened and invigorated by the morning breeze. The sound grows fainter and fainter as you proceed, until you turn an angle of the road, pausing for a moment to direct a parting glance across the valley, to the hospitable homestead you have left, just brightening in the early sunshine, and for the last time indistinctly catch the old *refrain* of "largesse, largesse."

J. S.



LETTER TO MR. SERJEANT ADAMS,

WITH A FEW WORDS TO THE GOVERNORS OF HANWELL ASYLUM.

BY LUKE RODEN, M.D.

SIR,—My paper in the last number of this work has, it appears, given great offence to some of the governors of Hanwell. I am sorry for it, if it produce any annoyance to Dr. Conolly, whose name is known and respected all over the civilized world; but in brushing these gentlemen the wrong way of the nap, I am actuated by motives that make their anger of small importance, and I by no means regret to have disturbed their tranquillity.

I had hoped in the bantering remarks on the character best fitted for the office of governor, that the phrase "some splendid exceptions" would have enabled each man to take the compliment to himself, and thus the more readily acquiesce in my censure of the others. This, it appears, has not been the case, and some errors which I have fallen into in the introductory narrative have been held to invalidate the argu-

ments to which they lead. I hope to remove this impression.

In speaking of men of limited education, who had all their lives been absorbed in the pursuits of trade and commerce, and were thereby unfitted for the exercise of control in matters purely intellectual and exceedingly abstruse, it is quite obvious that I could not allude to an accomplished scholar like Mr. Serjeant Adams, whom I remember, forty years ago, one of the most warm-hearted and generous of human beings.

Time has, no doubt, produced as great a change in him as in myself; but feeling that my own sentiments towards my fellow-creatures are not chilled by grey hairs, I conclude that he also retains the humane sympathy with suffering which distinguished his early years, and that a mind so carefully cultivated will aid me in my object when once it is candidly and fully

comprehended. Let me then premise by stating the circumstances under which my paper was written and published, before I attempt to justify my language.

In a conversation with the Editor of this Magazine, I related some of the affecting little incidents recorded in my narrative, the while we were taking rather a rambling excursion in the debateable land between physics and metaphysics, and had just started the subject of responsibility in cases of equivocal insanity. He became strongly interested, and urged me to put on paper my recollection of the scene, as well as any reflections which might be suggested by the subject.

In compliance with his desire I proceeded to the detail of a visit which had taken place at least eighteen months ago; and however vivid my recollections from the deep interest it excited, it is not extraordinary that I should have confused the particulars of some of the cases. From the very nature of my remarks, it was obviously impossible to submit them to the inspection of Dr. Conolly for the purpose of verification; neither, were they *not* laudatory, could I take such a liberty with a gentleman to whom I have stated myself to be at the time of the visit perfectly unknown, except by name, as an occasional contributor to medical periodicals. A work like the "*Illuminated Magazine*" requires to be ready for the press at a much earlier period than those which do not contain engravings, and as the conversation which led to the paper took place only about a week previously, I had not time to bestow on it the deliberate reflection which perhaps it needed. I became, however, so warm on the subject, that my paper was much too long for the space allotted me: this compelled me to cut out a considerable portion of the middle part, which indeed I thought would come more appropriately into a discussion of insanity itself—intending to make it the subject of my next communication.

On looking over the paper after it was printed, I became aware that the large hiatus had in some measure changed the character by changing the appropriation of my remarks—some of them, which appeared to allude to previous parts of the article, being really allusions to parts not in print. A writer knows so well what he intended to say, that he thinks he has said it; and to a man so unpractised in the use of the pen as myself, the discrepancy is not apparent till pointed out by another, who had not the same course of ideas running in his mind and mystifying his judgment.

The only mistakes which have been named to me are two;—first, in the case of the two girls dressed as nuns, who I am told never were in the kind of confinement I have stated. If this be an error, it must have arisen from the mixing together of different explanations, and applying to one what belonged to another. The mistake does not seem of great importance, but I acknowledge and regret it.

The next is the poor sailor, who, I am informed, is deaf; consequently could not have held with me the conversations stated. Now it is, I think, utterly impossible that my memory can so far have deceived me, for there rests on my mind a distinct recollection of most of the very words. Can it be that his deafness is a recent affliction, and subsequent to my visit?

You, Mr. Serjeant, must be aware, like myself, (for I believe there is but a slight difference in our ages,) that as the white sheet of memory becomes scribbled over, there is not the same room to write legibly and

permanently the record of recent events; and that we are very apt to mix our recollections together, and thus make one improbable story out of two that were absolutely true. It is possible that this may have happened in the present case, or that I may have confounded what was said to me by Dr. Conolly with what I heard from others. These discrepancies are, however, not of very great importance: and it is obvious that there could be no intention either to falsify or deceive.

If I have indeed misrepresented the sentiments and expressions of that wise and excellent man, it will be to me a subject of deep regret; but when you state that "his bitterest enemy could not have written any thing more calculated to do him injury," I beg to say, that you must be mistaken, and that my opinion of the Middlesex magistrates is more respectful. I do not believe any one of them so mean, so unjust, and so absurd, as to hold that gentleman responsible for the words of a writer whose *status* in society is utterly unknown, or even for the misguided zeal of an injudicious friend. Those who occupy a public situation have enough to do to guard against the attacks of open enemies; were they answerable for malignant praise, it would be in the power of any man to destroy their repose, if not their character.

My information does not come from Dr. Conolly, with whom I had no communication before the publication, and have had none subsequently, on that or any other subject; but I hear the common talk of the profession, and the opinion of enlightened foreigners, and, except in the specific instances of mistakes from defective recollection, I do not withdraw one word of my censure; but I know that the Middlesex magistrates, like all bodies similarly constituted, are ridiculously unfit for the duties they are called upon to exercise; and I should be just as qualified to advise *you* on a *reform of the law of bailments*, on the strength of having read Sir W. Jones's amusing little book on the subject, as you are to interfere in the management of the insane. If you have read and thought much on the subject, you are a still worse adviser—for the same reason that a nurse in a hospital would be the worst director of the medical treatment of the patients; not for want of ample experience, but for want of preliminary knowledge, requisite to guide her, when cases apparently similar are, as often happens, exactly opposite. I presume, if Mr. Serjeant Adams be not qualified for the task, it would be vain to expect it from any other magistrate.

It may be, that the profession of the law is more calculated to open and enlarge the mind, than the philosophy of medicine—I don't believe it. Be that as it may, however, men of your profession are much more profoundly ignorant of our department of knowledge, than we are of yours. We *do* know the principles which guide legislators, though we may be ignorant of the technicalities;—you, on the contrary, know many of the technicalities of medicine, but are utterly ignorant of its principles.—Nay, it is extremely rare to find a man, however well educated in other respects, who is not grossly, and I even say culpably, ignorant of the structure of his own body,—an object of quite as much interest and value, and quite as worthy the attention of one claiming to be an educated man and a gentleman, as the structure of the earth,—a subject on which he would be ashamed to confess ignorance.

My remarks, at the latter end of the paper, were not

intended to apply exclusively (if at all) to Hanwell; and it is here, principally, that the hiatus I have spoken of produces embarrassment. The mixture of religion with the management of the insane is an utter abomination,—it is a profanation—it is blasphemy—the *mind* is not the *soul*! this last is an awful subject of contemplation, on which human reason is utterly unable to form an opinion from its own inductions. It is Revelation, and Revelation alone, that can enable us to conceive it. To mix up theology with the management of the insane, is a desecration of the science, and can only tend to mischief and embarrassment. Let us leave this important subject to the men specially devoted to it;—it is, we see, not easy even for *them* to agree in their conclusions. Our duties are clear.—The light of Heaven, however pure and colourless, will become yellow in passing through yellow glass, and decomposed by passing through a prism. It is thus with Mind exercised by a diseased brain.

What the Profession complains of in the conduct of the Governors of Hanwell, is, that they exercise a busy, meddling, fussy, fidgetty interference, in all the detail of the medical and moral management of the insane, instead of listening with the submission of conscious ignorance to what ought to be the authoritative advice of the superintendent;—that they do not leave him (as he ought to be) a free agent;—that having selected a pilot, and being themselves confessedly and notoriously ignorant of nautical science, they insist on managing the ship;—that they are not aware of their own ignorance in the matter in question, and that they require explanations which cannot be given, and ought not to be demanded; that, (to pursue the metaphor,) instead of the lunar observations being entrusted to one competent officer, every man takes the sextant in hand, like the monkey, and not knowing the structure or use of the instrument, still affects to understand the matter, and gives an opinion as to the course of the ship.

In truth, Gentlemen-Governors, your good intentions, which nobody doubts, are a very small set-off against the mischief of your interference. In following out by halves the objects of the philosopher whom you have placed as nominal head of your establishment, you act like a man, who, when scissors are recommended as best adapted for a certain purpose, should take out the rivet, and use one blade only.

This I *do* know, from many sources,—that you never

visit Hanwell without exciting alarm and uneasiness throughout the establishment. You neither know the mischief you are doing, nor the pain you are inflicting;—the hospital would be much better managed, if you never went near it.

I will venture once more to bring in the trite story of Columbus and the egg, though not as it is absurdly represented, without point and without meaning. On being told that any body might have discovered the new continent as readily as himself, he held out an egg, and asked if any one of them could make it stand on its end. On their acknowledging that it was impossible, he merely gave it a sharp shake so as to detach the yolk from the white, when, from the greater specific gravity of the former, it immediately sank, and the egg then stood steadily, on the same principle as the Dutch toy with lead at the bottom, which amused our childhood. Try the thing, and you will then know the force of the illustration. Your Governors of Hanwell break in the bottom of the egg to make it stand (as the story of Columbus is generally related), and then think themselves as clever as Dr. Conolly. Depend on it, sir, there is more in the management of the insane than is generally supposed; and if the frightful malady be ever curable, it must be through the investigations and cautious experiments of men *born to the mission, like him, and left perfectly free and uncontrolled in their vocation.*

In conclusion, Mr. Serjeant, I will only add, that in using a blister where the patient expected an anodyne, I have acted professionally and *ex proposito*. To me it seems that I should have been justified in taking the cantery. You and your brother magistrates will, no doubt, despise my *brutum fulmen*; but a man may with a goose-quill scrape the ground from under the feet of any one if it be composed of sand alone. Public opinion will in time insist on a change, and relieve you, gentlemen, from a task for which you are unfit, and to which you are necessarily incompetent; when your energy and patriotic devotion to the good of your country, now so misdirected, will, I have no doubt, find a safe, adequate, and appropriate channel for their exercise in some other quarter.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

LUKE RODEN.

London, September 21, 1843.

BEAUS OF ENGLAND.

BY MARK LEMON.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

TIME was when Poesy held a place
At kingly boards, tho' now the maid
Hath fallen sadly in disgrace,
And's all but scouted by the "trade."
But when the second Charles was king,
Each courtier woo'd the "tuneful nine,"
And like the peacock sought to sing
The notes that "Willy"* made divine.
Apollo heard each jingling wire,
And sighed, "Alas! my swan is dead,
Who now shall wake the sleeping lyre?
The soul of song from earth hath fled."
The Graces heard him thus complain,
And, seeking to assuage his grief,
Bade Sedley wake his graceful strain,
And give the sorrowing god relief.
Joy'd with the sound, Apollo cried,
"O be the wreath assigned to thee,
To song I give thee worth beside,
On earth thou shalt my 'viceroi'† be!"

* Shakespear.

† Charles the Second is said to have asked Sedley if he had not obtained a patent to be Apollo's viceroi.



Sir Charles Sedley.





Sir Walter Raleigh.

RALEIGH IN PRISON.

A PRISON for a court!—an iron chain
For golden braveries!—a chamber's span,
For one whose very visions were of worlds!

He thinks thy spirit through thy prison bars
Hath taken its way to some imagined shore,
Such as Guiana* seemed.—Cool, balmy airs,
Shed by passing zephyrs from their wings,
Fan thy majestic brow. Some gentle stream
Murmurs its water melodies a-low,
And cheats thy dungeon's silence of its pain.
Perchance, amid the quiet scenes of Hayes,†
Thy fancy wanders, peopling many a nook
With old familiar things.—Or perhaps thy heart,
Melted by love, is moulding into forms,
That almost own thy worship—wife and child!‡
Thy "dear Bess"§ speaks, though none could hear her voice,
But thou, whose ear's so exquisitely tuned,
That memory, full of echoes of the past,
Is like a worded presence.

And thy boy
Is pranking in the fulness of his mirth,
Upon thy dungeon's floor.—Anon, thy fingers play
Among the silky tendrils of his hair,
And e'en thy touch grows eloquent of joy.

Thy soul, O "Ocean Shepherd,"§ sure must be
Freighted with good, since thou unmoved canst steer
To such a dreaded haven as the grave!

* See Raleigh's "Discovery of the Large, Rich, and Beautiful Empire of Guiana," 1596.

† Hayes Farm in Devonshire, the birth-place of Raleigh, 1552.

‡ His wife.

§ The name given to him by Spenser, in his "Colin Clout's come Home again."



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